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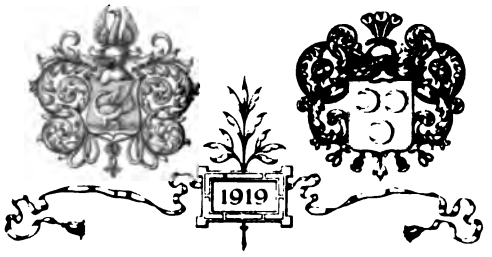

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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

In TEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE

CORRECTIONS and ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

Various COMMENTATORS;

To which are added

NOTES by SAMUEL JOHNSON

AND

GEORGE STEEVENS.

With an APPENDIX.

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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the FIRST,

CONTAINING,

PREFACES.
The TEMPEST.
The TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA.
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PREFACE.

THAT praiſes are without reaſon laviſhed on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by thoſe, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the hereſies of paradox; or thoſe, who, being forced by diſappointment upon conſolatory expedients, are willing to hope from poſterity what the preſent age refuſes, and flatter themſelves that the regard, which is yet denied by envy, will be at laſt beſtowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reaſon, but from prejudice. Some ſeem to admire indiſcriminately whatever has been long preſerved, without conſidering that time has ſometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour paſt than preſent excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the ſhades of age, as the eye ſurveys the ſun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticiſm is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we eſtimate his powers by his worſt performance; and when he is dead, we rate them by his beſt.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not abſolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raiſed upon principles demonſtrative and ſcientifick, but appealing wholly to obſervation and experience, no other teſt can be applied than length of duration and continuance of eſteem. What mankind have long poſſeſſed they have often examined and compared, and if they perſiſt to value the poſſeſſion, it is becauſe frequent compariſons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains, and many rivers; ſo in the productions of genius, nothing can be ſtiled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the ſame kind. Demonſtration immediately diſplays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental muſt be eſtimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is diſcovered in a long ſucceſſion of endeavours. Of the firſt building that was raiſed, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or ſquare; but whether it was ſpacious or lofty muſt have been referred to time. The Pythagorean ſcale of numbers was at once diſcovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to tranſcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than tranſpoſe his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphraſe his ſentiments.

The

The reverence due to writings that have long ſubſiſted ariſes therefore not from any credulous confidence in the ſuperior wiſdom of paſt ages, or gloomy perſuaſion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the conſequence of acknowledged and indubitable poſitions, that what has been longeſt known has been moſt conſidered, and what is moſt conſidered is beſt underſtood.

The poet, of whoſe works I have undertaken the reviſion, may now begin to aſſume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of eſtabliſhed fame and preſcriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the teſt of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from perſonal alluſions, local cuſtoms, or temporary opinions, have for many years been loſt; and every topick of merriment, or motive of ſorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obſcure the ſcenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendſhips and his enmities has periſhed; his works ſupport no opinion with arguments, nor ſupply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reaſon than the deſire of pleaſure, and are therefore praiſed only as pleaſure is obtained; yet, thus unaſſiſted by intereſt or paſſion, they have paſt through variations of taſte and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every tranſmiſſion.

But becauſe human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or faſhion; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakeſpeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can pleaſe many, and pleaſe long, but juſt repreſentations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common ſatiety of life ſends us all in queſt; but the pleaſures of ſudden wonder are ſoon exhauſted, and the mind can only repoſe on the ſtability of truth.

Shakeſpeare is above all writers, at leaſt above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the cuſtoms of particular places, unpractiſed by the reſt of the world; by the peculiarities of ſtudies or profeſſions, which can operate but upon ſmall numbers; or by the accidents of tranſient faſhions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, ſuch as the world will always ſupply, and obſervation will always find. His perſons act and ſpeak by the influence of thoſe general paſſions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole ſyſtem of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual;

individual; in thoſe of Shakeſpeare it is commonly a ſpecies.

It is from this wide extenſion of deſign that ſo much inſtruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakeſpeare with practical axioms and domeſtick wiſdom. It was ſaid of Euripides, that every verſe was a precept; and it may be ſaid of Shakeſpeare, that from his works may be collected a ſyſtem of civil and oeconomical prudence. Yet his real power is not ſhewn in the ſplendor of particular paſſages, but by the progreſs of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by ſelect quotations, will ſucceed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his houſe to ſale, carried a brick in his pocket as a ſpecimen.

It will not eaſily be imagined how much Shakeſpeare excels in accommodating his ſentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was obſerved of the ancient ſchools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the ſtudent diſqualified for the world, becauſe he found nothing there which he ſhould ever meet in any other place. The ſame remark may be applied to every ſtage but that of Shakeſpeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by ſuch characters as were never ſeen, converſing in a language which was never heard, upon topicks which will never ariſe in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often ſo evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is purſued with ſo much eaſe and ſimplicity, that it

ſeems ſcarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent ſelection out of common converſation, and common occurrences.

Upon every other ſtage the univerſal agent is love, by whoſe power all good and evil is diſtributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppoſitions of intereſt, and harraſs them with violence of deſires inconſiſtent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous ſorrow; to diſtreſs them as nothing human ever was diſtreſſed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the buſineſs of a modern dramatiſt. For this, probability is violated, life is miſrepreſented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many paſſions, and as it has no great influence upon the ſum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he ſaw before him. He knew, that any other paſſion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cauſe of happineſs or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not eaſily diſcriminated and preſerved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his perſonages more diſtinct from each other. I will not ſay with Pope, that every ſpeech may be aſſigned to the proper ſpeaker, becauſe many ſpeeches there are which have nothing characteriſtical; but, perhaps, though ſome may be equally adapted to every perſon, it will be difficult to find any that can be

be properly transferred from the preſent poſſeſſor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reaſon for choice.

Other dramatiſts can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that ſhould form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakeſpeare has no heroes; his ſcenes are occupied only by men, who act and ſpeak as the reader thinks that he ſhould himſelf have ſpoken or acted on the ſame occaſion: even where the agency is ſupernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers diſguiſe the moſt natural paſſions and moſt frequent incidents; ſo that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakeſpeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he repreſents will not happen, but if it were poſſible, its effects would probably be ſuch as he has aſſigned; and it may be ſaid, that he has not only ſhewn human nature as it acts in real exigences, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be expoſed.

This therefore is the praiſe of Shakeſpeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raiſe up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecſtaſies, by reading human ſentiments in human language; by ſcenes from which a

hermit may eſtimate the tranſactions of the world, and a confeſſor predict the progreſs of the paſſions.

His adherence to general nature has expoſed him to the cenſure of criticks, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rhymer think his Romans not ſufficiently Roman; and Voltaire cenſures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a ſenator of Rome, ſhould play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Daniſh uſurper is repreſented as a drunkard. But Shakeſpeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preſerves the eſſential character, is not very careful of diſtinctions ſuperinduced and adventitious. His ſtory requires Romans or kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all diſpoſitions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the ſenate-houſe for that which the ſenate-houſe would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to ſhew an uſurper and a murderer not only odious, but deſpicable; he therefore added drunkenneſs to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. Theſe are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the caſual diſtinction of country and condition, as a painter, ſatisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The cenſure which he has incurred by mixing comick and tragick ſcenes, as it extends to all his works, deſerves more conſideration. Let the fact be firſt ſtated, and then examined.

Shake-

PREFACE.

Shakeſpeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical ſenſe either tragedies or comedies, but compoſitions of a diſtinct kind; exhibiting the real ſtate of ſublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and ſorrow, mingled with endleſs variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expreſſing the courſe of the world, in which the loſs of one is the gain of another; in which, at the ſame time, the reveller is haſting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is ſometimes defeated by the frolick of another; and many miſchiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without deſign.

Out of this chaos of mingled purpoſes and caſualties the ancient poets, according to the laws which cuſtom had preſcribed, ſelected ſome the crimes of men, and ſome their abſurdities; ſome the momentous viciſſitudes of life, and ſome the lighter occurrences; ſome the terrors of diſtreſs, and ſome the gayeties of proſperity. Thus roſe the two modes of imitation, known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy*, compoſitions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and conſidered as ſo little allied, that I do not recollect among the Greeks or Romans a ſingle writer who attempted both.

Shakeſpeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and ſorrow not only in one mind, but in one compoſition. Almoſt all his plays are divided between ſerious and ludicrous characters, and, in the ſucceſſive evolutions of the deſign, ſometimes produce

duce ſeriouſneſs and ſorrow, and ſometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticiſm will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticiſm to nature. The end of writing is to inſtruct; the end of poetry is to inſtruct by pleaſing. That the mingled drama may convey all the inſtruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, becauſe it includes both in its alterations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by ſhewing how great machinations and ſlender deſigns may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general ſyſtem by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of ſcenes the paſſions are interrupted in their progreſſion, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at laſt the power to move, which conſtitutes the perfection of dramatick poetry. This reaſoning is ſo ſpecious, that it is received as true even by thoſe who in daily experience feel it to be falſe. The interchanges of mingled ſcenes ſeldom fail to produce the intended viciſſitudes of paſſion. Fiction cannot move ſo much, but that the attention may be eaſily transferred; and though it muſt be allowed that pleaſing melancholy be ſometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be conſidered likewiſe, that melancholy is often not pleaſing, and that the diſturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have

have different habitudes; and that, upon the whole, all pleaſure conſiſts in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, hiſtories, and tragedies, ſeem not to have diſtinguiſhed the three kinds, by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal perſons, however ſerious or diſtreſsful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion conſtituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongſt us, and plays were written, which, by changing the cataſtrophe, were tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in thoſe times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous concluſion, with which the common criticiſm of that age was ſatisfied, whatever lighter pleaſure it afforded in its progreſs.

Hiſtory was a ſeries of actions, with no other than chronological ſucceſſion, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce or regulate the concluſion. It is not always very nicely diſtinguiſhed from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, than in the hiſtory of *Richard the Second*. But a hiſtory might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through

Through all theſe denominations of the drama, Shakeſpeare's mode of compoſition is the ſame; an interchange of ſerioufneſs and merriment, by which the mind is ſoftened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpoſe, whether to gladden or depreſs, or to conduct the ſtory, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of eaſy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpoſe; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or ſit ſilent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When Shakeſpeare's plan is underſtood, moſt of the criticiſms of Rhymer and Voltaire vaniſh away. The play of *Hamlet* is opened, without impropriety, by two centinels; Iago bellows at Brabantio's window, without injury to the ſcheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not eaſily endure; the character of Polonius is ſeaſonable and uſeful; and the Grave-diggers themſelves may be heard with applauſe.

Shakeſpeare engaged in dramatick poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the publick judgment was unformed; he had no example of ſuch fame as might force him upon imitation, nor criticks of ſuch authority as might reſtrain his extravagance: he therefore indulged his natural diſpoſition, and his diſpoſition, as Rhymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and ſtudy, what is written at laſt with little felicity; but in his comick ſcenes, he ſeems to produce without labour,

labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always ſtruggling after ſome occaſion to be comick, but in comedy he ſeems to repoſe, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragick ſcenes there is always ſomething wanting, but his comedy often ſurpaſſes expectation or deſire. His comedy pleaſes by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy ſeems to be ſkill, his comedy to be inſtinct.

The force of his comick ſcenes has ſuffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his perſonages act upon principles ariſing from genuine paſſion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleaſures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable; the adventitious peculiarities of perſonal habits, are only ſuperficial dies, bright and pleaſing for a little while, yet ſoon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former luſtre; but the diſcriminations of true paſſion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole maſs, and can only periſh with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compoſitions of heterogeneous modes are diſſolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform ſimplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increaſe, nor ſuffers decay. The ſand heaped by one flood is ſcattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The ſtream of time, which is continually waſhing the diſſoluble fabricks of other poets, paſſes without injury by the adamant of Shakeſpeare.

If

PREFACE.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a ſtile which never becomes obſolete, a certain mode of phraſeology ſo conſonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its reſpective language, as to remain ſettled and unaltered; this ſtile is probably to be ſought in the common intercourſe of life, among thoſe who ſpeak only to be underſtood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modiſh innovations, and the learned depart from eſtabliſhed forms of ſpeech, in hope of finding or making better; thoſe who wiſh for diſtinction forſake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right; but there is a converſation above groſſneſs and below refinement, where propriety reſides, and where this poet ſeems to have gathered his comick dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the preſent age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellencies deſerves to be ſtudied as one of the original maſters of our language.

Theſe obſervations are to be conſidered not as unexceptionably conſtant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakeſpeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be ſmooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedneſs or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has ſpots unfit for cultivation: his characters are praiſed as natural, though their ſentiments are ſometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is ſpherical, though its ſurface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

Shake-

PREFACE.

Shakeſpeare with his excellencies has likewiſe faults, and faults ſufficient to obſcure and overwhelm any other merit. I ſhall ſhew them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or ſuperſtitious veneration. No queſtion can be more innocently diſcuſſed than a dead poet's pretenſions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which ſets candor higher than truth.

His firſt defect is that to which may be imputed moſt of the evil in books or in men. He ſacrifices virtue to convenience, and is ſo much more careful to pleaſe than to inſtruct, that he ſeems to write without any moral purpoſe. From his writings indeed a ſyſtem of ſocial duty may be ſelected, for he that thinks reaſonably muſt think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop caſually from him; he makes no juſt diſtribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to ſhew in the virtuous a diſapprobation of the wicked; he carries his perſons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the cloſe diſmiſſes them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and juſtice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often ſo looſely formed, that a very ſlight conſideration may improve them, and ſo careleſsly purſued, that he ſeems not always fully to comprehend his own deſign. He omits opportunities of inſtructing or delighting, which the train of his ſtory ſeems to force upon him, and apparently rejects

thoſe

thoſe exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the ſake of thoſe which are more eaſy.

It may be obſerved, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himſelf near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he ſhortened the labour to ſnatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he ſhould moſt vigorouſly exert them, and his cataſtrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly repreſented.

He had no regard to diſtinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without ſcruple, the cuſtoms, inſtitutions, and opinions of another, at the expence not only of likelihood, but of poſſibility. Theſe faults Pope has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not wonder to find Hector quoting Ariſtotle, when we ſee the loves of Theſeus and Hippolyta combined with the Gothick mythology of fairies. Shakeſpeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology, for in the ſame age Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his *Arcadia*, confounded the paſtoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet, and ſecurity, with thoſe of turbulence, violence, and adventure.

In his comick ſcenes he is ſeldom very ſucceſsful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of ſmartneſs and conteſts of ſarcaſm; their jeſts are commonly groſs, and their pleaſantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor

are

are ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he repreſented the real converſation of his time is not eaſy to determine; the reign of Elizabeth is commonly ſuppoſed to have been a time of ſtatelineſs, formality, and reſerve, yet perhaps the relaxations of that ſeverity were not very elegant. There muſt, however, have been always ſome modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to chooſe the beſt.

In tragedy his performance ſeems conſtantly to be worſe, as his labour is more. The effuſions of paſſion, which exigence forces out, are for the moſt part ſtriking and energetick; but whenever he ſolicits his invention, or ſtrains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanneſs, tediouſneſs, and obſcurity.

In narration he affects a diſproportionate pomp of diction, and a weariſome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatick poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obſtructs the progreſs of the action; it ſhould therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakeſpeare found it an encumbrance, and inſtead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and ſplendor.

His declamations or ſet ſpeeches are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragick

writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and inſtead of inquiring what the occaſion demanded, to ſhew how much his ſtores of knowledge could ſupply, he ſeldom eſcapes without the pity or reſentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now-and-then entangled with an unwieldy ſentiment, which he cannot well expreſs, and will not reject; he ſtruggles with it a while, and if it continues ſtubborn, compriſes it in words ſuch as occur, and leaves it to be diſentangled and evolved by thoſe who have more leiſure to beſtow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is ſubtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the equality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial ſentiments and vulgar ideas diſappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by ſonorous epithets and ſwelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have never leſs reaſon to indulge their hopes of ſupreme excellence, than when he ſeems fully reſolved to ſink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatneſs, the danger of innocence, or the croſſes of love. He is not long ſoft and pathetick without ſome idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no ſooner begins to move, than he counteracts himſelf; and terror and pity, as they are riſing in the mind, are checked and blaſted by ſudden frigidity.

A quibble

PREFACE.

A quibble is to Shakeſpeare, what luminous vapours are to the traveller: he follows it at all adventures; it is ſure to lead him out of his way, and ſure to engulf him in the mire. It has ſome malignant power over his mind, and its faſcinations are irreſiſtible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his diſquiſition, whether he be enlarging knowledge or exalting affection, whether he be amuſing attention with incidents, or enchaining it in ſuſpenſe, let but a quibble ſpring up before him, and he leaves his work unfiniſhed. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aſide from his career, or ſtoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him ſuch delight, that he was content to purchaſe it, by the ſacrifice of reaſon, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he loſt the world, and was content to loſe it.

It will be thought ſtrange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of thoſe laws which have been inſtituted and eſtabliſhed by the joint authority of poets and of criticks.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I reſign him to critical juſtice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which muſt be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: but, from the cenſure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I ſhall, with due reverence to that learning which I muſt oppoſe, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His hiſtories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not ſubject to any of their laws; nothing more is neceſſary to all the praiſe which they expect, than that the changes of action be ſo prepared as to be underſtood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters conſiſtent, natural, and diſtinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be ſought.

In his other works he has well enough preſerved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his deſign only to diſcover it, for this is ſeldom the order of real events, and Shakeſpeare is the poet of nature: but his plan has commonly what Ariſtotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the concluſion follows by eaſy conſequence. There are perhaps ſome incidents that might be ſpared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the ſtage; but the general ſyſtem makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has ſhewn no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they ſtand will diminiſh their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by diſcovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleaſure to the auditor.

The

The neceſſity of obſerving the unities of time and place ariſes from the ſuppoſed neceſſity of making the drama credible. The criticks hold it impoſſible, that an action of months or years can be poſſibly believed to paſs in three hours; or that the ſpectator can ſuppoſe himſelf to ſit in the theatre, while ambaſſadors go and return between diſtant kings, while armies are levied and towns beſieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they ſaw courting his miſtreſs, ſhall lament the untimely fall of his ſon. The mind revolts from evident falſehood, and fiction loſes its force when it departs from the reſemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time neceſſarily ariſes the contraction of place. The ſpectator, who knows that he ſaw the firſt act at Alexandria, cannot ſuppoſe that he ſees the next at Rome, at a diſtance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in ſo ſhort a time, have tranſported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itſelf; that what was a houſe cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Perſepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critick exults over the miſery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without reſiſtance or reply. It is time therefore to tell him, by the authority of Shakeſpeare, that he aſſumes, as an unqueſtionable principle, a poſition, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his underſtanding pronounces to be falſe. It is falſe, that any repreſentation is miſtaken

for reality; that any dramatick fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a ſingle moment, was ever credited.

The objection ariſing from the impoſſibility of paſſing the firſt hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, ſuppoſes, that when the play opens the ſpectator really imagines himſelf at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the ſtage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Deluſion, if deluſion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the ſpectator can be once perſuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæſar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharſalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a ſtate of elevation above the reach of reaſon, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may deſpiſe the circumſcriptions of terreſtrial nature. There is no reaſon why a mind thus wandering in ecſtaſy ſhould count the clock, or why an hour ſhould not be a century in that calenture of the brains that can make the ſtage a field.

The truth is, that the ſpectators are always in their ſenſes, and know, from the firſt act to the laſt, that the ſtage is only a ſtage, and that the players are only players. They come to hear a certain number of lines recited with juſt geſture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to ſome action, and an action muſt be

be in ſome place; but the different actions that complete a ſtory may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the abſurdity of allowing that ſpace to repreſent firſt Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre.

By ſuppoſition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapſes for the moſt part between the acts; for, of ſo much of the action as is repreſented, the real and poetical duration is the ſame. If, in the firſt act, preparations for war againſt Mithridates are repreſented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without abſurdity, be repreſented, in the cataſtrophe, as happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits ſucceſſive imitations of ſucceſſive actions, and why may not the ſecond imitation repreſent an action that happened years after the firſt; if it be ſo connected with it, that nothing but time can be ſuppoſed to intervene. Time is, of all modes of exiſtence, moſt obſequious to the imagination; a lapſe of years is as eaſily conceived as a paſſage of hours. In contemplation we eaſily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only ſee their imitation.

It will be aſked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a juſt

picture of a real original; as repreſenting to the auditor what he would himſelf feel, if he were to do or ſuffer what is there feigned to be ſuffered or to be done. The reflection that ſtrikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourſelves may be expoſed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourſelves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the poſſibility than ſuppoſe the preſence of miſery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when ſhe remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our conſciouſneſs of fiction; if we thought murders and treaſons real, they would pleaſe no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleaſure, not becauſe they are miſtaken for realities, but becauſe they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landſcape, the trees are not ſuppoſed capable to give us ſhade, or the fountains coolneſs; but we conſider, how we ſhould be pleaſed with ſuch fountains playing beſide us, and ſuch woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the hiſtory of *Henry the Fifth*, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramatick exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increaſe or diminiſh its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always leſs. The humour of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what geſture can hope to add dignity or force to the ſoliloquy of Cato.

A play

PREFACE.

A play read, affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not ſuppoſed to be real; and it follows, that between the acts a longer or ſhorter time may be allowed to paſs, and that no more account of ſpace or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may paſs in an hour the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakeſpeare knew the unities, and rejected them by deſign, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impoſſible to decide, and uſeleſs to enquire. We may reaſonably ſuppoſe, that, when he roſe to notice, he did not want the counſels and admonitions of ſcholars and criticks, and that he at laſt deliberately perſiſted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is eſſential to the fable, but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place ariſe evidently from falſe aſſumptions, and, by circumſcribing the extent of the drama, leſſen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not obſerved: nor, if ſuch another poet could ariſe, ſhould I very vehemently reproach him, that his firſt act paſſed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules merely poſitive, become the comprehenſive genius of Shakeſpeare, and ſuch cenſures are ſuitable to the minute and ſlender criticiſm of Voltaire:

Non uſque adeo permiſcuit imis
Longus ſumma dies, ut non, ſi voce Metelli
Serventur leges, malint a Cæſare tolli.

Yet

Yet when I ſpeak thus ſlightly of dramatick rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced againſt me; before ſuch authorities I am afraid to ſtand, not that I think the preſent queſtion one of thoſe that are to be decided by mere authority, but becauſe it is to be ſuſpected, that theſe precepts have not been ſo eaſily received, but for better reaſons than I have yet been able to find. The reſult of my enquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boaſt of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not eſſential to a juſt drama, that though they may ſometimes conduce to pleaſure, they are always to be ſacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and inſtruction; and that a play, written with nice obſervation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curioſity, as the product of ſuperfluous and oſtentatious art, by which is ſhewn, rather what is poſſible, than what is neceſſary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, ſhall preſerve all the unities unbroken, deſerves the like applauſe with the architect, who ſhall diſplay all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its ſtrength; but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greateſt graces of a play are to copy nature, and inſtruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recal the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almoſt frighted at my own temerity; and when I eſtimate the fame and the ſtrength of thoſe that maintain the contrary opinion,

opinion, am ready to ſink down in reverential ſilence; as Æneas withdrew from the defence of Troy, when he ſaw Neptune ſhaking the wall, and Juno heading the beſiegers.

Thoſe whom my arguments cannot perſuade to give their approbation to the judgment of Shakeſpeare, will eaſily, if they conſider the condition of his life, make ſome allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be rightly eſtimated, muſt be compared with the ſtate of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities; and though to the reader a book be not worſe or better for the circumſtances of the author, yet as there is always a ſilent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the enquiry, how far man may extend his deſigns, or how high he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we ſhall place any particular performance, curioſity is always buſy to diſcover the inſtruments, as well as to ſurvey the workmanſhip, to know how much is to be aſcribed to original powers, and how much to caſual and adventitious help. The palaces of Peru or Mexico were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houſes of European monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with aſtoniſhment, who remembered that they were built without the uſe of iron?

The Engliſh nation, in the time of Shakeſpeare, was yet ſtruggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of Italy had been tranſplanted hither in the reign

reign of Henry the Eighth; and the learned languages had been ſucceſsfully cultivated by Lilly, Linacer, and More; by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner; and afterwards by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and Aſcham. Greek was now taught to boys in the principal ſchools; and thoſe who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spaniſh poets. But literature was yet confined to profeſſed ſcholars, or to men and women of high rank. The publick was groſs and dark; and to be able to read and write, was an accompliſhment ſtill valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people newly awakened to literary curioſity, being yet unacquainted with the true ſtate of things, knows not how to judge of that which is propoſed as its reſemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar, as to childiſh credulity; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The ſtudy of thoſe who then aſpired to plebeian learning was laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. *The Death of Arthur* was the favourite volume.

The mind, which has feaſted on the luxurious wonders of fiction, has no taſte of the inſipidity of truth. A play, which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, upon the admirers of *Palmerin* and *Guy of Warwick*, have made little impreſſion; he that wrote for ſuch an audience was under the neceſſity of looking round for ſtrange events

events and fabulous tranſactions, and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings, to unſkilful curioſity.

Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that he choſe the moſt popular, ſuch as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the ſtory in their hands.

The ſtories, which we now find only in remoter authors, were in his time acceſſible and familiar. The fable of *As you like it*, which is ſuppoſed to be copied from *Chaucer's Gamelyn*, was a little pamphlet of thoſe times; and old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of *Hamlet* in plain Engliſh proſe, which the criticks have now to ſeek in *Saxo Grammaticus*.

His Engliſh hiſtories he took from Engliſh chronicles and Engliſh ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by verſions, they ſupplied him with new ſubjects; he dilated ſome of Plutarch's lives into plays, when they had been tranſlated by North.

His plots, whether hiſtorical or fabulous, are always crouded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more eaſily caught than by ſentiment or argumentation; and ſuch is the power of the marvellous, even over thoſe who deſpiſe it, that every

every man finds his mind more ſtrongly ſeized by the tragedies of Shakeſpeare than of any other writer; others pleaſe us by particular ſpeeches, but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but Homer in ſecuring the firſt purpoſe of a writer, by exciting reſtleſs and unquenchable curioſity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The ſhows and buſtle with which his plays abound have the ſame original. As knowledge advances, pleaſure paſſes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Thoſe to whom our author's labours were exhibited had more ſkill in pomps or proceſſions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted ſome viſible and diſcriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he ſhould moſt pleaſe; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we ſtill find that on our ſtage ſomething muſt be done as well as ſaid, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however muſical or elegant, paſſionate or ſublime.

Voltaire expreſſes his wonder, that our author's extravagancies are endured by a nation, which has ſeen the tragedy of *Cato*. Let him be anſwered, that Addiſon ſpeaks the language of poets, and Shakeſpeare, of men. We find in *Cato* innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we ſee nothing that acquaints us with human ſentiments or human actions; we place it with the faireſt and the nobleſt progeny which judgment propagates by con-

junction

junction with learning; but *Othello* is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of obſervation impregnated by genius. *Cato* affords a ſplendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers juſt and noble ſentiments, in diction eaſy, elevated, and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the compoſition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of *Cato*, but we think on *Addiſon*.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with ſhades, and ſcented with flowers; the compoſition of Shakeſpeare is a foreſt, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interſperſed ſometimes with weeds and brambles, and ſometimes giving ſhelter to myrtles and to roſes; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endleſs diverſity. Other poets diſplay cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finiſhed, wrought into ſhape, and poliſhed unto brightneſs. Shakeſpeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in unexhauſtible plenty, though clouded by incruſtations, debaſed by impurities, and mingled with a maſs of meaner minerals.

It has been much diſputed, whether Shakeſpeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of ſcholaſtick education, the precepts of critical ſcience, and the examples of ancient authors.

There

PREFACE.

There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakeſpeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much ſkill in the dead languages. Johnſon, his friend, affirms, that *he had ſmall Latin, and leſs Greek*; who, beſides that he had no imaginable temptation to falſehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquiſitions of Shakeſpeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controverſy, unleſs ſome teſtimony of equal force could be oppoſed.

Some have imagined, that they have diſcovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged, were drawn from books tranſlated in his time; or were ſuch eaſy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who conſider the ſame ſubjects; or ſuch remarks on life or axioms of morality as float in converſation, and are tranſmitted through the world in proverbial ſentences.

I have found it remarked, that, in this important ſentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a tranſlation of, *I prae, ſequar*. I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleaſing dream, ſays, *I cry'd to ſleep again*, the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the ſame wiſh on the ſame occaſion.

There are a few paſſages which may paſs for imitations, but ſo few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication, and as he uſed what he had, would have uſed more if he had obtained it.

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The *Comedy of Errors* is confeſſedly taken from the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*; from the only play of Plautus which was then in Engliſh. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that, would have copied more; but that thoſe which were not tranſlated were inacceſſible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have ſome French ſcenes proves but little; he might eaſily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without aſſiſtance. In the ſtory of *Romeo* and *Juliet* he is obſerved to have followed the Engliſh tranſlation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this on the other part proves nothing againſt his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himſelf, but what was known to his audience.

It is moſt likely that he had learned Latin ſufficiently to make him acquainted with conſtruction, but that he never advanced to an eaſy peruſal of the Roman authors. Concerning his ſkill in modern languages, I can find no ſufficient ground of determination; but as no imitations of French or Italian authors have been diſcovered, though the Italian poetry was then high in eſteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than Engliſh, and choſe for his fables only ſuch tales as he found tranſlated.

That much knowledge is ſcattered over his works is very juſtly obſerved by Pope, but it is often ſuch

knowledge as books did not ſupply. He that will underſtand Shakeſpeare, muſt not be content to ſtudy him in the cloſet, he muſt look for his meaning ſometimes among the ſports of the field, and ſometimes among the manufactures of the ſhop.

There is however proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then ſo indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curioſity without excurſion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authors were tranſlated, and ſome of the Greek; the Reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; moſt of the topicks of human diſquiſition had found Engliſh writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but ſucceſs. This was a ſtock of knowledge ſufficient for a mind ſo capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the Engliſh ſtage in a ſtate of the utmoſt rudeneſs; no eſſays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be diſcovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet underſtood. Shakeſpeare may be truly ſaid to have introduced them both amongſt us, and in ſome of his happier ſcenes to have carried them both to the utmoſt height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not eaſily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unſettled. Rowe is of opinion, that *perhaps*

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we are not to look for his beginning, like thoſe of other writers, in his leaſt perfect works; art had ſo little, and nature ſo large a ſhare in what he did, that for ought I know, ſays he, *the performances of his youth, as they were the moſt vigorous, were the beſt.* But the power of nature is only the power of uſing to any certain purpoſe the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity ſupplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and when images are collected by ſtudy and experience, can only aſſiſt in combining or applying them. Shakeſpeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and as he muſt increaſe his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquiſition, he, like them, grew wiſer as he grew older, could diſplay life better, as he knew it more, and inſtruct with more efficacy, as he was himſelf more amply inſtructed.

There is a vigilance of obſervation and accuracy of diſtinction which books and precepts cannot confer; from this almoſt all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakeſpeare muſt have looked upon mankind with perſpicacity, in the higheſt degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diverſify them only by the accidental appendages of preſent manners; the dreſs is a little varied, but the body is the ſame. Our author had both matter and form to provide; for except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in Engliſh, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which ſhewed life in its native colours.

The conteſt about the original benevolence or malignity of man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyſe the mind, to trace the paſſions to their ſources, to unfold the ſeminal principles of vice and virtue, or ſound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All thoſe enquiries, which from that time that human nature became the faſhionable ſtudy, have been made ſometimes with nice diſcernment, but often with idle ſubtilty, were yet unattempted. The tales, with which the infancy of learning was ſatisfied, exhibited only the ſuperficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the cauſes, and were formed for ſuch as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be ſtudied in the cloſet; he that would know the world, was under the neceſſity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling as he could in its buſineſs and amuſements.

Boyle congratulated himſelf upon his high birth, becauſe it favoured his curioſity, by facilitating his acceſs. Shakeſpeare had no ſuch advantage; he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in ſtates of life, that appear very little favourable to thought or to enquiry; ſo many, that he who conſiders them is inclined to think that he ſees enterprize and perſeverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vaniſh before them. The genius of Shakeſpeare was not to be depreſſed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow converſation to which men in want are inevitably condemned;

demned; the incumbrances of his fortune were ſhaken from his mind, *as dew-drops from a lion's mane.*

Though he had ſo many difficulties to encounter, and ſo little aſſiſtance to ſurmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many caſts of native diſpoſitions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice diſtinctions; and to ſhew them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has himſelf been imitated by all ſucceeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether from all his ſucceſſors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact ſurveyor of the inanimate world; his deſcriptions have always ſome peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exiſt. It may be obſerved, that the oldeſt poets of many nations preſerve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a ſhort celebrity, ſink into oblivion. The firſt, whoever they be, muſt take their ſentiments and deſcriptions immediately from knowledge; the reſemblance is therefore juſt, their deſcriptions are verified by every eye, and their ſentiments acknowledged by every breaſt. Thoſe whom their fame invites to the ſame ſtudies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain ſuch authority, as to ſtand in

the place of nature to another, and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at laſt capricious and caſual. Shakeſpeare, whether life or nature be his ſubject, ſhews plainly, that he has ſeen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or diſtorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his repreſentations to be juſt, and the learned ſee that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be eaſy to find any author, except Homer, who invented ſo much as Shakeſpeare, who ſo much advanced the ſtudies which he cultivated, or effuſed ſo much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the ſhows of the Engliſh drama are his. *He ſeems*, ſays Dennis, *to have been the very original of our Engliſh tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verſe, diverſified often by diſſyllable and triſyllable terminations. For the diverſity diſtinguiſhes it from heroick harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common uſe makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verſe we make when we are writing proſe; we make ſuch verſe in common converſation.*

I know not whether this praiſe is rigorouſly juſt. The diſſyllable termination, which the critick rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in *Gorboduc*, which is confeſſedly before our author; yet in *Hieronnymo*, of which the date is not certain, but which there is reaſon to believe at leaſt as old as his earlieſt plays. This however is certain, that he is the firſt who taught either tragedy or comedy to pleaſe, there being no theatrical piece of

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any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which are ſought becauſe they are ſcarce, and would not have been ſcarce, had they been much eſteemed.

To him we muſt aſcribe the praiſe, unleſs Spenſer may divide it with him, of having firſt diſcovered to how much ſmoothneſs and harmony the Engliſh language could be ſoftened. He has ſpeeches, perhaps ſometimes ſcenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavours indeed commonly to ſtrike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpoſe better, than when he tries to ſooth by ſoftneſs.

Yet it muſt be at laſt confeſſed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes ſomething to us; that, if much of his praiſe is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewiſe given by cuſtom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we ſhould in another loath or deſpiſe. If we endured without praiſing, reſpect for the father of our drama might excuſe us; but I have ſeen, in the book of ſome modern critick, a collection of anomalies, which ſhew that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

He has ſcenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play, which, if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the concluſion. I am indeed far

from thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were ſuch as would ſatisfy the audience, they ſatisfied the writer. It is ſeldom that authors, though more ſtudious of fame than Shakeſpeare, riſe much above the ſtandard of their own age; to add a little to what is beſt will always be ſufficient for preſent praiſe, and thoſe who find themſelves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiaſts, and to ſpare the labour of contending with themſelves.

It does not appear, that Shakeſpeare thought his works worthy of poſterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further proſpect, than of preſent popularity and preſent profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he ſolicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no ſcruple to repeat the ſame jeſts in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the ſame knot of perplexity, which may be at leaſt forgiven him, by thoſe who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a maſk, by a deception, which perhaps never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careleſs was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to eaſe and plenty, while he was yet little *declined into the vale of years*, before he could be diſguſted with fatigue, or diſabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor deſired to reſcue thoſe that had been already publiſhed from the depravations that obſcured them, or ſecure to the reſt

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a better deſtiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine ſtate.

Of the plays which bear the name of Shakeſpeare in the late editions, the greater part were not publiſhed till about ſeven years after his death, and the few which appeared in his life are apparently thruſt into the world without the care of the author, and therefore probably without his knowledge.

Of all the publiſhers, clandeſtine or profeſſed, their negligence and unſkilfulneſs has by the late reviſers been ſufficiently ſhewn. The faults of all are indeed numerous and groſs, and have not only corrupted many paſſages perhaps beyond recovery, but have brought others into ſuſpicion, which are only obſcured by obſolete phraſeology, or by the writer's unſkilfulneſs and affectation. To alter is more eaſy than to explain, and temerity is a more common quality than diligence. Thoſe who ſaw that they muſt employ conjecture to a certain degree, were willing to indulge it a little further. Had the author publiſhed his own works, we ſhould have ſat quietly down to diſentangle his intricacies, and clear his obſcurities; but now we tear what we cannot looſe, and eject what we happen not to underſtand.

The faults are more than could have happened without the concurrence of many cauſes. The ſtile of Shakeſpeare was in itſelf ungrammatical, perplexed, and obſcure; his works were tranſcribed for the players by thoſe who may be ſuppoſed to have ſeldom underſtood them; they were tranſmitted by copiers equally

equally unſkilful, who ſtill multiplied errors; they were perhaps ſometimes mutilated by the actors, for the ſake of ſhortening the ſpeeches; and were at laſt printed without correction of the preſs.

In this ſtate they remained, not as Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes, becauſe they were unregarded, but becauſe the editor's art was not yet applied to modern languages, and our anceſtors were accuſtomed to ſo much negligence of Engliſh printers, that they could very patiently endure it. At laſt an edition was undertaken by Rowe; not becauſe a poet was to be publiſhed by a poet, for Rowe ſeems to have thought very little on correction or explanation, but that our author's works might appear like thoſe of his fraternity, with the appendages of a life and recommendatory preface. Rowe has been clamorouſly blamed for not performing what he did not undertake, and it is time that juſtice be done him, by confeſſing, that though he ſeems to have had no thought of corruption beyond the printer's errors, yet he has made many emendations, if they were not made before, which his ſucceſſors have received without acknowledgment, and which, if they had produced them, would have filled pages and pages with cenſures of the ſtupidity by which the faults were committed, with diſplays of the abſurdities which they involved, with oſtentatious expoſitions of the new reading, and ſelf-congratulations on the happineſs of diſcovering it.

As of the other editors, I have preſerved the prefaces, I have likewiſe borrowed the author's life from Rowe,

Rowe, though not written with much elegance or ſpirit; it relates however what is now to be known, and therefore deſerves to paſs through all ſucceeding publications.

The nation had been for many years content enough with Mr. Rowe's performance, when Mr. Pope made them acquainted with the true ſtate of Shakeſpeare's text, ſhewed that it was extremely corrupt, and gave reaſon to hope that there were means of reforming it. He collated the old copies, which none had thought to examine before, and reſtored many lines to their integrity; but, by a very compendious criticiſm, he rejected whatever he diſliked, and thought more of amputation than of cure.

I know not why he is commended by Dr. Warburton for diſtinguiſhing the genuine from the ſpurious plays. In this choice he exerted no judgment of his own; the plays which he received, were given by Hemings and Condel, the firſt editors; and thoſe which he rejected, though, according to the licentiouſneſs of the preſs in thoſe times, they were printed during Shakeſpeare's life, with his name, had been omitted by his friends, and were never added to his works before the edition of 1664, from which they were copied by the later printers.

This was a work which Pope ſeems to have thought unworthy of his abilities, being not able to ſuppreſs his contempt of *the dull duty of an editor*. He underſtood but half his undertaking. The duty of a collator is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious taſks, is very

very neceſſary; but an emendatory critick would ill diſcharge his duty, without qualities very different from dulneſs. In peruſing a corrupted piece, he muſt have before him all poſſibilities of meaning, with all poſſibilities of expreſſion. Such muſt be his comprehenſion of thought, and ſuch his copiouſneſs of language. Out of many readings poſſible, he muſt be able to ſelect that which beſt ſuits with the ſtate, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his author's particular caſt of thought, and turn of expreſſion. Such muſt be his knowledge, and ſuch his taſte. Conjectural criticiſm demands more than humanity poſſeſſes, and he that exerciſes it with moſt praiſe has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor.

Confidence is the common conſequence of ſucceſs. They whoſe excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude, that their powers are univerſal. Pope's edition fell below his own expectations, and he was ſo much offended, when he was found to have left any thing for others to do, that he paſſed the latter part of his life in a ſtate of hoſtility with verbal criticiſm.

I have retained all his notes, that no fragment of ſo great a writer may be loſt; his preface, valuable alike for elegance of compoſition and juſtneſs of remark, and containing a general criticiſm on his author, ſo extenſive that little can be added, and ſo exact, that little can be diſputed, every editor has an intereſt

intereſt to ſuppreſs, but that every reader would demand its inſertion.

Pope was ſucceeded by Theobald, a man of narrow comprehenſion and ſmall acquiſitions, with no native and intrinſick ſplendor of genius, with little of the artificial light of learning, but zealous for minute accuracy, and not negligent in purſuing it. He collated the ancient copies, and rectified many errors. A man ſo anxiouſly ſcrupulous might have been expected to do more, but what little he did was commonly right.

In his reports of copies and editions he is not to be truſted without examination. He ſpeaks ſometimes indefinitely of copies, when he has only one. In his enumeration of editions, he mentions the two firſt folios as of high, and the third folio as of middle authority; but the truth is, that the firſt is equivalent to all others, and that the reſt only deviate from it by the printer's negligence. Whoever has any of the folios has all, excepting thoſe diverſities which mere reiteration of editions will produce. I collated them all at the beginning, but afterwards uſed only the firſt.

Of his notes I have generally retained thoſe which he retained himſelf in his ſecond edition, except when they were confuted by ſubſequent annotators, or were too minute to merit preſervation. I have ſometimes adopted his reſtoration of a comma, without inſerting the panegyrick in which he celebrated himſelf for his atchievement. The exuberant excreſcence of his diction

diction I have often lopped, his triumphant exultations over Pope and Rowe I have ſometimes ſuppreſſed, and his contemptible oſtentation I have frequently concealed; but I have in ſome places ſhewn him, as he would have ſhewn himſelf, for the reader's diverſion, that the inflated emptineſs of ſome notes may juſtify or excuſe the contraction of the reſt.

Theobald, thus weak and ignorant, thus mean and faithleſs, thus petulant and oſtentatious, by the good luck of having Pope for his enemy, has eſcaped, and eſcaped alone, with reputation, from this undertaking. So willingly does the world ſupport thoſe who ſolicit favour, againſt thoſe who command reverence; and ſo eaſily is he praiſed, whom no man can envy.

Our author fell then into the hands of Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Oxford editor, a man, in my opinion, eminently qualified by nature for ſuch ſtudies. He had, what is the firſt requiſite to emendatory criticiſm, that intuition by which the poet's intention is immediately diſcovered, and that dexterity of intellect which diſpatches its work by the eaſieſt means. He had undoubtedly read much; his acquaintance with cuſtoms, opinions, and traditions, ſeems to have been large; and he is often learned without ſhew. He ſeldom paſſes what he does not underſtand, without an attempt to find or to make a meaning, and ſometimes haſtily makes what a little more attention would have found. He is ſolicitous to reduce to grammar, what he could not be ſure that his author intended to be grammatical. Shakeſpeare regarded more the ſeries of ideas, than of words; and his language, not

not being deſigned for the reader's deſk, was all that he deſired it to be, if it conveyed his meaning to the audience.

Hanmer's care of the metre has been too violently cenſured. He found the meaſure reformed in ſo many paſſages, by the ſilent labours of ſome editors, with the ſilent acquieſcence of the reſt, that he thought himſelf allowed to extend a little further the licence, which had already been carried ſo far without reprehenſion; and of his corrections in general, it muſt be confeſſed, that they are often juſt, and made commonly with the leaſt poſſible violation of the text.

But, by inſerting his emendations, whether invented or borrowed, into the page, without any notice of varying copies, he has appropriated the labour of his predeceſſors, and made his own edition of little authority. His confidence indeed, both in himſelf and others, was too great; he ſuppoſes all to be right that was done by Pope and Theobald; he ſeems not to ſuſpect a critick of fallibility, and it was but reaſonable that he ſhould claim what he ſo liberally granted.

As he never writes without careful enquiry and diligent conſideration, I have received all his notes, and believe that every reader will wiſh for more.

Of the laſt editor it is more difficult to ſpeak. Reſpect is due to high place, tenderneſs to living reputation, and veneration to genius and learning; but

but he cannot be juſtly offended at that liberty of which he has himſelf ſo frequently given an example, nor very ſolicitous what is thought of notes, which he ought never to have conſidered as part of his ſerious employments, and which, I ſuppoſe, ſince the ardor of compoſition is remitted, he no longer numbers among his happy effuſions.

The original and predominant error of his commentary, is acquieſcence in his firſt thoughts; that precipitation which is produced by conſciouſneſs of quick diſcernment; and that confidence which preſumes to do, by ſurveying the ſurface, what labour only can perform, by penetrating the bottom. His notes exhibit ſometimes perverſe interpretations, and ſometimes improbable conjectures; he at one time gives the author more profundity of meaning than the ſentence admits, and at another diſcovers abſurdities, where the ſenſe is plain to every other reader. But his emendations are likewiſe often happy and juſt; and his interpretation of obſcure paſſages learned and ſagacious.

Of his notes, I have commonly rejected thoſe, againſt which the general voice of the publick has exclaimed, or which their own incongruity immediately condemns, and which, I ſuppoſe, the author himſelf would deſire to be forgotten. Of the reſt, to part I have given the higheſt approbation, by inſerting the offered reading in the text; part I have left to the judgment of the reader, as doubtful, though ſpecious; and part I have cenſured without reſerve,

reſerve, but I am ſure without bitterneſs of malice, and, I hope, without wantonneſs of inſult.

It is no pleaſure to me, in reviſing my volumes, to obſerve how much paper is waſted in confutation. Whoever conſiders the revolutions of learning, and the various queſtions of greater or leſs importance, upon which wit and reaſon have exerciſed their powers, muſt lament the unſucceſsfulneſs of enquiry, and the ſlow advances of truth, when he reflects, that great part of the labour of every writer is only the deſtruction of thoſe that went before him. The firſt care of the builder of a new ſyſtem, is to demoliſh the fabricks which are ſtanding. The chief deſire of him that comments an author, is to ſhew how much other commentators have corrupted and obſcured him. The opinions prevalent in one age, as truths above the reach of controverſy, are confuted and rejected in another, and riſe again to reception in remoter times. Thus the human mind is kept in motion without progreſs. Thus ſometimes truth and error, and ſometimes contrarieties of error, take each other's place by reciprocal invaſion. The tide of ſeeming knowledge which is poured over one generation, retires and leaves another naked and barren; the ſudden meteors of intelligence, which for a while appear to ſhoot their beams into the regions of obſcurity, on a ſudden withdraw their luſtre, and leave mortals again to grope their way.

Theſe elevations and depreſſions of renown, and the contradictions to which all improvers of knowledge muſt for ever be expoſed, ſince they are not

eſcaped by the higheſt and brighteſt of mankind, may ſurely be endured with patience by criticks and annotators, who can rank themſelves but as the ſatellites of their authors. How canſt thou beg for life, ſays Homer's hero to his captive, when thou knoweſt that thou art now to ſuffer only what muſt another day be ſuffered by Achilles?

Dr. Warburton had a name ſufficient to confer celebrity on thoſe who could exalt themſelves into antagoniſts, and his notes have raiſed a clamour too loud to be diſtinct. His chief aſſailants are the authors of *The canons of criticiſm*, and of *The review of Shakeſpeare's text*; of whom one ridicules his errors with airy petulance, ſuitable enough to the levity of the controverſy; the other attacks them with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to juſtice an aſſaſſin or incendiary. The one ſtings like a fly, ſucks a little blood, takes a gay flutter, and returns for more; the other bites like a viper, and would be glad to leave inflammations and gangrene behind him. When I think on one, with his confederates, I remember the danger of Coriolanus, who was afraid that *girls with ſpits, and boys with ſtones, ſhould ſlay him in puny battle*; when the other croſſes my imagination, I remember the prodigy in *Macbeth*:

A falcon tow'ring in his pride of place,
Was by a mouſing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Let me however do them juſtice. One is a wit, and one a ſcholar*. They have both ſhewn acute-

* It is extraordinary that this gentleman ſhould attempt ſo voluminous a work, as the *Reviſal of Shakeſpeare's text*, when he tells us in his preface, "he was not ſo fortunate as to be "furniſhed

neſs ſufficient in the diſcovery of faults, and have both advanced ſome probable interpretations of obſcure paſſages; but when they aſpire to conjecture and emendation, it appears how falſely we all eſtimate our own abilities, and the little which they have been able to perform might have taught them more candour to the endeavours of others.

Before Dr. Warburton's edition, *Critical obſervations on Shakeſpeare* had been publiſhed by Mr. Upton, a man ſkilled in languages, and acquainted with books, but who ſeems to have had no great vigour of genius or nicety of taſte. Many of his explanations are curious and uſeful, but he likewiſe, though he profeſſed to oppoſe the licentious confidence of editors, and adhere to the old copies, is unable to reſtrain the rage of emendation, though his ardour is ill ſeconded by his ſkill. Every cold empirick, when his heart is expanded by a ſucceſsful experiment, ſwells into a theoriſt, and the laborious collator at ſome unlucky moment frolicks in conjecture.

Critical, hiſtorical, and explanatory notes have been likewiſe publiſhed upon Shakeſpeare by Dr. Grey, whoſe diligent peruſal of the old Engliſh writers has enabled him to make ſome uſeful obſervations. What he undertook he has well enough performed, but as he neither attempts judicial nor emendatory criticiſm, he employs rather his memory than his ſagacity. It

" furniſhed with either of the folio editions, much leſs any of " the ancient quartos: and even Sir Thomas Hanmer's per- " formance was known to him only by Dr. Warburton's repre- " ſentation." FARMER.

were to be wiſhed that all would endeavour to imitate his modeſty, who have not been able to ſurpaſs his knowledge.

I can ſay with great ſincerity of all my predeceſſors, what I hope will hereafter be ſaid of me, that not one has left Shakeſpeare without improvement, nor is there one to whom I have not been indebted for aſſiſtance and information. Whatever I have taken from them, it was my intention to refer to its original author, and it is certain, that what I have not given to another, I believed when I wrote it to be my own. In ſome perhaps I have been anticipated; but if I am ever found to encroach upon the remarks of any other commentator, I am willing that the honour, be it more or leſs, ſhould be transferred to the firſt claimant, for his right, and his alone, ſtands above diſpute; the ſecond can prove his pretenſions only to himſelf, nor can himſelf always diſtinguiſh invention, with ſufficient certainty, from recollection.

They have all been treated by me with candour, which they have not been careful of obſerving to one another. It is not eaſy to diſcover from what cauſe the acrimony of a ſcholiaſt can naturally proceed. The ſubjects to be diſcuſſed by him are of very ſmall importance; they involve neither property nor liberty; nor favour the intereſt of ſect or party. The various readings of copies, and different interpretations of a paſſage, ſeem to be queſtions that might exerciſe the wit, without engaging the paſſions. But, whether it be, that *ſmall things make mean men proud*, and vanity catches ſmall occaſions; or that all contrariety

trariety of opinion, even in thoſe that can defend it no longer, makes proud men angry; there is often found in commentaries a ſpontaneous ſtrain of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the moſt furious controvertiſt in politicks againſt thoſe whom he is hired to defame.

Perhaps the lightneſs of the matter may conduce to the vehemence of the agency; when the truth to be inveſtigated is ſo near to inexiſtence, as to eſcape attention, its bulk is to be enlarged by rage and exclamation: that to which all would be indifferent in its original ſtate, may attract notice when the fate of a name is appended to it. A commentator has indeed great temptations to ſupply by turbulence what he wants of dignity, to beat his little gold to a ſpacious ſurface, to work that to foam which no art or diligence can exalt to ſpirit.

The notes which I have borrowed or written are either illuſtrative, by which difficulties are explained; or judicial, by which faults and beauties are remarked; or emendatory, by which depravations are corrected.

The explanations tranſcribed from others, if I do not ſubjoin any other interpretation, I ſuppoſe commonly to be right, at leaſt I intend by acquieſcence to confeſs, that I have nothing better to propoſe.

After the labours of all the editors, I found many paſſages which appeared to me likely to obſtruct the greater number of readers, and thought it my duty to

facilitate their paſſage. It is impoſſible for an expoſitor not to write too little for ſome, and too much for others. He can only judge what is neceſſary by his own experience; and how long ſoever he may deliberate, will at laſt explain many lines which the learned will think impoſſible to be miſtaken, and omit many for which the ignorant will want his help. Theſe are cenſures merely relative, and muſt be quietly endured. I have endeavoured to be neither ſuperfluouſly copious, nor ſcrupulouſly reſerved, and hope that I have made my author's meaning acceſſible to many, who before were frighted from peruſing him, and contributed ſomething to the publick, by diffuſing innocent and rational pleaſure.

The complete explanation of an author not ſyſtematick and conſequential, but deſultory and vagrant, abounding in caſual alluſions and light hints, is not to be expected from any ſingle ſcholiaſt. All perſonal reflections, when names are ſuppreſſed, muſt be in a few years irrecoverably obliterated; and cuſtoms, too minute to attract the notice of law, ſuch as modes of dreſs, formalities of converſation, rules of viſits, diſpoſition of furniture, and practices of ceremony, which naturally find places in familiar dialogue, are ſo fugitive and unſubſtantial, that they are not eaſily retained or recovered. What can be known will be collected by chance, from the receſſes of obſcure and obſolete papers, peruſed commonly with ſome other view. Of this knowledge every man has ſome, and none has much; but when an author has engaged the publick attention, thoſe who can add any thing to his

his illuſtration, communicate their diſcoveries, and time produces what had eluded diligence.

To time I have been obliged to reſign many paſſages, which, though I did not underſtand them, will perhaps hereafter be explained, having, I hope, illuſtrated ſome, which others have neglected or miſtaken, ſometimes by ſhort remarks, or marginal directions, ſuch as every editor has added at his will, and often by comments more laborious than the matter will ſeem to deſerve; but that which is moſt difficult is not always moſt important, and to an editor nothing is a trifle by which his author is obſcured.

The poetical beauties or defects I have not been very diligent to obſerve. Some plays have more, and ſome fewer judicial obſervations, not in proportion to their difference of merit, but becauſe I gave this part of my deſign to chance and to caprice. The reader, I believe, is ſeldom pleaſed to find his opinion anticipated; it is natural to delight more in what we find or make, than in what we receive. Judgment, like other faculties, is improved by practice, and its advancement is hindered by ſubmiſſion to dictatorial deciſions, as the memory grows torpid by the uſe of a table-book. Some initiation is however neceſſary; of all ſkill, part is infuſed by precept, and part is obtained by habit; I have therefore ſhewn ſo much as may enable the candidate of criticiſm to diſcover the reſt.

PREFACE.

To the end of moſt plays I have added ſhort ſtrictures, containing a general cenſure of faults, or praiſe of excellence; in which I know not how much I have concurred with the current opinion; but I have not, by any affectation of ſingularity, deviated from it. Nothing is minutely and particularly examined, and therefore it is to be ſuppoſed, that in the plays which are condemned there is much to be praiſed, and in theſe which are praiſed much to be condemned.

The part of criticiſm in which the whole ſucceſſion of editors has laboured with the greateſt diligence, which has occaſioned the moſt arrogant oſtentation, and excited the keeneſt acrimony, is the emendation of corrupted paſſages, to which the publick attention having been firſt drawn by the violence of the contention between Pope and Theobald, has been continued by the perſecution, which, with a kind of conſpiracy, has been ſince raiſed againſt all the publiſhers of Shakeſpeare.

That many paſſages have paſſed in a ſtate of depravation through all the editions is indubitably certain; of theſe the reſtoration is only to be attempted by collation of copies, or ſagacity of conjecture. The collator's province is ſafe and eaſy, the conjecturer's perilous and difficult. Yet as the greater part of the plays are extant only in one copy, the peril muſt not be avoided, nor the difficulty refuſed.

Of the readings which this emulation of amendment has hitherto produced, ſome from the labours of

of every publiſher I have advanced into the text; thoſe are to be conſidered as in my opinion ſufficiently ſupported; ſome I have rejected without mention, as evidently erroneous; ſome I have left in the notes without cenſure or approbation, as reſting in equipoiſe between objection and defence; and ſome, which ſeemed ſpecious but not right, I have inſerted with a ſubſequent animadverſion.

Having claſſed the obſervations of others, I was at laſt to try what I could ſubſtitute for their miſtakes, and how I could ſupply their omiſſions. I collated ſuch copies as I could procure, and wiſhed for more, but have not found the collectors of theſe rarities very communicative. Of the editions which chance or kindneſs put into my hands I have given an enumeration, that I may not be blamed for neglecting what I had not the power to do.

By examining the old copies, I ſoon found that the later publiſhers, with all their boaſts of diligence, ſuffered many paſſages to ſtand unauthorized, and contented themſelves with Rowe's regulation of the text, even where they knew it to be arbitrary, and with a little conſideration might have found it to be wrong. Some of theſe alterations are only the ejection of a word for one that appeared to him more elegant or more intelligible. Theſe corruptions I have often ſilently rectified; for the hiſtory of our language, and the true force of our words, can only be preſerved, by keeping the text of authors free from adulteration. Others, and thoſe very frequent, ſmoothed the cadence, or regulated the meaſure; on

theſe

theſe I have not exerciſed the ſame rigour; if only a word was tranſpoſed, or a particle inſerted or omitted, I have ſometimes ſuffered the line to ſtand; for the inconſtancy of the copies is ſuch, as that ſome liberties may be eaſily permitted. But this practice I have not ſuffered to proceed far, having reſtored the primitive diction wherever it could for any reaſon be preferred.

The emendations, which compariſon of copies ſupplied, I have inſerted in the text; ſometimes, where the improvement was ſlight, without notice, and ſometimes with an account of the reaſons of the change.

Conjecture, though it be ſometimes unavoidable, I have not wantonly nor licentiouſly indulged. It has been my ſettled principle, that the reading of the ancient books is probably true, and therefore is not to be diſturbed for the ſake of elegance, perſpicuity, or mere improvement of the ſenſe. For though much credit is not due to the fidelity, nor any to the judgment of the firſt publiſhers, yet they who had the copy before their eyes were more likely to read it right, than we who read it only by imagination. But it is evident that they have often made ſtrange miſtakes by ignorance or negligence, and that therefore ſomething may be properly attempted by criticiſm, keeping the middle way between preſumption and timidity.

Such criticiſm I have attempted to practiſe, and, where any paſſage appeared inextricably perplexed, have

have endeavoured to diſcover how it may be recalled to ſenſe, with leaſt violence. But my firſt labour is, always to turn the old text on every ſide, and try if there be any interſtice, through which light can find its way; nor would Huetius himſelf condemn me, as refuſing the trouble of reſearch, for the ambition of alteration. In this modeſt induſtry I have not been unſucceſsful. I have reſcued many lines from the violations of temerity, and ſecured many ſcenes from the inroads of correction. I have adopted the Roman ſentiment, that it is more honourable to ſave a citizen, than to kill an enemy, and have been more careful to protect than to attack.

I have preſerved the common diſtribution of the plays into acts, though I believe it to be in almoſt all the plays void of authority. Some of thoſe which are divided in the later editions have no diviſion in the firſt folio, and ſome that are divided in the folio have no diviſion in the preceding copies. The ſettled mode of the theatre requires four intervals in the play, but few, if any, of our author's compoſitions can be properly diſtributed in that manner. An act is ſo much of the drama as paſſes without intervention of time, or change of place. A pauſe makes a new act. In every real, and therefore in every imitative action, the intervals may be more or fewer, the reſtriction of five acts being accidental and arbitrary. This Shakeſpeare knew, and this he practiſed; his plays were written, and at firſt printed in one unbroken continuity, and ought now to be exhibited with ſhort pauſes, interpoſed as often as the ſcene is changed, or any conſiderable time is required to paſs.

This

This method would at once quell a thouſand abſurdities.

In reſtoring the author's works to their integrity, I have conſidered the punctuation as wholly in my power; for what could be their care of colons and commas, who corrupted words and ſentences. Whatever could be done by adjuſting points, is therefore ſilently performed, in ſome plays, with much diligence, in others with leſs; it is hard to keep a buſy eye ſteadily fixed upon evaneſcent atoms, or a diſcurſive mind upon evaneſcent truth.

The ſame liberty has been taken with a few particles, or other words of ſlight effect. I have ſometimes inſerted or omitted them without notice. I have done that ſometimes, which the other editors have done always, and which indeed the ſtate of the text may ſufficiently juſtify.

The greater part of readers, inſtead of blaming us for paſſing trifles, will wonder that on mere trifles ſo much labour is expended, with ſuch importance of debate, and ſuch ſolemnity of diction. To theſe I anſwer with confidence, that they are judging of an art which they do not underſtand; yet cannot much reproach them with their ignorance, nor promiſe that they would become in general, by learning criticiſm, more uſeful, happier, or wiſer.

As I practiſed conjecture more, I learned to truſt it leſs; and after I had printed a few plays, reſolved to inſert none of my own readings in the text. Upon this

this caution I now congratulate myſelf, for every day encreaſes my doubt of my emendations.

Since I have confined my imagination to the margin, it muſt not be conſidered as very reprehenſible, if I have ſuffered it to play ſome freaks in its own dominion. There is no danger in conjecture, if it be propoſed as conjecture; and while the text remains uninjured, thoſe changes may be ſafely offered, which are not conſidered even by him that offers them as neceſſary or ſafe.

If my readings are of little value, they have not been oſtentatiouſly diſplayed or importunately obtruded. I could have written longer notes, for the art of writing notes is not of difficult attainment. The work is performed, firſt by railing at the ſtupidity, negligence, ignorance, and aſinine taſteleſſneſs of the former editors, and ſhewing, from all that goes before and all that follows, the inelegance and abſurdity of the old reading; then by propoſing ſomething, which to ſuperficial readers would ſeem ſpecious, but which the editor rejects with indignation; then by producing the true reading, with a long paraphraſe, and concluding with loud acclamations on the diſcovery, and a ſober wiſh for the advancement and proſperity of genuine criticiſm.

All this may be done, and perhaps done ſometimes without impropriety. But I have always ſuſpected that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong; and the emendation wrong, that cannot without ſo much labour appear to be right.

The

The juſtneſs of a happy reſtoration ſtrikes at once; and the moral precept may be well applied to criticiſm, *quod dubitas ne feceris.*

To dread the ſhore which he ſees ſpread with wrecks, is natural to the ſailor. I had before my eye, ſo many critical adventures ended in miſcarriage, that caution was forced upon me. I encountered in every page wit ſtruggling with its own ſophiſtry, and learning confuſed by the multiplicity of its views. I was forced to cenſure thoſe whom I admired, and could not but reflect, while I was diſpoſſeſſing their emendations, how ſoon the ſame fate might happen to my own, and how many of the readings which I have corrected may be by ſome other editor defended and eſtabliſhed.

Criticks I ſaw, that other's names efface,
And fix their own, with labour, in the place;
Their own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind. POPE.

That a conjectural critick ſhould often be miſtaken, cannot be wonderful, either to others or himſelf, if it be conſidered, that in his art there is no ſyſtem, no principal and axiomatical truth that regulates ſubordinate poſitions. His chance of error is renewed at every attempt; an oblique view of the paſſage, a ſlight miſapprehenſion of a phraſe, a caſual inattention to the parts connected, is ſufficient to make him not only fail, but fail ridiculouſly; and when he ſucceeds beſt, he produces perhaps but one reading of many probable, and he that ſuggeſts another will always be able to diſpute his claims.

PREFACE.

It is an unhappy ſtate, in which danger is hid under pleaſure. The allurements of emendation are ſcarcely reſiſtible. Conjecture has all the joy and all the pride of invention, and he that has once ſtarted a happy change, is too much delighted to conſider what objections may riſe againſt it.

Yet conjectural criticiſm has been of great uſe in the learned world; nor is it my intention to depreciate a ſtudy, that has exerciſed ſo many mighty minds, from the revival of learning to our own age, from the biſhop of Aleria to Engliſh Bentley. The criticks on ancient authors have, in the exerciſe of their ſagacity, many aſſiſtances, which the editor of Shakeſpeare is condemned to want. They are employed upon grammatical and ſettled languages, whoſe conſtruction contributes ſo much to perſpicuity, that Homer has fewer paſſages unintelligible than Chaucer. The words have not only a known regimen, but invariable quantities, which direct and confine the choice. There are commonly more manuſcripts than one; and they do not often conſpire in the ſame miſtakes. Yet Scaliger could confeſs to Salmaſius how little ſatisfaction his emendations gave him. *Illudunt nobis conjecturæ noſtræ, quarum nos pudet, poſteaquam in meliores codices incidimus.* And Lipſius could complain, that criticks were making faults, by trying to remove them, *Ut olim vitiis, ita nunc remediis laboratur.* And indeed, where mere conjecture is to be uſed, the emendations of Scaliger and Lipſius, notwithſtanding their wonderful ſagacity and erudition, are often vague and diſputable, like mine or Theobald's.

Perhaps

PREFACE.

Perhaps I may not be more cenſured for doing wrong, than for doing little; for raiſing in the publick expectations, which at laſt I have not anſwered. The expectation of ignorance is indefinite, and that of knowledge is often tyrannical. It is hard to ſatisfy thoſe who know not what to demand, or thoſe who demand by deſign what they think impoſſible to be done. I have indeed diſappointed no opinion more than my own; yet I have endeavoured to perform my taſk with no ſlight ſolicitude. Not a ſingle paſſage in the whole work has appeared to me corrupt, which I have not attempted to reſtore: or obſcure, which I have not endeavoured to illuſtrate. In many I have failed like others; and from many, after all my efforts, I have retreated, and confeſſed the repulſe. I have not paſſed over, with affected ſuperiority, what is equally difficult to the reader and to myſelf, but where I could not inſtruct him, have owned my ignorance. I might eaſily have accumulated a maſs of ſeeming learning upon eaſy ſcenes; but it ought not to be imputed to negligence, that, where nothing was neceſſary, nothing has been done, or that, where others have ſaid enough, I have ſaid no more.

Notes are often neceſſary, but they are neceſſary evils. Let him, that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakeſpeare, and who deſires to feel the higheſt pleaſure that the drama can give, read every play, from the firſt ſcene to the laſt, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not ſtoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is ſtrongly engaged, let

let it diſdain alike to turn aſide to the name of Theobald and of Pope. Let him read on through brightneſs and obſcurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preſerve his comprehenſion of the dialogue and his intereſt in the fable. And when the pleaſures of novelty have ceaſed, let him attempt exactneſs, and read the commentators.

Particular paſſages are cleared by notes, but the general effect of the work is weakened. The mind is refrigerated by interruption; the thoughts are diverted from the principal ſubject; the reader is weary, he ſuſpects not why; and at laſt throws away the book, which he has too diligently ſtudied.

Parts are not to be examined till the whole has been ſurveyed; there is a kind of intellectual remoteneſs neceſſary for the comprehenſion of any great work in its full deſign and its true proportions; a cloſe approach ſhews the ſmaller niceties, but the beauty of the whole is diſcerned no longer.

It is not very grateful to conſider how little the ſucceſſion of editors has added to this author's power of pleaſing. He was read, admired, ſtudied, and imitated, while he was yet deformed with all the improprieties which ignorance and neglect could accumulate upon him; while the reading was yet not rectified, nor his alluſions underſtood; yet then did Dryden pronounce, "that Shakeſpeare was the man, "who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, "had the largeſt and moſt comprehenſive ſoul. All "the images of nature were ſtill preſent to him, and

" he drew them not laboriouſly, but luckily: when " he deſcribes any thing, you more than ſee it, you " feel it too. Thoſe, who accuſe him to have wanted " learning, give him the greater commendation: he " was naturally learned: he needed not the ſpectacles " of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and " found her there. I cannot ſay he is every where " alike; were he ſo, I ſhould do him injury to com- " pare him with the greateſt of mankind. He is " many times flat and inſipid; his comick wit de- " generating into clenches, his ſerious ſwelling into " bombaſt. But he is always great, when ſome great " occaſion is preſented to him: no man can ſay, he " ever had a fit ſubject for his wit, and did not then " raiſe himſelf as high above the reſt of poets,

" *Quantum lenta ſolent inter viburna cupreſſi.*"

It is to be lamented, that ſuch a writer ſhould want a commentary; that his language ſhould become obſolete, or his ſentiments obſcure. But it is vain to carry wiſhes beyond the condition of human things; that which muſt happen to all, has happened to Shakeſpeare, by accident and time; and more than has been ſuffered by any other writer ſince the uſe of types, has been ſuffered by him through his own negligence of fame, or perhaps by that ſuperiority of mind, which deſpiſed its own performances, when it compared them with its powers, and judged thoſe works unworthy to be preſerved, which the criticks of following ages were to contend for the fame of reſtoring and explaining.

Among

Among theſe candidates of inferior fame, I am now to ſtand the judgment of the publick; and wiſh that I could confidently produce my commentary as equal to the encouragement which I have had the honour of receiving. Every work of this kind is by its nature deficient, and I ſhould feel little ſolicitude about the ſentence, were it to be pronounced only by the ſkilful and the learned.

Of what has been performed in this reviſal, an account is given in the following pages by Mr. Steevens, who might have ſpoken both of his own diligence and ſagacity, in terms of greater ſelf-approbation, without deviating from modeſty or truth.

JOHNSON.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READER.

THE want of adherence to the old copies, which has been complained of, in the text of every modern republication of Shakeſpeare, is fairly deducible from Mr. Rowe's inattention to one of the firſt duties of an editor. Mr. Rowe did not print from the earlieſt and moſt correct, but from the moſt remote and inaccurate of the four folios. Between the years 1623 and 1685 (the dates of the firſt and laſt) the errors in every play, at leaſt, were trebled. Several pages in each of theſe ancient editions have been examined, that the aſſertion might come more fully ſupported. It may be added, that as every freſh editor continued to make the text of his predeceſſor the ground-work of his own (never collating but where difficulties occurred) ſome deviations from the originals had been handed down, the number of which are leſſened in the impreſſion before us, as it has been conſtantly compared with the moſt authentic copies, whether collation was abſolutely neceſſary for the recovery of ſenſe, or not. The perſon who undertook this taſk may have failed by inad-

inadvertency, as well as thoſe who preceded him; but the reader may be aſſured, that he, who thought it his duty to free an author from ſuch modern and unneceſſary innovations as had been cenſured in others, has not ventured to introduce any of his own.

It is not pretended that a complete body of various readings is here collected; or that all the diverſities which the copies exhibit, are pointed out; as near two thirds of them are typographical miſtakes, or ſuch a change of inſignificant particles, as would crowd the bottom of the page with an oſtentation of materials, from which at laſt nothing uſeful could be ſelected.

The dialogue might indeed ſometimes be lengthened by yet other inſertions than have been made, but without advantage either to its ſpirit or beauty; as in the following inſtance.

Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I ſay.
Kent. I ſay, yea.

Here the quartos add:

Lear. *No, no, they would not.*
Kent. *Yes, they have.*

By the admiſſion of this negation and affirmation, would any new idea be gained?

The labours of preceding editors have not left room for a boaſt, that many valuable readings have been

retrieved; though it may be fairly aſſerted, that the text of Shakeſpeare is reſtored to the condition in which the author, or rather his firſt publiſhers, appear to have left it, ſuch emendations as were abſolutely neceſſary, alone admitted.

Multa dies, variuſq; labor mutabilis ævi
Retulit in melius, multos alterna reviſens
Luſit, et in ſolido rurſus fortuna locavit.

Where a particle, indiſpenſably neceſſary to the ſenſe, was wanting, ſuch a ſupply has been ſilently adopted from other editions; but where a ſyllable, or more, had been added for the ſake of the metre only, which at firſt might have been irregular, ſuch interpolations are here conſtantly retrenched, ſometimes with, and ſometimes without notice. Thoſe ſpeeches, which in the elder editions are printed as proſe, and from their own conſtruction are incapable of being compreſſed into verſe, without the aid of ſupplemental ſyllables, are reſtored to proſe again; and the meaſure is divided afreſh in others, where the maſs of words had been inharmoniouſly ſeparated into lines.

The ſcenery, throughout all the plays, is regulated in conformity to a rule, which the poet, by his general practice, ſeems to have propoſed to himſelf. Several of his pieces are come down to us, divided into ſcenes as well as acts. Theſe diviſions were probably his own, as they are made on ſettled principles, which would hardly have been the caſe, had the taſk been executed by the players. A change of ſcene, with Shakeſpeare, moſt commonly implies a change

change of place, but always, an entire evacuation of the ſtage. The cuſtom of diſtinguiſhing every entrance or exit by a freſh ſcene, was adopted, perhaps very idly, from the French theatre.

For the length of many notes, and the accumulation of examples in others, ſome apology may be likewiſe expected. An attempt at brevity is often found to be the ſource of an imperfect explanation. Where a paſſage has been conſtantly miſunderſtood, where the jeſt or pleaſantry has been ſuffered to remain long in obſcurity, more inſtances have been brought to clear the one, or elucidate the other, than appear at firſt ſight to have been neceſſary. For theſe, it can only be ſaid, that when they prove that phraſeology or ſource of merriment to have been once general, which at preſent ſeems particular, they are not quite impertinently intruded; as they may ſerve to free the author from a ſuſpicion of having employed an affected ſingularity of expreſſion, or indulged himſelf in alluſions to tranſient cuſtoms, which were not of ſufficient notoriety to deſerve ridicule or reprehenſion. When examples in favour of contradictory opinions are aſſembled, though no attempt is made to decide on either part, ſuch neutral collections ſhould always be regarded as materials for future critics, who may hereafter apply them with ſucceſs. Authorities, whether in reſpect of words, or things, are not always producible from the moſt celebrated writers; yet ſuch circumſtances as fall below the notice of hiſtory, can only be ſought in the jeſt-book, the ſatire, or the play; and the novel, whoſe faſhion did not outlive a week, is ſometimes neceſſary to throw

throw light on thoſe annals which take in the compaſs of an age. Thoſe, therefore, who would wiſh to have the peculiarities of Nym familiarized to their ideas, muſt excuſe the inſertion of ſuch an epigram as beſt ſuits the purpoſe, however tedious in itſelf; and ſuch as would be acquainted with the propriety of Falſtaff's alluſion to *ſtewed prunes*, ſhould not be diſguſted at a multitude of inſtances, which, when the point is once known to be eſtabliſhed, may be diminiſhed by any future editor. An author, who *catches* (as Pope expreſſes it) at *the Cynthia of a minute*, and does not furniſh notes to his own works, is ſure to loſe half the praiſe which he might have claimed, had he dealt in alluſions leſs temporary, or cleared up for himſelf thoſe difficulties which lapſe of time muſt inevitably create.

The author of the additional notes has rather been deſirous to ſupport old readings, than to claim the merit of introducing new ones. He deſires to be regarded as one, who found the taſk he undertook more arduous than it ſeemed, while he was yet feeding his vanity with the hopes of introducing himſelf to the world as an editor in form. He, who has diſcovered in himſelf the power to rectify a few miſtakes with eaſe, is naturally led to imagine, that all difficulties muſt yield to the efforts of future labour; and perhaps feels a reluctance to be undeceived at laſt.

Mr. Steevens deſires it may be obſerved, that he has ſtrictly complied with the terms exhibited in his propoſals, having appropriated all ſuch aſſiſtances, as

as he received, to the uſe of the preſent editor, whoſe judgment has, in every inſtance, determined on their reſpective merits. While he enumerates his obligations to his correſpondents, it is neceſſary that one comprehenſive remark ſhould be made on ſuch communications as are omitted in this edition, though they might have proved of great advantage to a more daring commentator. The majority of theſe were founded on the ſuppoſition, that Shakeſpeare was originally an author correct in the utmoſt degree, but maimed and interpolated by the neglect or preſumption of the players. In conſequence of this belief, alterations have been propoſed wherever a verſe could be harmonized, an epithet exchanged for one more appoſite, or a ſentiment rendered leſs perplexed. Had the general current of advice been followed, the notes would have been filled with attempts at emendation apparently unneceſſary, though ſometimes elegant, and as frequently with explanations of what none would have thought difficult. A conſtant peruſer of Shakeſpeare will ſuppoſe whatever is eaſy to his own apprehenſion, will prove ſo to that of others, and conſequently may paſs over ſome real perplexities in ſilence. On the contrary, if in conſideration of the different abilities of every claſs of readers, he ſhould offer a comment on all harſh inverſions of phraſe, or peculiarities of expreſſion, he will at once excite the diſguſt and diſpleaſure of ſuch as think their own knowledge or ſagacity undervalued. It is difficult to fix a medium between doing too little and too much in the taſk of more explanation. There are yet many paſſages unexplained and unintelligible, which may be reformed, at hazard of whatever licence, for exhibitions

bitions on the ſtage, in which the pleaſure of the audience is chiefly to be conſidered; but muſt remain untouched by the critical editor, whoſe conjectures are limited by narrow bounds, and who gives only what he at leaſt ſuppoſes his author to have written.

If it is not to be expected that each vitiated paſſage in Shakeſpeare can be reſtored, till a greater latitude of experiment ſhall be allowed; ſo neither can it be ſuppoſed that the force of all his alluſions will be pointed out, till ſuch books are thoroughly examined, as cannot eaſily at preſent be collected, if at all. Several of the moſt correct liſts of our dramatic pieces exhibit the titles of plays, which are not to be met with in the completeſt collections. It is almoſt unneceſſary to mention any other than Mr. Garrick's, which, curious and extenſive as it is, derives its greateſt value from its acceſſibility.

To the other evils of our civil war, muſt be added the interruption of polite literature, and the ſuppreſſion of many dramatic and poetical names, which were plunged in obſcurity by tumults and revolutions, and have never ſince attracted curioſity. The utter neglect of ancient Engliſh literature continued ſo long, that many books may be ſuppoſed to be loſt; and that curioſity, which has been now for ſome years increaſing among us, wants materials for its operations. Books and pamphlets, printed originally in ſmall numbers, being thus neglected, were ſoon deſtroyed; and though the capital authors were preſerved,

ſerved, they were preſerved to languiſh without regard. How little Shakeſpeare himſelf was once read, may be underſtood from Tate, who, in his dedication to the altered play of *King Lear*, ſpeaks of the original as of an obſcure piece, recommended to his notice by a friend; and the author of the *Tatler*, having occaſion to quote a few lines out of *Macbeth*, was content to receive them from Betterton's alteration of that celebrated drama, in which almoſt every original beauty is either aukwardly diſguiſed, or arbitrarily omitted. So little were the defects or peculiarities of the old writers known, even at the beginning of our century, that though the cuſtom of alliteration had prevailed to that degree in the time of Shakeſpeare, that it became contemptible and ridiculous, yet it is made one of Waller's praiſes by a writer of his life, that he firſt introduced this practice into Engliſh verſification.

It will be expected that ſome notice ſhould be taken of the laſt editor of Shakeſpeare, and that his merits ſhould be eſtimated with thoſe of his predeceſſors. Little, however, can be ſaid of a work, to the completion of which, both the commentary and a large proportion of the various readings, are as yet wanting. *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* is the only play from that edition, which has been conſulted in the courſe of this work; for as ſeveral paſſages there are arbitrarily omitted, and as no notice is given when other deviations are made from the old copies, it was of little conſequence to examine any further. This circum-

circumſtance is mentioned, leſt ſuch accidental coincidences of opinion, as may be diſcovered hereafter, ſhould be interpreted into plagiariſm.

It may occaſionally happen, that ſome of the remarks long ago produced by others may have been offered again as recent diſcoveries. It is likewiſe abſolutely impoſſible to pronounce with any degree of certainty, whence all the hints, which furniſh matter for a commentary, have been collected, as they lie ſcattered in many books and papers, which were probably never read but once, or the particulars which they contain received only in the courſe of common converſation; nay, what is called plagiariſm, is often no more than the reſult of having thought alike with others on the ſame ſubject.

The diſpute about the learning of Shakeſpeare being now finally ſettled, a catalogue is added of thoſe tranſlated authors, whom Mr. Pope has thought proper to call

The claſſics of an age that heard of none.

The reader may not be diſpleaſed to have the Greek and Roman poets, orators, &c. who had been rendered acceſſible to our author, expoſed at one view; eſpecially as the liſt has received the advantage of being corrected and amplified by the Reverend Mr. Farmer, the ſubſtance of whoſe very deciſive pamphlet is interſperſed through the notes which are added in this reviſal of Dr. Johnſon's Shakeſpeare.

To

ADVERTISEMENT to the READER.

To thoſe who have advanced the reputation of our Poet, it has been endeavoured, by Dr. Johnſon, in the foregoing preface, impartially to allot their dividend of fame; and it is with great regret that we now add to the catalogue, another, the conſequence of whoſe death will perhaps affect not only the works of Shakeſpeare, but of many other writers. Soon after the firſt appearance of this edition, a diſeaſe, rapid in its progreſs, deprived the world of Mr. JACOB TONSON; a man, whoſe zeal for the improvement of Engliſh literature, and whoſe liberality to men of learning, gave him a juſt title to all the honours which men of learning can beſtow. To ſuppoſe that a man employed in an extenſive trade, lived in a ſtate of indifference to loſs and gain, would be to conceive a character incredible and romantic; but it may be juſtly ſaid of Mr. TONSON, that he had enlarged his mind beyond ſolicitude about petty loſſes, and refined it from the deſire of unreaſonable profit. He was willing to admit thoſe with whom he contracted, to the juſt advantage of their own labours; and had never learned to conſider the author as an under agent to the bookſeller. The wealth which he inherited or acquired, he enjoyed like a man conſcious of the dignity of a profeſſion ſubſervient to learning. His domeſtic life was elegant, and his charity was liberal. His manners were ſoft, and his converſation delicate: nor is, perhaps, any quality in him more to be cenſured, than that reſerve which confined his acquaintance to a ſmall number, and made his example leſs uſeful, as it was leſs extenſive. He was the laſt commercial name of a family which will be long remembered; and if Horace thought

thought it not improper to convey the Sosii to poſterity; if rhetoric ſuffered no diſhonour from Quintilian's dedication to Trypho; let it not be thought that we diſgrace Shakeſpeare, by joining to his works the name of Tonson.

ANCIENT

ANCIENT TRANSLATIONS

FROM

CLASSIC AUTHORS.

HOMER.

TEN Bookes of the Iliades into Engliſh out of French, by A. H. Lond. by Ralph Newberie, 4to. — — 1581

The Shield of Achilles from the 18th Book of Homer, by Geo. Chapman, 4to. Lond. 1596

Seven Books of the Iliades, by ditto, 4to. Lond. 1596

D°. — — — 1598

Fifteen Books of ditto, thin folio — 1600

The whole Works of Homer, by d°. printed for Nath. Butter — — — *no date*

The Crowne of all Homer's Workes, Batrachomyomachia, &c. thin fol. printed by John Bill *no date*

MUSÆUS.

Marloe's Hero and Leander, with the firſt Book of Lucan, 4to. — — — 1600

There muſt have been a former Edition, as a ſecond Part was publiſhed by Henry Petowe 1598

Muſæus's Poem of Hero and Leander, imitated by Chriſtopher Marlow, and finiſhed by Geo. Chapman, 8vo. Lond. — — 1606

EURI-

EURIPIDES.

Jocaſta, a Tragedy, from the Phœniſſa of Euripides, by Geo. Gaſcoigne, and Mr. Francis Kinwelmerſhe, 4to. Lond. — — 1556

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

The Hiſtorie of Jaſon; touching the Conqueſte of the Golden Fleece.—Printed by Caxton. This Work (like Caxton's Buke of Eneydos) was tranſlated from the French of Raoul Le Feure*.

PLATO.

Axiochus, a Dialogue, attributed to Plato, by Edm. Spenſer, 4to. — — 1592

DEMOSTHENES.

The Three Orations of Demoſtheries, chiefe Orator among the Grecians, in Favour of the Olynthians, with thoſe his fower againſt Philip of Macedon, &c. by Tho. Wylſon, Doctor of the Civill Lawes, 4to. — — — 1570

ISOCRATES.

Iſocrates's ſage Admonition to Demonicus, by R. Nutthall, 8vo. Lond. 1557, 12mo. and 1585

Iſocrates's Doctrinal of Princes, by Syr Tho. Elliot, Lond. 8vo. — — 1534

Iſocrates's Orat. intitled Evagoras, by Jer. Wolfe, 8vo. 1581

Three Orations of moral Inſtructions, one to Demonicus, and two to Nicocles, King of Salamis, tranſlated from Iſocrates, by Tho. Forreſt, 4to. 1580

* Not having ſeen this Book, I am by no means certain that it is an abſolute Tranſlation of the Greek Author.

LUCIAN.

FROM CLASSIC AUTHORS.

LUCIAN.

Necromantia, a Dialog of the Poete Lucyan betweene Menippus and Philonides, for his Fantesye faynyd for a mery Pastyme, in English Verse and Latin Prose.

Toxaris, or the Friendship of Lucian, by A. O. Lond. 8vo. — — — 1565

HERODOTUS.

The famous Hystory of Herodotus, in nine Bookes, &c. by B. R. Lond. — — 1584

N.B. This Piece contains only the two first Books, viz. the Clio and Euterpe. The Translator says in his Preface, "As these speede, so the rest will follow." 4to.

THUCYDIDES.

The Hystory writtone by Thucydides, &c. translated out of the Frenche of Claude de Seyssel, Bishop of Marseilles, into the Englisshe language, by Tho. Nicolls, Citizeine and Goldsmyth of London, fol. — — — 1550

POLYBIUS.

Hystories of the most famous and worthy Cronographer, Polybius, by Christopher Watson, 8vo. 1568

This Work consists of extracts only.

DIODORUS SICULUS*.

The History of the Successors of Alexander, &c. out of Diodorus Siculus and Plutarch, by Tho. Stocker. Lond. 4to. — — 1569

* Caxton tells us, that "Skelton had translated *Diodorus Siculus, the Epistles of Tulle*, and diverse other Workes;" but I know not that they were ever printed.

ANCIENT TRANSLATIONS

APPIAN.

An aunciente Hiſtorie, &c. by Appian of Alexandria, tranſlated out of diverſe Languages, &c. by W. B. 4to. Lond. — 1578

JOSEPHUS.

Joſephus's Hiſtory, &c. tranſlated into Engliſh, by Tho. Lodge, fol. Lond. 1602—1609, &c.

ÆLIAN.

Ælian's Regiſtre of Hyſtories, by Abraham Fleming, 4to. — — — 1576

HERODIAN.

The Hiſtorie of Herodian, &c. tranſl. oute of Greeke into Latin, by Angelus Politianus, and out of Latin into Englyſhe, by Nich. Smyth. Imprinted at London, by William Coplande, 4to.

PLUTARCH.

Plutarch's Lives, by Sir Tho. North, from the Fr. of Amyot, Biſhop of Auxerre, fol. 1579. 1602, 1603

Plutarch's Morals, by Dr. Philemon Holland 1603

Plutarch of the Education of Children, by Sir Tho. Elyott, 4to.

The Preceptes of that excellent Clerke and grave Philoſopher Plutarche, for the Preſervation of Healthe, 8vo. — — 1543

ARISTOTLE.

The Ethiques of Ariſtotle, &c. by Jhon Wylkinſon. Printed by Grafton, Printer to K. Edw. VI. 8vo. B. L. — — — 1547

The Secrete of Secretes of Ariſtotle, &c. tranſlated out of the Frenche, &c. Lond. 8vo. 1528

Ariſtotle's

FROM CLASSIC AUTHORS.

Ariſtotle's Politiques, &c. from the Fr. by J. D. fol. Lond. — — — 1598

XENOPHON.

The eight Bookes of Xenophon, containing the Inſtitution, Schole, and Education of Cyrus, the noble King of Perſye, &c. tranſl. out of Gr. into Engl. by Mr. William Bercher. Lond. 12mo. 1567 and 1569

D°. by Dr. Philemon Holland

Xenophon's Treatiſe of Houſe-hold right, connyngly tranſl. out of the Greke tongue, &c. by Gentian Hervet, &c. 8vo. Lond. 1532. 8vo. 1534. 1544. 8vo. 1573

The Arte of Riding from Xenophon, &c. Lond. 4to. 1584

EPICTETUS.

The Manuell of Epictetus, tranſl. out of Greeke into French, and now into Engliſh, &c. Alſo the Apothegmes, &c. by James Sandford. Lond. 12mo. — — — 1567

EUNAPIUS SARDIANUS.

The Lyves of Philoſophers and Orators, from the Greek of Eunapius, 4to. — 1579

ACHILLES TATIUS.

The moſt delectable and pleaſant Hiſt. of Clitophon and Leucippe, from the Greek of Achilles Statius, by W. B. 4to. — — 1597

ANCIENT TRANSLATIONS

M. ANTONINUS *.

The Golden Boke of Marcus Aurelius, Emperour and eloquent Orator, 12mo. Lond. — 1553
Tranſlated out of Fr. into Eng. by Sir John Bourchier, Kt. &c. &c.
Other editions of this are in 1534, 1535, 1536, 1537. 1559

DIONYSIUS.

Dionyſius's Deſcription of the Worlde. Englyſhed by Tho. Twine, 8vo. Lond. — 1572

EUCLID.

Euclid's Elements of Geometry, tranſl. into Eng. by Rich. Candiſh, who flouriſhed A. D. 1556
Euclid's Elements, Pref. by John Dee. Lond. 1570

HIPPOCRATES.

The Aphoriſmes of Hippocrates, redacted into a certaine Order, and tranſlated by Humfrie Lloyd, 8vo. — — 1585

GALEN.

Galen's Two Books of Elements, tranſlated into Engl. by J. Jones, 4to. Lond. — 1574
Certaine Workes of Galen, englyſhed by Tho. Gale, 4to. — — 1586

* This book is only introduced, that an opportunity may be obtained of excluding it from any future catalogue of tranſlated claſſics. It was a fraud of Guevara's. See his article in Bayle. Our countryman Elyott did ſomewhat of the ſame kind. He pretended to tranſlate the Actes and Sentences notable, of the Emperor *Alexander Severus*, (from the Greek of Encolpius. See *Fabricius*' and Tanner's Bibliothec, &c.

HELIO-

FROM CLASSIC AUTHORS.

HELIODORUS.

The Beginning of Æthiopical Hiſtory in Engl. Hexameters, by Abrah. Fraunce, 8vo. Lond. 1591
Heliodorus's Æthiopic Hiſt. tranſl. by Tho. Underdown, B. L. 4to. Lond. 1577 and 1587

VIRGIL.

The Boke of Eneydos, &c. by Caxton, fol. Lond. *proſe* — — — 1490
The thirteen Bukes of Eneados in Scottiſh Metir, by Gawain Douglas, 4to. Lond. — 1553
Certain Bookes of Virgile's Æneis * turned into Engliſh Metir, by the right honorable Lorde, Henry Earle of Surrey, 4to. Lond. — 1557
The firſt ſeven Bookes of the Eneidos, by Phaer. Lond. 4to. B. L. — — 1558
This Tranſlation is in rhime of fourteen ſyllables.
The nyne firſt Bookes, &c. by Phaer, 4to. Lond. 1562
The thirteene Bookes of Eneidos, by Phaer and Twyne, 4to. Lond. — 1584. 1596. 1607, &c.
The firſt foure Bookes of Virgil's Æneis, tranſlated into Engl. heroic Verſe, by Richard Stanyhurſt, &c. 12mo. Lond. — — 1583
The Bucolikes of Publius Virgilius Maro, &c. by Abraham Fleming, drawn into plaine and familiar Englyſhe, Verſe for Verſe, 4to. B. L. 1575
Virgil's Eclogues and Georgicks, tranſlated into blank Verſe, by the ſame Author. Lond. 1589
Virgil's Culex paraphraſed, by Spenſer. See his works.

HORACE.

Two Bookes of Horace his Satyres Englyſhed, accordyng to the Preſcription of Saint Hierome, 4to. B. L. Lond. — — 1566

* This is a tranſlation of the ſecond and fourth books into blank verſe, and is the oldeſt ſpecimen of that metre in the Engliſh language.

Horace his Arte of Poetrie, Piſtles and Satyrs Engliſhed, by Tho. Drant, 4to. Lond. — 1567

OVID.

The fifteene Bookes of Metamorphoſeos. In which ben contaynid the Fables of Ovid, by William Caxton. Weſtm. fol. — 1480

The four firſt Books of Ovid, tranſl. from the Latin into Engliſh Meetre, by Arthur Golding, Gent. 4to. B. L. Lond. — — 1565

The fifteene Bookes of P. Ovidius Naſo, &c. by Arthur Golding, 4to. Bl. L. Lond. — 1576

Another in 1575 according to Ames, and another earlier than either, in 1567, if we may believe the Date of the Dedication.

[A former Edition was in 1572, Rawlinſon's catal.]

D°. 1587. D°. 1612.

The pleaſant Fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis. 8vo. Lond. — — 1565

The Fable of Ovid treating of Narciſſus, tranſl. out of Latin into Eng. Mytre, with a Moral ther unto very pleſante to rede, 4to. Lond. 1560

The Heroycall Epiſtles, &c. ſet out and tranſlated by Geo. Turbervile, Gent. &c. B. L. 4to. Lond. 1567. 1569. and 1600

The three firſt Bookes of Ovid de Triſtibus, tranſl. into Engliſh, by Tho. Churchyard, 4to. Lond. 1580

Ovid his Invective againſt Ibis, tranſlated into Eng. Meeter, &c. 12mo. Lond. — 1569

And 1577, by Tho. Underwood.

Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, by Fra. Beaumont, 4to. — — — 1602

He likewiſe tranſlated a Part of the Remedy of Love. There was another Tranſlation of the whole, by Sir Tho. Overbury, 8vo. *without date*

PLAUTUS.

FROM CLASSIC AUTHORS.

PLAUTUS.

Menæchmi, by W. W. Lond. — 1595

MARTIAL.

Flowers of Epigrams (from Martial particularly) by Tim. Kendall, 8vo. — — 1577

TERENCE.

Terens in Engliſh. Suppoſed to be printed by Raſtell. Perhaps only the Andria.

Andria, the firſt Comedye of Terence, by Maurice Kyffin, 4to. — — 1588

Terence in Engliſh, by Richard Bernard, 4to. Cambridge — — 1598

SENECA.

Seneca his Tenne Tragedies, tranſlated into Englyſh by different Tranſlators, 4to. Lond. — 1581

Seneca's Forme and Rule of Honeſt Living, by Rob. Whyttington, 8vo. — — 1546

Seven Bookes of Benefyting, by Arthur Golding, 4to. — — 1577

LIVY.

Livius (Titus) and other Authores Hiſtorie of Annibal and Scipio, tranſlated into Engliſh, by Anthony Cope, Eſquier, B. L. 4to. Lond. — 1545

The Romane Hiſt. &c. by T. Livius of Padua. Alſo the Breviaries of L. Florus, &c. by Dr. Philemon Holland, fol. Lond. — — 1600

TACITUS.

The End of Nero and Beginning of Galba. Fower Bookes of the Hiſtories of Cornelius Tacitus. The Life of Agricola, by Sir Hen. Saville, 4to. Lond. — — — 1591

Annales of Tacitus, by Richard Grenaway, fol. 1598

SALLUST.

SALLUST.

The Famous Cronycle of the Warre, which the Romyns had againſt Jugurth, &c. compyled in Lat. by the renowned Romayn Saluſt, &c. tranſlated into Engliſhe, by Sir Alex. Barclay Preeſt, &c. Printed by Pynſon, fol. D°.
Lond. pr. by Joh. Waley, 4to. — 1557

The Conſpiracie of Lucius Cataline, tranſlated into Eng. by Tho. Paynell, 4to. Lond. 1541 and 1557

The two moſt Worthy and Notable Hiſtories, &c. Both written by C. C. Salluſtius, and tranſlated by Tho. Heywood. Lond. ſm. fol. 1608

SUETONIUS.

Suetonius, tranſlated by Dr. Phil. Holland, fol. Lond. 1606

CÆSAR.

Ceaſers Commentaries, as touching Britiſh affairs. Without name, printer, place, or date; but by the type it appears to be Raſtell's.
Ames, p. 148.

The eight Bookes of Caius Julius Cæſar, tranſlated by Arthur Golding, Gent. 4to. Lond. 1565 and 1590

Cæſar's Commentaries (de Bello Gallico) five Bookes, by Clement Edmundes, with Obſervations, &c. Fol. — — 1600

De Bello Civili, by D°. three Bookes. Fol. 1609

D°. by Chapman — — 1604

JUSTIN.

The Hiſt. of Juſtine, &c. by A. G. [Arthur Golding] Lond. 4to. — — 1564 and 1578

D°. by Dr. Phil. Holland — — 1606

D°. by G. W. with an Epitomie of the Lives, &c. of the Romaine Emperors, from Aurelius Victor, fol. — — 1606

Q. CURTIUS.

The Hiſtorie of Quintus Curtius, &c. tranſlated, &c. by John Brende, 4to. Lond. — 1553
Other Editions were in 1561. 1584. 1570. 1592

EUTROPIUS.

Eutropius engliſhed, by Nic. Haward, 8vo. 1564

A. MARCELLINUS.

Ammianus Marcellinus, tranſlated by Dr. P. Holland. Lond. fol. — — 1609

CICERO.

Cicero's Familiar Epiſtles, by J. Webbe, ſm. 8vo. *no date*
Certain ſelect Epiſtles into Engliſh, by Abra. Flemming, 4to. Lond. — — 1576
Thoſe Fyve Queſtions which Marke Tullye Cicero diſputed in his Manor of Tuſculanum, &c. &c. Englyſhed by John Dolman, ſm. 8vo. Lond. 1561
* Marcus Tullius Cicero, three Bookes of Duties, tourned out of Latin in Engliſh, by Nic. Grimalde 1555, 1556, 1558, 1574
Ames ſays 1553; perhaps by miſtake.
The thre Bokes of Tullius Offyce, &c. tranſlated, &c. by R. Whyttington, Poet Laureat, 12mo. Lond. 1533, 1534, 1540, and 1553
The Boke of Tulle of Old Age, tranſlated by Will. Wyrceſtre, alias Botaner. Caxton, 4to. 1481
De Senectute, by Whyttington, 8vo. — *no date*

* Mattaire ſays [Ann. Typog. B. 5. 290.] "In florulentâ tituli margunculâ (vulgo vignette) ſuperiore, inſcribitur 1534." This was a wooden Block uſed by the Printer Tottel, for many Books in ſmall 8vo. and by no means determines their Date.

The

* The worthie Booke of Old Age, otherwiſe intitled The elder Cato, &c. 12mo. Lond. 1569
* Tullius Cicero on Old Age, by Tho. Newton, 8vo. Lond. — — — 1569
Tullies Friendſhip, Olde Age, Paradoxe, and Scipio's Dream, by Tho. Newton, 4to. 1577
Tullius de Amicitia, tranſlated into our maternal Englyſhe Tongue, by the E. of Worceſter. Printed by Caxton, with the Tranſlation of *De Senectute*, fol.
The Paradoxe of M. T. Cicero, &c. by Rob. Whyttington, Poet Laureat. Printed in Southwarke, 12mo. — — — 1540
Webbe tranſlated all the ſixteen Books of Cicero's Epiſtles, but probably they were not printed together in Shakeſpeare's Life-time. I ſuppoſe this, from a Paſſage in his Dedication, in which he ſeems to mean *Bacon*, by a *Great Lord Chancellor*.

BOETHIUS.

Boethius, by Chaucer. Printed by Caxton, fol.
Boethius in Engliſh Verſe, by Tho. Rychard. Imprinted in the exempt Monaſtery of Taviſtock, 4to. — — — 1525
Eng. and Lat. by Geo. Colville, 4to. 1556

APULEIUS.

Apuleius's Golden Aſſe, tranſlated into Eng. by Wm. Adlington, 4to. Lond. 1566 and 1571

FRONTINUS.

Frontinus's Stratagemes, Sleightes, and Policies of Warre, by Richard Moriſine, 8vo. 1539

** Theſe are perhaps the ſame as the two foregoing Tranſlations.

PLINY

FROM CLASSIC AUTHORS.

PLINY JUN^r.

Some ſelect Epiſtles of Pliny the Younger into Eng. by Abr. Flemming, 4to. Lond. — 1576

POMPONIUS MELA.

Pomponius Mela, by A. Golding, 4to. 1590

PLINY.

Pliny's Nat. Hiſt. by Dr. Phil. Holland, fol. 1601

SOLINUS.

Julius Solinus Polyhiſtor, by A. Golding, 4to. 1587

VEGETIUS.

The four Bookes of Flavius Vegetius, concerning martial Policye, by John Sadler, 4to. 1572

RUTILIUS RUFUS.

A View of Valiaunce, tranſlated from Rutilius Rufus, by Tho. Newton, 8vo. — 1580

DARES PHR. and DICTYS Cret.

Dares and Dictys's Trojan War, in Verſe 1555

CATO and P. SYRUS.

Caton *, tranſlatid into Englyſhe by Mayſter Benet Burgh, &c. mentioned by Caxton.

Cathon [Parvus and Magnus] tranſl. &c. by Caxton 1483

Precepts of Cato, with Annotations of Eraſmus, &c. 24mo. Lond. — 1560 and 1562

* Probably this was never printed.

Ames

Ames mentions a Diſcourſe of Human Nature, tranſlated from Hippocrates, p. 428; an Extract from Pliny, tranſlated from the French, p. 312; Æſop, &c. by Caxton and others, and there is no doubt, but many Tranſlations at preſent unknown, may be gradually recovered, either by Induſtry or Accident.

TO

TO THE

MOST NOBLE AND INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN,

WILLIAM

Earle of PEMBROKE, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the Kings moſt Excellent Majeſtie;

AND

PHILIP

Earle of MONTGOMERY, &c. Gentleman of his Majeſties Bed-chamber.

Both Knights of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, and our ſingular good LORDS.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

WHILST we ſtudy to be thankefull in our particular, for the many favours we have received from your L. L. we are falne upon the ill fortune to mingle two the moſt divers things that can be, feare, and raſhneſſe; raſhneſſe in the enterprize, and feare of the ſucceſſe. For, when we value the places your H. H. ſuſtaine, wee cannot but know their dignity greater, than to deſcend to the reading of theſe trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourſelves of the defence of our dedication. But ſince your L. L. have been pleaſed to thinke theſe trifles ſomething, heretofore; and have proſequuted both them, and their author living, with ſo much favour: we hope (that they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common

with ſome, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will uſe the ſame indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any booke chooſe his patrones, or finde them: this hath done both. For, ſo much were your L. L. likings of the ſeverall parts, when they were acted, as before they were publiſhed, the volumne aſked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphanes, guardians; without ambition either of ſelfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of ſo worthy a friend, and fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your moſt noble patronage. Wherein, as we have juſtly obſerved, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addreſſe; it hath been the height of our care, who are the preſenters, to make the preſent worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we muſt alſo crave our abilities to be conſidered, my Lords. We cannot goe beyond our owne powers. Countrey hands reach forth milke, creame, fruits, or what they have: and many nations (we have heard) that had not gummes and incenſe, obtained their requeſts with a leavened cake; it was no fault to approach their gods by what meanes they could: and the moſt, though meaneſt, of things, are made more precious, when they are dedicated to temples. In that name therefore, we moſt humbly conſecrate to your H. H. theſe remaines of your ſervant SHAKESPEARE; that what delight is in them may be ever your L. L. the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a paire ſo carefull to ſhew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordſhips moſt bounden

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL.

THE PREFACE OF THE PLAYERS.

To the great Variety of READERS.

FROM the moſt able, to him that can but ſpell: there you are numbered, we had rather you were weighed. Eſpecially, when the fate of all bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purſes. Well, it is now publike, and you will ſtand for your priviledges, we know: to reade, and cenſure. Doe ſo, but buy it firſt. That doth beſt commend a booke, the ſtationer ſayes. Then, how odde ſoever your braines be, or your wiſdomes, make your licence the ſame, and ſpare not. Judge your ſixe-penny'orth, your ſhillings worth, your five ſhillings worth at a time, or higher, ſo you riſe to the juſt rates, and welcome. But, whatever you doe, buy. Cenſure will not drive a trade, or make the jacke goe. And though you be a magiſtrate of wit, and ſit on the ſtage at Black-friars, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne playes dayly, know, theſe playes have had their triall already, and ſtood out all appeales; and doe now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court, than any purchaſed letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confeſſe, worthy to have been wiſhed, that the author himſelfe had lived to have ſet forth, and overſeene his owne writings; but ſince

it hath been ordained otherwiſe, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you doe not envy his friends, the office of their care and paine, to have collected and publiſhed them; and ſo to have publiſhed them, as where (before) you were abuſed with divers ſtolne and ſurreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and ſtealths of injurious impoſtors that expoſed them: even thoſe are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbes; and all the reſt, abſolute in their numbers as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a moſt gentle expreſſer of it. His minde and hand went together: and what he thought, he uttered with that eaſineſſe, that we have ſcarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his workes, and give them you, to praiſe him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be loſt. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: and if then you doe not like him, ſurely you are in ſome manifeſt danger, not to underſtand him. And ſo we leave you to other of his friends, who, if you need, can be your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade yourſelves, and others. And ſuch readers we wiſh him.

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL.

MR. POPE'S

Mr. POPE's

PREFACE.

IT is not my deſign to enter into a criticiſm upon this author; though to do it effectually, and not ſuperficially, would be the beſt occaſion that any juſt writer could take, to form the judgment and taſte of our nation. For of all Engliſh poets Shakeſpeare muſt be confeſſed to be the faireſt and fulleſt ſubject for criticiſm, and to afford the moſt numerous, as well as moſt conſpicuous inſtances, both of beauties and faults of all ſorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a preface, the buſineſs of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the diſadvantages under which they have been tranſmitted to us. We ſhall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: a deſign, which, though it can be no guide to future criticks to do him juſtice in one way, will at leaſt be ſufficient to prevent their doing him an injuſtice in the other.

I cannot however but mention ſome of his principal and characteriſtick excellencies, for which (notwithſtanding his defects) he is juſtly and univerſally elevated above all other dramatick writers. Not that this is the proper place of praiſing him, but becauſe I would not omit any occaſion of doing it.

If ever any author deſerved the name of an *original*, it was Shakeſpeare. Homer himſelf drew not

his art ſo immediately from the fountains of nature, it proceeded through Ægyptian ſtrainers and channels, and came to him not without ſome tincture of the learning, or ſome caſt of the models, of thoſe before him. The poetry of Shakeſpeare was inſpiration indeed; he is not ſo much an imitator, as an inſtrument, of nature; and it is not ſo juſt to ſay that he ſpeaks from her, as that ſhe ſpeaks through him.

His *characters* are ſo much nature herſelf, that it is a ſort of injury to call them by ſo diſtant a name as copies of her. Thoſe of other poets have a conſtant reſemblance, which ſhews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the ſame image: each picture, like a mock-rainbow, is but the reflexion of a reflexion. But every ſingle character in Shakeſpeare is as much an individual, as thoſe in life itſelf; it is as impoſſible to find any two alike; and ſuch as from their relation or affinity in any reſpect appear moſt to be twins, will, upon compariſon, be found remarkably diſtinct. To this life and variety of character, we muſt add the wonderful preſervation of it; which is ſuch throughout his plays, that had all the ſpeeches been printed without the very names of the perſons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every ſpeaker.

The *power* over our *paſſions* was never poſſeſſed in a more eminent degree, or diſplayed in ſo different inſtances. Yet all along, there is ſeen no labour, no pains to raiſe them; no preparation to guide our gueſs to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it: but the heart ſwells, and the tears burſt out, juſt at the proper places: we are ſurprized the moment we weep; and yet upon reflexion find the paſſion ſo juſt, that we ſhould be ſurprized if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How aſtoniſhing is it again, that the paſſions directly oppoſite to theſe, laughter and ſpleen, are no leſs at his command! that he is not more a maſter of the

the *great* than of the *ridiculous* in human nature; of our nobleſt tenderneſſes, than of our vaineſt foibles; of our ſtrongeſt emotions, than of our idleſt ſenſations!

Nor does he only excel in the paſſions: in the coolneſs of reflexion and reaſoning he is full as admirable. His *ſentiments* are not only in general the moſt pertinent and judicious upon every ſubject; but by a talent very peculiar, ſomething between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in thoſe great and publick ſcenes of life which are uſually the ſubject of his thoughts: ſo that he ſeems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, that the philoſopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

It muſt be owned, that with all theſe great excellencies, he has almoſt as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, ſo he has perhaps written worſe, than any other. But I think I can in ſome meaſure account for theſe defects, from ſeveral cauſes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that ſo large and ſo enlightened a mind could ever have been ſuſceptible of them. That all theſe contingencies ſhould unite to his diſadvantage ſeems to me almoſt as ſingularly unlucky, as that ſo many various (nay contrary) talents ſhould meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It muſt be allowed that ſtage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to pleaſe the *populace*, and its ſucceſs more immediately depending upon the *common ſuffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakeſpeare, having at his firſt appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a ſubſiſtence, di-

rected his endeavours ſolely to hit the taſte and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally compoſed of the meaner ſort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from thoſe of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almoſt all the old comedies have their ſcene among *tradeſmen* and *mechanicks*: and even their hiſtorical plays ſtrictly follow the common *old ſtories* or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In tragedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *ſurprize* and cauſe *admiration*, as the moſt ſtrange, unexpected, and conſequently moſt unnatural, events and incidents; the moſt exaggerated thoughts; the moſt verboſe and bombaſt expreſſion; the moſt pompous rhymes, and thundering verſification. In comedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *pleaſe*, as mean buffoonry, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jeſts of fools and clowns. Yet even in theſe our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his ſubject: his genius in thoſe low parts is like ſome prince of a romance in the diſguiſe of a ſhepherd or peaſant; a certain greatneſs and ſpirit now and then break out, which manifeſt his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better ſort piqued themſelves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; till Ben Jonſon getting poſſeſſion of the ſtage, brought critical learning into vogue: and that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from thoſe frequent leſſons (and indeed almoſt declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his firſt plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the *grex*, *chorus*, &c. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their tragedies were only hiſtories in dialogue; and their comedies

medies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no leſs implicitly than if it had been true hiſtory.

To judge therefore of Shakeſpeare by Ariſtotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under thoſe of another. He writ to the *people*; and writ at firſt without patronage from the better ſort, and therefore without aims of pleaſing them: without aſſiſtance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them: without that knowledge of the beſt models, the ancients, to inſpire him with an emulation of them; in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleaſed to call immortality: ſome or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Yet it muſt be obſerved, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had ſucceeded to that of the town; the works of his riper years are manifeſtly raiſed above thoſe of his former. The dates of his plays ſufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the reſpect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this obſervation would be found true in every inſtance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was compoſed, and whether writ for the town, or the court.

Another cauſe (and no leſs ſtrong than the former) may be deduced from our author's being a *player*, and forming himſelf firſt upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a ſtandard to themſelves, upon other principles than thoſe of Ariſtotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleaſing the preſent humour, and complying with the wit in faſhion; a conſideration which brings all their judgment to a ſhort point. Players are juſt ſuch judges of what is *right*, as taylors are of what is *graceful*. And in this

view

view it will be but fair to allow, that moſt of our author's faults are leſs to be aſcribed to his wrong judgment as a poet, than to his right judgment as a player.

By theſe men it was thought a praiſe to Shakeſpeare, that he ſcarce ever *blotted a line*. This they induſtriouſly propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Jonſon in his *Diſcoveries*, and from the preface of *Heminges* and *Condell* to the firſt folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundleſs report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences. As, the comedy of *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, which he entirely new writ; *The Hiſtory of Henry the Sixth*, which was firſt publiſhed under the title of *The Contention of York and Lancaſter*; and that *of Henry the Fifth*, extremely improved; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almoſt as much again as at firſt, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praiſe by ſome, and to this his errors have as injudiciouſly been aſcribed by others. For it is certain, were it true, it could concern but a ſmall part of them; the moſt are ſuch as are not properly defects, but ſuperfœtations: and ariſe not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more juſt to our author) from a compliance to thoſe wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the ſubject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, falſe thoughts, forced expreſſions, &c. if theſe are not to be aſcribed to the foreſaid accidental reaſons, they muſt be charged upon the poet himſelf, and there is no help for it. But I think the two diſadvantages which I have mentioned (to be obliged to pleaſe the loweſt of people, and to keep the worſt of company) if the conſideration be extended as far as it reaſonably may, will appear ſufficient to miſlead and depreſs the greateſt genius upon earth. Nay, the more

more modeſty with which ſuch a one is endued, the more he is in danger of ſubmitting and conforming to others, againſt his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be neceſſary to ſay ſomething more: there is certainly a vaſt difference between *learning* and *languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much reading at leaſt, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taſte of natural philoſophy, mechanicks, ancient and modern hiſtory, poetical learning, and mythology: we find him very knowing in the cuſtoms, rites, and manners of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæſar*, not only the ſpirit, but manners, of the Romans are exactly drawn; and ſtill a nicer diſtinction is ſhewn between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former, and of the latter: His reading in the ancient hiſtorians is no leſs conſpicuous, in many references to particular paſſages: and the ſpeeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an inſtance of his learning, as thoſe copied from Cicero in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonſon's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, &c. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of ſcience, he either ſpeaks of or deſcribes; it is always with competent, if not extenſive knowledge: his deſcriptions are ſtill exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each ſubject. When he treats of ethick or politick, we may conſtantly obſerve a wonderful juſtneſs of diſtinction, as well as extent of comprehenſion. No one is more a maſter of the poetical ſtory, or has more frequent alluſions to the various parts of it: Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this laſt particular)

cular) has not ſhewn more learning this way than Shakeſpeare. We have tranſlations from *Ovid* publiſhed in his name, among thoſe poems which paſs for his, and for ſome of which we have undoubted authority (being publiſhed by himſelf, and dedicated to his noble patron the earl of Southampton): he appears alſo to have been converſant in *Plautus*, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another: although I will not pretend to ſay in what language he read them). The modern Italian writers of *novels* he was manifeſtly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no leſs converſant with the ancients of his own country, from the uſe he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Creſſida*, and in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, if that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was (and indeed it has little reſemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than ſome of thoſe which have been received as genuine).

I am inclined to think this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the partizans of our author and Ben Jonſon; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes; and nothing is ſo probable, as that becauſe Ben Jonſon had much the more learning, it was ſaid on the one hand that Shakeſpeare had none at all; and becauſe Shakeſpeare had much the moſt wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that Jonſon wanted both. Becauſe Shakeſpeare borrowed nothing, it was ſaid that Ben Jonſon borrowed every thing. Becauſe Jonſon did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and becauſe Shakeſpeare wrote with eaſe and rapidity, they cried, he never once made a blot. Nay, the ſpirit of oppoſition ran ſo high, that whatever thoſe of the one ſide objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praiſes; as injudiciouſly,

ciouſly, as their antagoniſts before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but ſure they have as much reaſon to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of authors; thoſe who eſcape one, often fall by the other. *Peſſimum genus inimicorum laudantes*, ſays Tacitus: and Virgil deſires to wear a charm againſt thoſe who praiſe a poet without rule or reaſon.

——*Si ultra placitum laudârit baccare frontem*
Cingito, ne vati noceat——

But however this contention might be carried on by the partizans on either ſide, I cannot help thinking theſe two great poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms and in offices of ſociety with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that Ben Jonſon was introduced upon the ſtage, and his firſt works encouraged, by Shakeſpeare. And after his death, that author writes, *To the memory of his beloved Mr. William Shakeſpeare*, which ſhews as if the friendſhip had continued through life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *invidious* or *ſparing* in thoſe verſes, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his cotemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenſer, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æſchylus, nay, all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expreſly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellencies ſhould be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praiſe he gives him in his *Diſcoveries* ſeems to proceed from a *perſonal kindneſs*; he tells us, that he loved the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honeſty, openneſs, and frankneſs of his temper; and only diſtinguiſhes,

guiſhes, as he reaſonably ought, between the real merit of the author, and the ſilly and derogatory applauſes of the players. Ben Jonſon might indeed be ſparing in his commendations (though certainly he is not ſo in this inſtance) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more ſervice in praiſing him juſtly, than laviſhly. I ſay, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give riſe to the contrary report. I hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and ſtate, as with thoſe monſters deſcribed by the poets; and that their *heads* at leaſt may have ſomething human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beaſts and ſerpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave riſe to the opinion of Shakeſpeare's want of learning; ſo what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the firſt publiſhers of his works. In theſe editions their ignorance ſhines in almoſt every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three Witches ſolus.* Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in conſtruction and ſpelling: their very Welſh is falſe. Nothing is more likely than that thoſe palpable blunders of Hector's quoting Ariſtotle, with others of that groſs kind, ſprung from the ſame root: it not being at all credible that theſe could be the errors of any man who had the leaſt tincture of a ſchool, or the leaſt converſation with ſuch as had. Ben Jonſon (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at leaſt to have had *ſome* Latin; which is utterly inconſiſtent with miſtakes like theſe. Nay, the conſtant blunders in proper names of perſons and places, are ſuch as muſt have proceeded from a man, who had not ſo much as read any hiſtory in any language: ſo could not be Shakeſpeare's.

I ſhall

Mr. POPE's PREFACE.

I ſhall now lay before the reader ſome of thoſe almoſt innumerable errors, which have riſen from one ſource, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of theſe are enumerated and conſidered, I dare to ſay that not Shakeſpeare only, but Ariſtotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the ſame fate, might have appeared to want ſenſe as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was publiſhed by himſelf. During the time of his employment in the theatre, ſeveral of his pieces were printed ſeparately in quarto. What makes me think that moſt of theſe were not publiſhed by him, is the exceſſive careleſſneſs of the preſs: every page is ſo ſcandalouſly falſe ſpelled, and almoſt all the learned or unuſual words ſo intolerably mangled, that it is plain there either was no corrector to the preſs at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were ſuperviſed by himſelf, I ſhould fancy *The Two Parts of Henry the Fourth*, and *Midſummer-Night's Dream* might have been ſo; becauſe I find no other printed with any exactneſs; and (contrary to the reſt) there is very little variation in all the ſubſequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces to the firſt quarto edition of *Troilus and Creſſida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello*; by which it appears, that the firſt was publiſhed without his knowledge or conſent, or even before it was acted, ſo late as ſeven or eight years before he died: and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays, which we have been able to find printed in his life-time, amounts but to eleven. And of ſome of theſe, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of traſh different from the other: which I ſhould fancy was occaſioned by their being taken from different copies belonging to different play-houſes.

The

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his were firſt collected) was publiſhed by two players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, ſeven years after his deceaſe. They declare, that all the other editions were ſtolen and ſurreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all reſpects elſe it is far worſe than the quartos.

Firſt, becauſe the additions of trifling and bombaſt paſſages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, ſince thoſe quartos, by the actors, or had ſtolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all ſtand charged upon the author. He himſelf complained of this uſage in *Hamlet*, where he wiſhes that *thoſe who play the clowns would ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them.* (Act 3. Sc. 4.) But as a proof that he could not eſcape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low ſcenes of mobs, plebeians, and clowns, are vaſtly ſhorter than at preſent: and I have ſeen one in particular (which ſeems to have belonged to the play-houſe, by having the parts divided with lines, and the actors names in the margin) where ſeveral of thoſe very paſſages were added in a written hand, which are ſince to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful paſſages, which are extant in the firſt ſingle editions, are omitted in this: as it ſeems without any other reaſon, than their willingneſs to ſhorten ſome ſcenes: theſe men (as it was ſaid of Procruſtes) either lopping, or ſtretching an author, to make him juſt fit for their ſtage.

This edition is ſaid to be printed from the *original copies*; I believe they meant thoſe which had lain ever ſince the author's days in the play-houſe, and had from

from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the quartos, was printed (at leaſt partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's book*, or *piece-meal parts* written out for the uſe of the actors: for in ſome places their very [1] names are through careleſſneſs ſet down inſtead of the *Perſonæ Dramatis*; and in others the notes of direction to the *property-men* for their *moveables*, and to the *players* for their *entries*, are inſerted into the text through the ignorance of the tranſcribers.

The plays not having been before ſo much as diſtinguiſhed by *Acts* and *Scenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they played them; often where there is no pauſe in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the ſake of muſick, maſques, or monſters.

Sometimes the ſcenes are tranſpoſed and ſhuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwiſe happen, but by their being taken from ſeparate and piece-meal written parts.

Many verſes are omitted entirely, and others tranſpoſed; from whence invincible obſcurities have ariſen, paſt the gueſs of any commentator to clear up, but juſt where the accidental glimpſe of an old edition enlightens us.

Some characters were confounded and mixed, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act v. Shakeſpeare introduces a kind of maſter of the revels called *Philoſtrate*; all whoſe part is given to another character (that of *Egeus*) in the ſubſequent editions: ſo alſo in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable that the prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

[1] *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii. *Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilſon*, inſtead of *Balthaſar*. And in Act iv. *Cowley* and *Kemp* conſtantly through a whole ſcene. Edit. fol. of 1623, and 1632.

From liberties of this kind, many ſpeeches alſo were put into the mouths of wrong perſons, where the author now ſeems chargeable with making them ſpeak out of character: or ſometimes perhaps for no better reaſon, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of ſome favourite ſpeech himſelf, would ſnatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Proſe from verſe they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to ſay ſo much of the players, I think I ought in juſtice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition, of that claſs of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the beſt play-houſes were inns and taverns (the Globe, the Hope, the Red Bull, the Fortune, &c.) ſo the top of the profeſſion were then mere players, not gentlemen of the ſtage: they were led into the buttery by the ſteward, not placed at the lord's table, or lady's toilette: and conſequently were entirely deprived of thoſe advantages they now enjoy in the familiar converſation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to ſay dearneſs) with people of the firſt condition.

From what has been ſaid, there can be no queſtion but had Shakeſpeare publiſhed his works himſelf (eſpecially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the ſtage) we ſhould not only be certain which are genuine, but ſhould find in thoſe that are, the errors leſſened by ſome thouſands. If I may judge from all the diſtinguiſhing marks of his ſtile, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that thoſe wretched plays *Pericles*, *Locrine*, *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his. And I ſhould conjecture of ſome of the others (particularly *Love's Labour's Loſt*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Titus* [illegible]*nicus*) that only ſome characters, ſingle ſcenes,

or

or perhaps a few particular paſſages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occaſioned ſome plays to be ſuppoſed Shakeſpeare's was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his adminiſtration; and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give ſtrays to the lord of the manor: a miſtake which (one may alſo obſerve) it was not for the intereſt of the houſe to remove. Yet the players themſelves, Heminges and Condell, afterwards did Shakeſpeare the juſtice to reject thoſe eight plays in their edition; though they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with ſome applauſe (as we learn from what Ben Jonſon ſays of *Pericles* in his ode on the *New Inn*). That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this claſs I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the ſame author openly expreſs his contempt of it in the *induction* to *Bartholomew-Fair*, in the year 1614, when Shakeſpeare was yet living. And there is no better authority for theſe latter ſort, than for the former, which were equally publiſhed in his life-time.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and paſſages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in thoſe which are really his, how many faults may have been unjuſtly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, tranſpoſitions of ſcenes and lines, confuſion of characters and perſons, wrong application of ſpeeches, corruptions of innumerable paſſages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence, of his firſt editors? From one or other of theſe conſiderations, I am verily perſuaded, that the greateſt and the groſſeſt part of what are thought his errors would vaniſh, and leave his character in a light very different from that diſadvantageous one, in which it now appears to us.

This is the ſtate in which Shakeſpeare's writings lie at preſent; for ſince the above-mentioned folio edition, all the reſt have implicitly followed it, without having recourſe to any of the former, or ever making the compariſon between them. It is impoſſible to repair the injuries already done him; too much time has elapſed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingneſs and deſire, than of my ability, to do him juſtice. I have diſcharged the dull duty of an editor, to my beſt judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private ſenſe or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will ſhew itſelf. The various readings are fairly put in the margin; ſo that every one may compare them; and thoſe I have preferred into the text are conſtantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or additions, which Shakeſpeare himſelf made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some ſuſpected paſſages, which are exceſſively bad (and which ſeem interpolations by being ſo inſerted, that one can entirely omit them without any chaſm, or deficience in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page; with an aſteriſk referring to the places of their inſertion. The ſcenes are marked ſo diſtinctly, that every removal of place is ſpecified; which is more neceſſary in this author than any other, ſince he ſhifts them more frequently; and ſometimes, without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obſcurities. The more obſolete or unuſual words are explained. Some of the moſt ſhining paſſages are diſtinguiſhed by commas in the margin; and where the beauty lay not in particulars, but in the whole, a ſtar is prefixed to the ſcene. This ſeems to me a ſhorter and leſs oſtentatious method of performing the better half of criticiſm (namely, the pointing out an author's excellencies) than to fill a whole paper with

citations

citations of fine paſſages, with *general applauſes*, or *empty exclamations* at the tail of them. There is alſo ſubjoined a catalogue of thoſe firſt editions, by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected paſſages are authorized (moſt of which are ſuch as carry their own evidence along with them). Theſe editions now hold the place of originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies or reſtore the corrupted ſenſe of the author: I can only wiſh that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever publiſhed) may yet be found, by a ſearch more ſucceſsful than mine, for the better accompliſhment of this end.

I will conclude by ſaying of Shakeſpeare, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in compariſon of thoſe that are more finiſhed and regular, as upon an ancient majeſtick piece of *Gothick* architecture, compared with a neat modern building: the latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more ſtrong and more ſolemn. It muſt be allowed, that in one of theſe there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth paſſages. Nor does the whole fail to ſtrike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childiſh, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.

Mr. THEOBALD's

[1]PREFACE.

THE attempt to write upon SHAKESPEARE is like going into a large, a ſpacious, and a ſplendid dome through the conveyance of a narrow and obſcure entry. A glare of light ſuddenly breaks upon you beyond what the avenue at firſt promiſed: and a thouſand beauties of genius and character, like ſo many gaudy apartments pouring at once upon the eye, diffuſe and throw themſelves out to the mind. The proſpect is too wide to come within the compaſs of a ſingle view: it is a gay confuſion of pleaſing objects, too various to be enjoyed but in a general admiration; and they muſt be ſeparated, and eyed diſtinctly, in order to give the proper entertainment.

And as in great piles of building, ſome parts are often finiſhed up to hit the taſte of the *connoiſſeur*; others more negligently put together, to ſtrike the fancy of a common and unlearned beholder: ſome parts are made ſtupendouſly magnificent and grand, to ſurprize with the vaſt deſign and execution of the architect; others are contracted, to amuſe you with his neatneſs and elegance in little. So, in Shakeſpeare, we may find *traits* that will ſtand the teſt of the ſevereſt judgment; and ſtrokes as careleſly hit off, to the level of the more ordinary capacities: ſome de-

[1] This is Mr. Theobald's preface to his ſecond edition in 1740, and was a good deal curtailed by himſelf after its firſt appearance before the impreſſion in 1733.

ſcriptions

ſcriptions raiſed to that pitch of grandeur, as to aſtoniſh you with the compaſs and elevation of his thought: and others copying nature within ſo narrow, ſo confined a circle, as if the author's talent lay only at drawing in miniature.

In how many points of light muſt we be obliged to gaze at this great poet! In how many branches of excellence to conſider and admire him! Whether we view him on the ſide of art or nature, he ought equally to engage our attention: whether we reſpect the force and greatneſs of his genius, the extent of his knowledge and reading, the power and addreſs with which he throws out and applies either nature or learning, there is ample ſcope both for our wonder and pleaſure. If his diction, and the cloathing of his thoughts attract us, how much more muſt we be charmed with the richneſs and variety of his images and ideas! If his images and ideas ſteal into our ſouls, and ſtrike upon our fancy, how much are they improved in price, when we come to reflect with what propriety and juſtneſs they are applied to character! If we look into his characters, and how they are furniſhed and proportioned to the employment he cuts out for them, how are we taken up with the maſtery of his portraits! What draughts of nature! What variety of originals, and how differing each from the other! How are they dreſſed from the ſtores of his own luxurious imagination; without being the apes of mode, or borrowing from any foreign wardrobe! Each of them are the ſtandards of faſhion for themſelves: like gentlemen that are above the direction of their taylors, and can adorn themſelves without the aid of imitation. If other poets draw more than one fool or coxcomb, there is the ſame reſemblance in them, as in that painter's draughts, who was happy only at forming a roſe: you find them all younger brothers of the ſame family, and all of them have a pretence to give the ſame creſt: but Shakeſpeare's

clowns and fops come all of a different houſe: they are no farther allied to one another than as man to man, members of the ſame ſpecies; but as different in features and lineaments of character, as we are from one another in face or complexion. But I am unawares lanching into his character as a writer, before I have ſaid what I intended of him as a private member of the republick.

Mr. Rowe has very juſtly obſerved, that people are fond of diſcovering any little perſonal ſtory of the great men of antiquity; and that the common accidents of their lives naturally become the ſubject of our critical enquiries: that however trifling ſuch a curioſity at the firſt view may appear, yet, as for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may, perhaps, ſometimes conduce to the better underſtanding his works: and, indeed, this author's works, from the bad treatment he has met with from copyiſts and editors, have ſo long wanted a comment, that one would zealouſly embrace every method of information that could contribute to recover them from the injuries with which they have ſo long lain overwhelmed.

It is certain, that if we have firſt admired the man in his writings, his caſe is ſo circumſtanced, that we muſt naturally admire the writings in the man: that if we go back to take a view of his education, and the employment in life which fortune had cut out for him, we ſhall retain the ſtronger ideas of his extenſive genius.

His father, we are told, was a conſiderable dealer in wool; but having no fewer than ten children, of whom our Shakeſpeare was the eldeſt, the beſt education he could afford him was no better than to qualify him for his own buſineſs and employment. I cannot affirm with any certainty how long his father lived; but I take him to be the ſame Mr. John Shakeſpeare who was living in the year 1599, and who then, in honour

honour of his ſon, took out an extract of his family-arms from the herald's office; by which it appears, that he had been officer and bailiff of Stratford upon Avon in Warwickſhire; and that he enjoyed ſome hereditary lands and tenements, the reward of his great grandfather's faithful and approved ſervice to king Henry VII.

Be this as it will, our Shakeſpeare, it ſeems, was bred for ſome time at a free-ſchool; the very free-ſchool, I preſume, founded at Stratford: where, we are told, he acquired what Latin he was maſter of: but that his father being obliged, through narrowneſs of circumſtance, to withdraw him too ſoon from thence, he was thereby unhappily prevented from making any proficiency in the dead languages: a point that will deſerve ſome little diſcuſſion in the ſequel of this diſſertation.

How long he continued in his father's way of buſineſs, either as an aſſiſtant to him, or on his own proper account, no notices are left to inform us: nor have I been able to learn preciſely at what period of life he quitted his native Stratford, and began his acquaintance with London and the *ſtage*.

In order to ſettle in the world after a family-manner, he thought fit, Mr. Rowe acquaints us, to marry while he was yet very young. It is certain, he did ſo: for by the monument in Stratford church, erected to the memory of his daughter Suſanna, the wife of John Hall, gentleman, it appears, that ſhe died on the 2d day of July, in the year 1649, aged 66. So that ſhe was born in 1583, when her father could not be full 19 years old; who was himſelf born in the year 1564. Nor was ſhe his eldeſt child, for he had another daughter, Judith, who was born before her, and who was married to one Mr. Thomas Quiney. So that Shakeſpeare muſt have entered into wedlock by that time he was turned of ſeventeen years.

Whether

Whether the force of inclination merely, or ſome concurring circumſtances of convenience in the match, prompted him to marry ſo early, is not eaſy to be determined at this diſtance: but it is probable, a view of intereſt might partly ſway his conduct in this point: for he married the daughter of one Hathaway, a ſubſtantial yeoman in his neighbourhood, and ſhe had the ſtart of him in age no leſs than eight years. She ſurvived him notwithſtanding, ſeven ſeaſons, and died that very year in which the *players* publiſhed the firſt edition of his works in *folio*, anno Dom. 1623, at the age of 67 years, as we likewiſe learn from her monument in Stratford church.

How long he continued in this kind of ſettlement, upon his own native ſpot, is not more eaſily to be determined. But if the tradition be true, of that extravagance which forced him both to quit his country and way of living; to wit, his being engaged, with a knot of young deer-ſtealers, to rob the park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Cherlecot near Stratford: the enterprize ſavours ſo much of youth and levity, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe it was before he could write full man. Beſides, conſidering he has left us ſix and thirty plays at leaſt, avowed to be genuine; and conſidering too, that he had retired from the ſtage, to ſpend the latter part of his days at his own native Stratford; the interval of time neceſſarily required for the finiſhing ſo many dramatick pieces, obliges us to ſuppoſe he threw himſelf very early upon the play-houſe. And as he could, probably, contract no acquaintance with the drama, while he was driving on the affair of wool at home; ſome time muſt be loſt, even after he had commenced player, before he could attain knowledge enough in the ſcience to qualify himſelf for turning author.

It has been obſerved by Mr. Rowe, that, amongſt other extravagancies which our author has given to his Sir John Falſtaff in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, he

he has made him a deer-ſtealer; and that he might at the ſame time remember his Warwickſhire proſecutor, under the name of Juſtice Shallow, he has given him very near the ſame coat of arms, which Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of that county, deſcribes for a family there. There are two coats, I obſerve, in Dugdale, where three ſilver fiſhes are borne in the name of Lucy; and another coat, to the monument of Thomas Lucy, ſon of Sir William Lucy, in which are quartered in four ſeveral diviſions, twelve little fiſhes, three in each diviſion, probably *Luces*. This very coat, indeed, ſeems alluded to in Shallow's giving the *dozen* white *Luces*, and in Slender ſaying *he may quarter*. When I conſider the exceeding candour and good nature of our author (which inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him; as the power of his wit obliged the men of the moſt delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him); and that he ſhould throw this humorous piece of ſatire at his proſecutor, at leaſt twenty years after the provocation given; I am confidently perſuaded it muſt be owing to an unforgiving rancour on the proſecutor's ſide: and if this was the caſe, it were pity but the diſgrace of ſuch an inveteracy ſhould remain as a laſting reproach, and Shallow ſtand as a mark of ridicule to ſtigmatize his malice.

It is ſaid, our author ſpent ſome years before his death, in eaſe, retirement, and the converſation of his friends, at his native Stratford. I could never pick up any certain intelligence, when he relinquiſhed the ſtage. I know, it has been miſtakenly thought by ſome, that Spenſer's *Thalia*, in his *Tears of his Muſes*, where ſhe laments the loſs of her Willy in the comick ſcene, has been applied to our author's quitting the ſtage. But Spenſer himſelf, it is well known, quitted the ſtage of life in the year 1598; and, five years after this, we find Shakeſpeare's name among the actors in Ben Jonſon's *Sejanus*, which firſt made

its

its appearance in the year 1603. Nor, ſurely, could he then have any thoughts of retiring, ſince, that very year, a licence under the privy-ſeal was granted by K. James I. to him and Fletcher, Burbage, Phillippes, Hemings, Condel, &c. authorizing them to exerciſe the art of playing comedies, tragedies, &c. as well at their uſual houſe called *The Globe* on the other ſide of the water, as in any other parts of the kingdom, during his majeſty's pleaſure (a copy of which licence is preſerved in *Rymer's Fœdera*). Again, it is certain, that Shakeſpeare did not exhibit his *Macbeth*, till after the union was brought about, and till after K. James I. had begun to touch for the *evil*: for it is plain, he has inſerted compliments, on both thoſe accounts, upon his royal maſter in that tragedy. Nor, indeed, could the number of the dramatick pieces, he produced, admit of his retiring near ſo early as that period. So that what Spenſer there ſays, if it relate at all to Shakeſpeare, muſt hint at ſome occaſional receſs he made for a time upon a diſguſt taken: or the Willy, there mentioned, muſt relate to ſome other favourite poet. I believe, we may ſafely determine, that he had not quitted in the year 1610. For in his *Tempeſt*, our author makes mention of the Bermuda iſlands, which were unknown to the Engliſh, till, in 1609, Sir John Summers made a voyage to North-America, and diſcovered them: and afterwards invited ſome of his countrymen to ſettle a plantation there. That he became the private gentleman, at leaſt three years before his deceaſe, is pretty obvious from another circumſtance: I mean, from that remarkable and well-known ſtory, which Mr. Rowe has given us of our author's intimacy with Mr. John Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and uſury: and upon whom Shakeſpeare made the following facetious epitaph.

Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his ſoul is not ſav'd;
If any man aſk, who lies in this tomb?
Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

This ſarcaſtical piece of wit was, at the gentleman's own requeſt, thrown out extemporally in his company. And this Mr. John Combe I take to be the ſame, who, by Dugdale in his *Antiquities of Warwickſhire*, is ſaid to have died in the year 1614, and for whom, at the upper end of the quire of the Guild of the Holy Croſs at Stratford, a fair monument is erected, having a ſtatue thereon cut in alabaſter, and in a gown, with this epitaph. "Here lieth interred "the body of John Combe, eſq; who died the 10th "of July, 1614, who bequeathed ſeveral annual "charities to the pariſh of Stratford, and 100l. to "be lent to fifteen poor tradeſmen from three years "to three years, changing the parties every third "year, at the rate of fifty ſhillings *per annum*, the "increaſe to be diſtributed to the almes-poor there." —The donation has all the air of a rich and ſagacious uſurer.

Shakeſpeare himſelf did not ſurvive Mr. Combe long, for he died in the year 1616, the 53d of his age. He lies buried on the north ſide of the chancel in the great church at Stratford; where a monument, decent enough for the time, is erected to him, and placed againſt the wall. He is repreſented under an arch in a ſitting poſture, a cuſhion ſpread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left reſted on a ſcrowl of paper. The Latin diſtich, which is placed under the cuſhion, has been given us by Mr. Pope, or his graver, in this manner.

INGENIO Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.

I con-

to the particular knowledge of the late Sir William Biſhop, till they were all conſumed in the general fire and deſtruction of that town. I cannot help being a little apt to diſtruſt the authority of this tradition; becauſe his wife ſurvived him ſeven years, and as his favourite daughter Suſanna ſurvived her twenty-ſix years, it is very improbable they ſhould ſuffer ſuch a treaſure to be removed, and tranſlated into a remoter branch of the family, without a ſcrutiny firſt made into the value of it. This, I ſay, inclines me to diſtruſt the authority of the relation: but, notwithſtanding ſuch an apparent improbability, if we really loſt ſuch a treaſure, by whatever fatality or caprice of fortune they came into ſuch ignorant and neglectful hands, I agree with the *relater*, the misfortune is wholly irreparable.

To theſe particulars, which regard his perſon and private life, ſome few more are to be gleaned from Mr. Rowe's *Account of his Life and Writings*: let us now take a ſhort view of him in his publick capacity as a *writer*: and, from thence, the tranſition will be eaſy to the *ſtate* in which his *writings* have been handed down to us.

No age, perhaps, can produce an author more various from himſelf, than Shakeſpeare has been univerſally acknowledged to be. The diverſity in ſtile, and other parts of compoſition, ſo obvious in him, is as variouſly to be accounted for. His education, we find, was at beſt but begun: and he ſtarted early into a ſcience from the force of genius, unequally aſſiſted by acquired improvements. His fire, ſpirit, and exuberance of imagination gave an impetuoſity to his pen: his ideas flowed from him in a ſtream rapid, but not turbulent; copious, but not ever overbearing its ſhores. The eaſe and ſweetneſs of his temper might not a little contribute to his facility in writing: as his employment, as a *player*, gave him an advantage and habit of fancying himſelf the very character

character he meant to delineate. He uſed the helps of his function in forming himſelf to create and expreſs that *ſublime*, which other actors can only copy, and throw out, in action and graceful attitude. But, *Nullum ſine venià placuit ingenium*, ſays Seneca. The genius, that gives us the greateſt pleaſure, ſometimes ſtands in need of our indulgence. Whenever this happens with regard to Shakeſpeare, I would willingly impute it to a vice of *his times*. We ſee complaiſance enough, in our days, paid to a *bad taſte*. So that his *clinches*, *falſe wit*, and deſcending beneath himſelf, may have proceeded from a deference paid to the then *reigning barbariſm*.

I have not thought it out of my province, whenever occaſion offered, to take notice of ſome of our poet's grand touches of nature: ſome, that do not appear ſuperficially ſuch; but in which he ſeems the moſt deeply inſtructed; and to which, no doubt, he has ſo much owed that happy preſervation of his *characters*, for which he is juſtly celebrated. Great genius's, like his, naturally unambitious, are ſatisfied to conceal their art in theſe points. It is the foible of your worſer poets to make a parade and oſtentation of that little ſcience they have; and to throw it out in the moſt ambitious colours. And whenever a writer of this claſs ſhall attempt to copy theſe artful concealments of our author, and ſhall either think them eaſy, or practiſed by a writer for his eaſe, he will ſoon be convinced of his miſtake by the difficulty of reaching the imitation of them.

Speret idem, ſudet multùm, fruſtâque laboret,
Auſus idem:——————

Indeed, to point out and exclaim upon all the beauties of Shakeſpeare, as they come ſingly in review, would be as inſipid, as endleſs; as tedious, as unneceſſary: but the explanation of thoſe beauties

that are leſs obvious to common readers, and whoſe illuſtration depends on the rules of juſt criticiſm, and an exact knowledge of human life, ſhould deſervedly have a ſhare in a general critick upon the author. But to paſs over at once to another ſubject:——

It has been allowed on all hands, how far our author was indebted to *nature*; it is not ſo well agreed, how much he owed to *languages* and acquired *learning*. The deciſions on this ſubject were certainly ſet on foot by the hint from Ben Jonſon, that he had ſmall Latin and leſs Greek: and from this tradition, as it were, Mr. Rowe has thought fit peremptorily to declare, that, "It is without controverſy, he had no "knowledge of the writings of the ancient poets, "for that in his works we find no traces of any thing "which looks like an imitation of the ancients. For "the delicacy of his taſte (continues he) and the "natural bent of his own great genius (equal, if "not ſuperior, to ſome of the beſt of theirs) would "certainly have led him to read and ſtudy them with "ſo much pleaſure, that ſome of their fine images "would naturally have inſinuated themſelves into, "and been mixed with his own writings: and ſo his "not copying, at leaſt, ſomething from them, may "be an argument of his never having read them." I ſhall leave it to the determination of my learned readers, from the numerous paſſages which I have occaſionally quoted in my notes, in which our poet ſeems cloſely to have imitated the claſſicks, whether Mr. Rowe's aſſertion be ſo abſolutely to be depended on. The reſult of the controverſy muſt certainly, either way, terminate to our author's honour: how happily he could imitate them, if that point be allowed; or how glorioufly he could think like them, without owing any thing to imitation.

Though I ſhould be very unwilling to allow Shakeſpeare ſo poor a ſcholar, as many have laboured to repreſent him, yet I ſhall be very cautious of declaring

too

too poſitively on the other ſide of the queſtion; that is, with regard to my opinion of his knowledge in the dead languages. And therefore the paſſages, that I occaſionally quote from the claſſicks, ſhall not be urged as proofs that he knowingly imitated thoſe originals; but brought to ſhew how happily he has expreſſed himſelf upon the ſame topicks. A very learned critick of our own nation has declared, that a ſameneſs of thought and ſameneſs of expreſſion too, in two writers of a different age, can hardly happen, without a violent ſuſpicion of the latter copying from his predeceſſor. I ſhall not therefore run any great riſque of a cenſure, though I ſhould venture to hint, that the reſemblances in thought and expreſſion of our author and an ancient (which we ſhould allow to be imitation in the one, whoſe learning was not queſtioned) may ſometimes take its riſe from ſtrength of memory, and thoſe impreſſions which he owed to the ſchool. And if we may allow a poſſibility of this, conſidering that, when he quitted the ſchool, he gave into his father's profeſſion and way of living, and had, it is likely, but a ſlender library of claſſical learning; and conſidering what a number of tranſlations, romances, and legends ſtarted about his time, and a little before (moſt of which, it is very evident, he read) I think it may eaſily be reconciled, why he rather ſchemed his *plots* and *characters* from theſe more latter informations, than went back to thoſe fountains, for which he might entertain a ſincere veneration, but to which he could not have ſo ready a recourſe.

In touching on another part of his learning, as it related to the knowledge of *hiſtory* and *books*, I ſhall advance ſomething, that, at firſt ſight, will very much wear the appearance of a paradox. For I ſhall find it no hard matter to prove, that, from the groſſeſt blunders in hiſtory, we are not to infer his real ignorance of it: nor from a greater uſe of Latin words,

than ever any other Engliſh author uſed, muſt we infer his intimate acquaintance with that language.

A reader of taſte may eaſily obſerve, that though Shakeſpeare, almoſt in every ſcene of his hiſtorical plays, commits the groſſeſt offences againſt chronology, hiſtory, and ancient politicks; yet this was not through ignorance, as is generally ſuppoſed, but through the too powerful blaze of his imagination; which, when once raiſed, made all acquired knowledge vaniſh and diſappear before it. But this licence in him, as I have ſaid, muſt not be imputed to ignorance: ſince as often we may find him, when occaſion ſerves, reaſoning up to the truth of hiſtory; and throwing out ſentiments as juſtly adapted to the circumſtances of his ſubject, as to the dignity of his characters, or dictates of nature in general.

Then to come to his knowledge of the Latin tongue, it is certain, there is a ſurpriſing effuſion of Latin words made Engliſh, far more than in any one Engliſh author I have ſeen; but we muſt be cautious to imagine, this was of his own doing. For the Engliſh tongue, in his age, began extremely to ſuffer by an inundation of Latin: and this, to be ſure, was occaſioned by the pedantry of thoſe two monarchs, Elizabeth and James, both great Latiniſts. For it is not to be wondered at, if both the court and ſchools, equal flatterers of power, ſhould adapt themſelves to the royal taſte.

But now I am touching on the queſtion (which has been ſo frequently agitated, yet ſo entirely undecided) of his learning and acquaintance with the languages; an additional word or two naturally falls in here upon the genius of our author, as compared with that of Jonſon his contemporary. They are confeſſedly the greateſt writers our nation could ever boaſt of in the *drama*. The firſt, we ſay, owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and the other a great deal to his art and learning. This, if attended to, will explain a very

very remarkable appearance in their writings. Beſides thoſe wonderful maſter-pieces of art and genius, which each has given us; they are the authors of other works very unworthy of them: but with this difference; that in Jonſon's bad pieces we do not diſcover one ſingle trace of the author of *The Fox* and *Alchymiſt*: but in the wild extravagant notes of Shakeſpeare you every now and then encounter ſtrains that recognize the divine compoſer. This difference may be thus accounted for. Jonſon, as we ſaid before, owing all his excellence to his art, by which he ſometimes ſtrained himſelf to an uncommon pitch, when at other times he unbent and played with his ſubject, having nothing then to ſupport him, it is no wonder he wrote ſo far beneath himſelf. But Shakeſpeare, indebted more largely to nature, than the other to acquired talents, in his moſt negligent hours could never ſo totally diveſt himſelf of his genius, but that it would frequently break out with aſtoniſhing force and ſplendor.

As I have never propoſed to dilate farther on the character of my author, than was neceſſary to explain the nature and uſe of this edition, I ſhall proceed to conſider him as a genius in poſſeſſion of an everlaſting name. And how great that merit muſt be, which could gain it againſt all the diſadvantages of the horrid condition in which he has hitherto appeared! Had Homer, or any other admired author, firſt ſtarted into publick ſo maimed and deformed, we cannot determine whether they had not ſunk for ever under the ignominy of ſuch an ill appearance. The mangled condition of Shakeſpeare has been acknowledged by Mr. Rowe, who publiſhed him indeed, but neither corrected his text, nor collated the old copies. This gentleman had abilities, and ſufficient knowledge of his author, had but his induſtry been equal to his talents. The ſame mangled condition has been acknowledged too by Mr. Pope, who publiſhed him

likewiſe, pretended to have collated the old copies, and yet ſeldom has corrected the text but to its injury. I congratulate with the *manes* of our poet, that this gentleman has been ſparing in *indulging his private ſenſe*, as he phraſes it; for he, who tampers with an author, whom he does not underſtand, muſt do it at the expence of his ſubject. I have made it evident throughout my remarks, that he has frequently inflicted a wound where he intended a cure. He has acted with regard to our author, as an editor, whom LIPSIUS mentions, did with regard to MARTIAL; *Inventus eſt neſcio quis* Popa, *qui non* vitia *ejus, ſed* ipſum *excidit*. He has attacked him like an unhandy *ſlaughterman*; and not lopped off the *errors*, but the *poet*.

When this is found to be the fact, how abſurd muſt appear the praiſes of ſuch an editor? It ſeems a moot point, whether Mr. Pope has done moſt injury to Shakeſpeare, as his editor and encomiaſt; or Mr. Rymer done him ſervice, as his rival and cenſurer. They have both ſhewn themſelves in an equal *impuiſſance* of ſuſpecting or amending the corrupted paſſages: and though it be neither prudence to cenſure, or commend what one does not underſtand; yet if a man muſt do one when he plays the critick, the latter is the more ridiculous office; and by that Shakeſpeare ſuffers moſt. For the natural veneration which we have for him, makes us apt to ſwallow whatever is given us as *his*, and ſet off with encomiums; and hence we quit all ſuſpicions of depravity: on the contrary, the cenſure of ſo divine an author ſets us upon his defence; and this produces an exact ſcrutiny and examination, which ends in finding out and diſcriminating the true from the ſpurious.

It is not with any ſecret pleaſure, that I ſo frequently animadvert on Mr. Pope as a critick; but there are provocations, which a man can never quite forget. His libels have been thrown out with ſo much

much inveteracy, that, not to diſpute whether they *ſhould* come from a *chriſtian*, they leave it a queſtion whether they *could* come from a *man*. I ſhould be loth to doubt, as Quintus Serenus did in a like caſe:

Sive homo, ſeu ſimilis turpiſſima beſtia nobis
Vulnera dente dedit.

The indignation, perhaps, for being repreſented a *blockhead*, may be as ſtrong in us, as it is in the ladies for a reflexion on their *beauties*. It is certain, I am indebted to him for ſome *flagrant civilities*; and I ſhall willingly devote a part of my life to the honeſt endeavour of quitting ſcores: with this exception however, that I will not return thoſe civilities in his *peculiar* ſtrain, but confine myſelf, at leaſt, to the limits of *common decency*. I ſhall ever think it better to want *wit*, than to want *humanity*: and impartial poſterity may, perhaps, be of my opinion.

But to return to my ſubject, which now calls upon me to enquire into thoſe cauſes, to which the depravations of my author originally may be aſſigned. We are to conſider him as a writer, of whom no authentick manuſcript was left extant; as a writer, whoſe pieces were diſperſedly performed on the ſeveral *ſtages* then in being. And it was the cuſtom of thoſe days for the poets to take a price of the *players* for the pieces they from time to time furniſhed; and thereupon it was ſuppoſed they had no farther right to print them without the conſent of the *players*. As it was the intereſt of the *companies* to keep their plays unpubliſhed, when any one ſucceeded, there was a conteſt betwixt the curioſity of the town, who demanded to ſee it in print, and the policy of the *ſtagers*, who wiſhed to ſecrete it within their own walls. Hence, many pieces were taken down in ſhort-hand, and imperfectly copied by ear from a *repreſentation*: others were printed from piece-meal parts ſurreptiti-

tiouſly obtained from the theatres, uncorrect, and without the poet's knowledge. To ſome of theſe cauſes we owe the train of blemiſhes, that deform thoſe pieces which ſtole ſingly into the world in our author's life-time.

There are ſtill other reaſons, which may be ſuppoſed to have affected the whole ſet. When the *players* took upon them to publiſh his works entire, every theatre was ranſacked to ſupply the copy; and *parts* collected, which had gone through as many changes as performers, either from mutilations or additions made to them. Hence we derive many chaſms and incoherences in the ſenſe and matter. Scenes were frequently tranſpoſed, and ſhuffled out of their true place, to humour the caprice, or ſuppoſed convenience of ſome particular actor. Hence much confuſion and impropriety has attended, and embarraſſed the buſineſs and fable. To theſe obvious cauſes of corruption it muſt be added, that our author has lain under the diſadvantage of having his errors propagated and multiplied by time: becauſe, for near a century, his works were publiſhed from the faulty copies, without the aſſiſtance of any intelligent editor: which has been the caſe likewiſe of many a *claſſick* writer.

The nature of any diſtemper once found has generally been the immediate ſtep to a cure. Shakeſpeare's caſe has in a great meaſure reſembled that of a corrupt *claſſick*; and, conſequently, the method of cure was likewiſe to bear a reſemblance. By what means, and with what ſucceſs, this cure has been effected on ancient writers, is too well known, and needs no formal illuſtration. The reputation, conſequent on taſks of that nature, invited me to attempt the method here; with this view, the hopes of reſtoring to the publick their greateſt poet in his original purity: after having ſo long lain in a condition that was a diſgrace to common ſenſe. To this end I have ventured

tured on a labour, that is the firſt aſſay of the kind on any modern author whatſoever. For the late edition of Milton by the learned Dr. Bentley is, in the main, a performance of another ſpecies. It is plain, it was the intention of that great man rather to correct and pare off the excreſcencies of the *Paradiſe Loſt*, in the manner that Tucca and Varius were employed to criticiſe the *Æneis of Virgil*, than to reſtore corrupted paſſages. Hence, therefore, may be ſeen either the iniquity or ignorance of his cenſurers, who, from ſome expreſſions, would make us believe, the *doctor* every where gives us his corrections as the original text of the author; whereas the chief turn of his criticiſm is plainly to ſhew the world, that if Milton did not write as he would have him, he ought to have wrote ſo.

I thought proper to premiſe this obſervation to the readers, as it will ſhew that the critick on Shakeſpeare is of a quite different kind. His genuine text is for the moſt part religiouſly adhered to, and the numerous faults and blemiſhes, purely his own, are left as they were found. Nothing is altered, but what by the cleareſt reaſoning can be proved a corruption of the true text; and the alteration, a real reſtoration of the genuine reading. Nay, ſo ſtrictly have I ſtrove to give the true reading, though ſometimes not to the advantage of my author, that I have been ridiculouſly ridiculed for it by thoſe, who either were iniquitouſly for turning every thing to my diſadvantage; or elſe were totally ignorant of the true duty of an editor.

The ſcience of criticiſm, as far as it affects an editor, ſeems to be reduced to theſe three claſſes; the emendation of corrupt paſſages; the explanation of obſcure and difficult ones; and an enquiry into the beauties and defects of compoſition. This work is principally confined to the two former parts: though there are ſome ſpecimens interſperſed of the latter kind,

kind, as ſeveral of the emendations were beſt ſupported, and ſeveral of the difficulties beſt explained, by taking notice of the beauties and defects of the compoſition peculiar to this immortal poet. But this was but occaſional, and for the ſake only of perfecting the two other parts, which were the proper objects of the editor's labour. The third lies open for every willing undertaker: and I ſhall be pleaſed to ſee it the employment of a maſterly pen.

It muſt neceſſarily happen, as I have formerly obſerved, that where the aſſiſtance of manuſcripts is wanting to ſet an author's meaning right, and reſcue him from thoſe errors which have been tranſmitted down through a ſeries of incorrect editions, and a long intervention of time, many paſſages muſt be deſperate, and paſt a cure; and their true ſenſe irretrievable either to care or the ſagacity of conjecture. But is there any reaſon therefore to ſay, that becauſe all cannot be retrieved, all ought to be left deſperate? We ſhould ſhew very little honeſty, or wiſdom, to play the tyrants with an author's text; to raze, alter, innovate, and overturn, at all adventures, and to the utter detriment of his ſenſe and meaning: but to be ſo very reſerved and cautious, as to interpoſe no relief or conjecture, where it manifeſtly labours and cries out for aſſiſtance, ſeems, on the other hand, an indolent abſurdity.

As there are very few pages in Shakeſpeare, upon which ſome ſuſpicions of depravity do not reaſonably ariſe; I have thought it my duty, in the firſt place, by a diligent and laborious collation, to take in the aſſiſtances of all the older copies.

In his *hiſtorical plays*, whenever our Engliſh chronicles, and in his tragedies, when Greek or Roman ſtory could give any light, no pains have been omitted to ſet paſſages right, by comparing my author with his originals; for, as I have frequently obſerved, he

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was a cloſe and accurate copier where-ever his *fable* was founded on *hiſtory*.

Where-ever the author's ſenſe is clear and diſcoverable (though, perchance, low and trivial) I have not by any innovation tampered with his text, out of an oſtentation of endeavouring to make him ſpeak better than the old copies have done.

Where, through all the former editions, a paſſage has laboured under flat nonſenſe and invincible darkneſs, if, by the addition or alteration of a letter or two, or a tranſpoſition in the pointing, I have reſtored to him both ſenſe and ſentiment; ſuch corrections, I am perſuaded, will need no indulgence.

And whenever I have taken a greater latitude and liberty in amending, I have conſtantly endeavoured to ſupport my corrections and conjectures by parallel paſſages and authorities from himſelf, the ſureſt means of expounding any author whatſoever. *Cette voïe d'interpreter un autheur par lui-même eſt plus ſure que tous les commentaires*, ſays a very learned French critick.

As to my *notes* (from which the common and learned readers of our author, I hope, will derive ſome ſatisfaction) I have endeavoured to give them a variety in ſome proportion to their number. Where-ever I have ventured at an emendation, a *note* is conſtantly ſubjoined to juſtify and aſſert the reaſon of it. Where I only offer a conjecture, and do not diſturb the text, I fairly ſet forth my grounds for ſuch conjecture, and ſubmit it to judgment. Some remarks are ſpent in explaining paſſages, where the wit or ſatire depends on an obſcure point of hiſtory: others, where alluſions are to divinity, philoſophy, or other branches of ſcience. Some are added to ſhew, where there is a ſuſpicion of our author having borrowed from the antients: others, to ſhew where he is rallying his contemporaries; or where he himſelf is rallied by them. And ſome are neceſſarily thrown in, to explain

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an obſcure and obſolete *term*, *phraſe*, or *idea*. I once intended to have added a complete and copious *gloſſary*; but as I have been importuned, and am prepared to give a correct edition of our author's POEMS (in which many terms occur that are not to be met with in his *plays*) I thought a *gloſſary* to all Shakeſpeare's works more proper to attend that volume.

In reforming an infinite number of paſſages in the *pointing*, where the ſenſe was before quite loſt, I have frequently ſubjoined notes to ſhew the *depraved*, and to prove the *reformed*, pointing: a part of labour in this work which I could very willingly have ſpared myſelf. May it not be objected, why then have you burdened us with theſe notes? The anſwer is obvious, and, if I miſtake not, very material. Without ſuch notes, theſe paſſages in ſubſequent editions would be liable, through the ignorance of printers and correctors, to fall into the old confuſion: whereas, a note on every one hinders all poſſible return to depravity; and for ever ſecures them in a ſtate of purity and integrity not to be loſt or forfeited.

Again, as ſome notes have been neceſſary to point out the detection of the corrupted text, and eſtabliſh the reſtoration of the genuine readings; ſome others have been as neceſſary for the explanation of paſſages obſcure and difficult. To underſtand the neceſſity and uſe of this part of my taſk, ſome particulars of my author's character are previouſly to be explained. There are *obſcurities* in him, which are common to him with all poets of the ſame ſpecies; there are others, the iſſue of the times he lived in; and there are others, again, peculiar to himſelf. The nature of comick poetry being entirely ſatirical, it buſies itſelf more in expoſing what we call caprice and humour, than vices cognizable to the laws. The Engliſh, from the happineſs of a free conſtitution, and a turn of mind peculiarly ſpeculative and inquiſitive, are obſerved to produce more *humouriſts*, and a greater variety

variety of original *characters*, than any other people whatſoever: and theſe owing their immediate birth to the peculiar genius of each age, an infinite number of things alluded to, glanced at, and expoſed, muſt needs become obſcure, as the *characters* themſelves are antiquated and diſuſed. An editor therefore ſhould be well verſed in the hiſtory and manners of his author's age, if he aims at doing him a ſervice in this reſpect.

Beſides, *wit* lying moſtly in the aſſemblage of *ideas*, and in the putting thoſe together with quickneſs and variety, wherein can be found any reſemblance, or congruity, to make up pleaſant pictures, and agreeable viſions in the fancy; the writer, who aims at wit, muſt of courſe range far and wide for materials. Now the age in which Shakeſpeare lived, having, above all others, a wonderful affection to appear learned, they declined vulgar images, ſuch as are immediately fetched from nature, and ranged through the circle of the ſciences to fetch their ideas from thence. But as the reſemblances of ſuch ideas to the ſubject muſt neceſſarily lie very much out of the common way, and every piece of wit appear a riddle to the vulgar; this, that ſhould have taught them the forced, quaint, unnatural tract they were in (and induce them to follow a more natural one) was the very thing that kept them attached to it. The oſtentatious affectation of abſtruſe learning, peculiar to that time, the love that men naturally have to every thing that looks like myſtery, fixed them down to this habit of obſcurity. Thus became the poetry of DONNE (though the wittieſt man of that age) nothing but a continued heap of riddles. And our Shakeſpeare, with all his eaſy nature about him, for want of the knowledge of the true rules of art, falls frequently into this vicious manner.

The third ſpecies of *obſcurities* which deform our author, as the effects of his own genius and character, are

are thoſe that proceed from his peculiar manner of *thinking*, and as peculiar a manner of *cloathing* thoſe *thoughts*. With regard to his *thinking*, it is certain, that he had a general knowledge of all the ſciences: but his acquaintance was rather that of a traveller, than a native. Nothing in philoſophy was unknown to him; but every thing in it had the grace and force of novelty. And as novelty is one main ſource of admiration, we are not to wonder that he has perpetual alluſions to the moſt recondite parts of the ſciences: and this was done not ſo much out of affectation, as the effect of admiration begot by novelty. Then, as to his *ſtile* and *diction*, we may much more juſtly apply to SHAKESPEARE, what a celebrated writer has ſaid of MILTON: *Our language ſunk under him, and was unequal to that greatneſs of ſoul which furniſhed him with ſuch glorious conceptions.* He therefore frequently uſes old words, to give his diction an air of ſolemnity; as he coins others, to expreſs the novelty and variety of his ideas.

Upon every diſtinct ſpecies of theſe *obſcurities*, I have thought it my province to employ a note for the ſervice of my author, and the entertainment of my readers. A few tranſient remarks too I have not ſcrupled to intermix, upon the poet's *negligences* and *omiſſions* in point of art; but I have done it always in ſuch a manner, as will teſtify my deference and veneration for the immortal author. Some cenſurers of Shakeſpeare, and particularly Mr. Rymer, have taught me to diſtinguiſh betwixt the *railer* and *critick*. The outrage of his quotations is ſo remarkably violent, ſo puſhed beyond all bounds of decency and ſober reaſoning, that it quite carries over the mark at which it was levelled. Extravagant abuſe throws off the edge of the intended diſparagement, and turns the madman's weapon into his own boſom. In ſhort, as to Rymer, this is my opinion of him, from his *criticiſms* on the *tragedies* of the laſt age. He writes with

with great vivacity, and appears to have been a ſcholar: but as for his knowledge of the art of poetry, I cannot perceive it was any deeper than his acquaintance with Boſſu and Dacier, from whom he has tranſcribed many of his beſt reflexions. The late Mr. Gildon was one attached to Rymer by a ſimilar way of thinking and ſtudies. They were both of that ſpecies of criticks, who are deſirous of diſplaying their powers rather in finding faults, than in conſulting the improvement of the world: the *hypercritical* part of the ſcience of *criticiſm*.

I had not mentioned the modeſt liberty I have here and there taken of animadverting on my author, but that I was willing to obviate in time the ſplenetick exaggerations of my adverſaries on this head. From paſt experiments I have reaſon to be conſcious, in what light this attempt may be placed: and that what I call a *modeſt liberty*, will, by a little of their dexterity, be inverted into downright *impudence*. From a hundred mean and diſhoneſt artifices employed to diſcredit this edition, and to cry down its editor, I have all the grounds in nature to beware of attacks. But though the malice of wit, joined to the ſmoothneſs of verſification, may furniſh ſome ridicule; fact, I hope, will be able to ſtand its ground againſt banter and gaiety.

It has been my fate, it ſeems, as I thought it my duty, to diſcover ſome *anachroniſms* in our author; which might have ſlept in obſcurity but for *this Reſtorer*, as Mr. Pope is pleaſed affectionately to ſtile me; as for inſtance, where Ariſtotle is mentioned by Hector in *Troilus and Creſſida*: and Galen, Cato, and Alexander the Great, in *Coriolanus*. Theſe, in Mr. Pope's opinion, are blunders, which the illiteracy of the firſt publiſhers of his works has fathered upon the poet's memory: *it not being at all credible, that theſe could be the errors of any man who had the leaſt tincture of a ſchool, or the leaſt converſation with ſuch*

as bad. But I have ſufficiently proved, in the courſe of my *notes*, that ſuch *anachroniſms* were the effect of poetick licence, rather than of ignorance in our poet. And if I may be permitted to aſk a modeſt queſtion by the way, why may not I reſtore an *anachroniſm* really made by our author, as well as Mr. Pope take the privilege to fix others upon him, which he never had it in his head to make; as I may venture to affirm he had not, in the inſtance of Sir Francis Drake, to which I have ſpoke in the proper place?

But who ſhall dare make any words about this freedom of Mr. Pope's towards Shakeſpeare, if it can be proved, that, in his fits of criticiſm, he makes no more ceremony with good Homer himſelf? To try, then, a criticiſm of his own advancing; in the 8th book of the *Odyſſey*, where Demodocus ſings the epiſode of the loves of Mars and Venus; and that, upon their being taken in the net by Vulcan,

——— " *The god of arms*
" *Muſt pay the penalty for lawleſs charms;*"

Mr. Pope is ſo kind gravely to inform us, " That " Homer in this, as in many other places, ſeems to " allude to the laws of Athens, where death was the " puniſhment of adultery." But how is this ſignificant obſervation made out? Why, who can poſſibly object any thing to the contrary?——*Does not Pauſanias relate, that Draco, the lawgiver to the Athenians, granted impunity to any perſon that took revenge upon an adulterer? And was it not alſo the inſtitution of Solon, that if any one took an adulterer in the fact, he might uſe him as he pleaſed?* Theſe things are very true: and to ſee what a good memory, and ſound judgment in conjunction can atchieve! Though Homer's date is not determined down to a ſingle year, yet it is pretty generally agreed that he lived above 300 years before Draco and Solon: and that, it ſeems, has made

made him *ſeem* to allude to the very laws, which theſe two legiſlators propounded above 300 years after. If this inference be not ſometimes like an *anachroniſm* or *prolepſis*, I will look once more into my lexicons for the true meaning of the words. It appears to me, that ſomebody beſides Mars and Venus has been caught in a net by this epiſode: and I could call in other inſtances to confirm what treacherous tackle this net-work is, if not cautiouſly handled.

How juſt, notwithſtanding, I have been in detecting the *anachroniſms* of my author, and in defending him for the uſe of them, our late editor ſeems to think, they ſhould rather have ſlept in obſcurity: and the having diſcovered them is ſneered at, as a ſort of wrong-headed ſagacity.

The numerous corrections which I made of the poet's text in my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtored*, and which the publick have been ſo kind to think well of, are, in the appendix of Mr. Pope's laſt edition, ſlightingly called *various reaſonings*, *gueſſes*, &c. He confeſſes to have inſerted as many of them as he judged of any the leaſt advantage to the poet; but ſays, that the whole amounted to about 25 words: and pretends to have annexed a complete liſt of the reſt, which were not worth his embracing. Whoever has read my book will, at one glance, ſee how in both theſe points veracity is ſtrained, ſo an injury might but be done. *Malus, etſi obeſſe non poteſt, tamen cogitat.*

Another expedient, to make my work appear of a trifling nature, has been an attempt to depreciate *literal criticiſm*. To this end, and to pay a ſervile compliment to Mr. Pope, an *anonymous* writer has, like a Scotch pedlar in wit, unbraced his pack on the ſubject. But, that his virulence might not ſeem to be levelled ſingly at me, he has done me the honour to join Dr. Bentley in the libel. I was in hopes we ſhould have been both abuſed with ſmartneſs of ſatire

at leaſt, though not with ſolidity of argument; that it might have been worth ſome reply in defence of the ſcience attacked. But I may fairly ſay of this author, as Falſtaff does of Poins;——*Hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewkſbury muſtard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a* MALLET. If it be not prophanation to ſet the opinion of the divine Longinus againſt ſuch a ſcribler, he tells us expreſly, "That to make a judgment upon *words* (and *wri-* "*tings*) is the moſt conſummate fruit of much ex- "perience." ἡ γὰρ τῶν λόγων κρίσις ϖολλῆς ἐϛι ϖείρας τελευταῖον ἐπιγέννημα. Whenever words are depraved, the ſenſe of courſe muſt be corrupted; and thence the reader is betrayed into a falſe meaning.

If the Latin and Greek languages have received the greateſt advantages imaginable from the labours of the editors and criticks of the two laſt ages, by whoſe aid and aſſiſtance the grammarians have been enabled to write infinitely better in that art than even the preceding grammarians, who wrote when thoſe tongues flouriſhed as living languages; I ſhould account it a peculiar happineſs, that, by the faint eſſay I have made in this work, a path might be chalked out for abler hands, by which to derive the ſame advantages to our own tongue: a tongue, which, though it wants none of the fundamental qualities of an univerſal language, yet, as a *noble writer* ſays, liſps and ſtammers as in its cradle; and has produced little more towards its poliſhing than complaints of its barbarity.

Having now run through all thoſe points, which I intended ſhould make any part of this diſſertation, and having in my *former* edition made publick acknowledgments of the aſſiſtances lent me, I ſhall conclude with a brief account of the methods taken in *this*.

It was thought proper, in order to reduce the bulk and price of the impreſſion, that the notes, where-

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ever they would admit of it, might be abridged: for which reaſon I have curtailed a great quantity of ſuch, in which explanations were too prolix, or authorities in ſupport of an emendation too numerous: and many I have entirely expunged, which were judged rather verboſe and declamatory (and ſo notes merely of oſtentation) than neceſſary or inſtructive.

The few literal errors which had eſcaped notice, for want of reviſals, in the former edition, are here reformed; and the pointing of innumerable paſſages is regulated, with all the accuracy I am capable of.

I ſhall decline making any farther declaration of the pains I have taken upon my author, becauſe it was my duty, as his editor, to publiſh him with my beſt care and judgment; and becauſe I am ſenſible, all ſuch declarations are conſtrued to be laying a ſort of a debt on the publick. As the former edition has been received with much indulgence, I ought to make my acknowledgments to the town for their favourable opinion of it; and I ſhall always be proud to think that encouragement the beſt payment I can hope to receive from my poor ſtudies.

Sir T. HANMER's

PREFACE.

WHAT the publick is here to expect is a true and correct edition of Shakespeare's works, cleared from the corruptions with which they have hitherto abounded. One of the great admirers of this incomparable author hath made it the amusement of his leisure hours for many years past to look over his writings with a careful eye, to note the obscurities and absurdities introduced into the text, and according to the best of his judgment to restore the genuine sense and purity of it. In this he proposed nothing to himself, but his private satisfaction in making his own copy as perfect as he could; but as the emendations multiplied upon his hands, other gentlemen, equally fond of the author, desired to see them, and some were so kind as to give their assistance, by communicating their observations and conjectures upon difficult passages which had occurred to them. Thus by degrees the work growing more considerable than was at first expected, they who had the opportunity of looking into it, too partial perhaps in their judgment, thought it worth being made publick; and he, who hath with difficulty yielded to their persuasions, is far from desiring to reflect upon the late editors for the omissions and defects which they left to be supplied by others who should follow them in the same province. On the contrary, he thinks

thinks the world much obliged to them for the progreſs they made in weeding out ſo great a number of blunders and miſtakes as they have done, and probably he who hath carried on the work might never have thought of ſuch an undertaking, if he had not found a conſiderable part ſo done to his hands.

From what cauſes it proceeded that the works of this author, in the firſt publication of them, were more injured and abuſed than perhaps any that ever paſſed the preſs, hath been ſufficiently explained in the preface to Mr. Pope's edition, which is here ſubjoined, and there needs no more to be ſaid upon that ſubject. This only the reader is deſired to bear in mind, that as the corruptions are more numerous, and of a groſſer kind than can well be conceived, but by thoſe who have looked nearly into them; ſo in the correcting them this rule hath been moſt ſtrictly obſerved, not to give a looſe to fancy, or indulge a licentious ſpirit of criticiſm, as if it were fit for any one to preſume to judge what Shakeſpeare ought to have written, inſtead of endeavouring to diſcover truly and retrieve what he did write: and ſo great caution hath been uſed in this reſpect, that no alterations have been made, but what the ſenſe neceſſarily required, what the meaſure of the verſe often helped to point out, and what the ſimilitude of words in the falſe reading and in the true, generally ſpeaking, appeared very well to juſtify.

Moſt of thoſe paſſages are here thrown to the bottom of the page, and rejected as ſpurious, which were ſtigmatized as ſuch in Mr. Pope's edition; and it were to be wiſhed that more had then undergone the ſame ſentence. The promoter of the preſent edition hath ventured to diſcard but few more upon his own judgment, the moſt conſiderable of which is that wretched piece of ribaldry in *King Henry the Fifth*, put into the mouths of the French princeſs and an old gentlewoman, improper enough as it is all in French,

and not intelligible to an Engliſh audience, and yet that perhaps is the beſt thing that can be ſaid of it. There can be no doubt but a great deal more of that low ſtuff, which diſgraces the works of this great author, was foiſted in by the players after his death, to pleaſe the vulgar audiences by which they ſubſiſted: and though ſome of the poor witticiſms and conceits muſt be ſuppoſed to have fallen from his pen, yet as he hath put them generally into the mouths of low and ignorant people, ſo it is to be remembered that he wrote for the ſtage, rude and unpoliſhed as it then was; and the vicious taſte of the age muſt ſtand condemned for them, ſince he hath left upon record a ſignal proof how much he deſpiſed them. In his play of *The Merchant of* VENICE, a clown is introduced quibbling in a miſerable manner; upon which one, who bears the character of a man of ſenſe, makes the following reflexion: *How every fool can play upon a word! I think the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none but parrots.* He could hardly have found ſtronger words to expreſs his indignation at thoſe falſe pretences to wit then in vogue; and therefore though ſuch traſh is frequently interſperſed in his writings, it would be unjuſt to caſt it as an imputation upon his taſte and judgment and character as a writer.

There being many words in Shakeſpeare which are grown out of uſe and obſolete, and many borrowed from other languages which are not enough naturalized or known among us, a gloſſary is added at the end of the work, for the explanation of all thoſe terms which have hitherto been ſo many ſtumbling-blocks to the generality of readers; and where there is any obſcurity in the text, not ariſing from the words, but from a reference to ſome antiquated cuſtoms now forgotten, or other cauſes of that kind, a note is put at the bottom of the page to clear up the difficulty.

With

With theſe ſeveral helps, if that rich vein of ſenſe which runs through the works of this author can be retrieved in every part, and brought to appear in its true light, and if it may be hoped, without preſumption, that this is here effected; they who love and admire him will receive a new pleaſure, and all probably will be more ready to join in doing him juſtice, who does great honour to his country as a rare and perhaps a ſingular genius: one who hath attained an high degree of perfection in thoſe two great branches of poetry, tragedy and comedy, different as they are in their natures from each other; and who may be ſaid without partiality to have equalled, if not excelled, in both kinds, the beſt writers of any age or country, who have thought it glory enough to diſtinguiſh themſelves in either.

Since therefore other nations have taken care to dignify the works of their moſt celebrated poets with the faireſt impreſſions beautified with the ornaments of ſculpture, well may our Shakeſpeare be thought to deſerve no leſs conſideration: and as a freſh acknowledgment hath lately been paid to his merit, and a high regard to his name and memory, by erecting his ſtatue at a publick expence; ſo it is deſired that this new edition of his works, which hath coſt ſome attention and care, may be looked upon as another ſmall monument deſigned and dedicated to his honour.

Dr. WARBURTON's

PREFACE.

IT hath been no unuſual thing for writers, when diſſatisfied with the patronage or judgment of their own times, to appeal to poſterity for a fair hearing. Some have even thought fit to apply to it in the firſt inſtance; and to decline acquaintance with the publick, till envy and prejudice had quite ſubſided. But, of all the truſters to futurity, commend me to the author of the following poems, who not only left it to time to do him juſtice as it would, but to find him out as it could. For, what between too great attention to his profit as a player, and too little to his reputation as a poet, his works, left to the care of door-keepers and prompters, hardly eſcaped the common fate of thoſe writings, how good ſoever, which are abandoned to their own fortune, and unprotected by party or cabal. At length, indeed, they ſtruggled into light; but ſo diſguiſed and traveſted, that no claſſick author, after having run ten ſecular ſtages through the blind cloiſters of monks and canons, ever came out in half ſo maimed and mangled a condition. But for a full account of his diſorders, I refer the reader to the excellent diſcourſe which follows, and turn myſelf to conſider the remedies that have been applied to them.

Shakeſpeare's works, when they eſcaped the players, did not fall into much better hands when they came amongſt printers and bookſellers; who, to ſay the truth, had at firſt but ſmall encouragement for putting him

him into a better condition. The ſtubborn nonſenſe, with which he was incruſted, occaſioned his lying long neglected amongſt the common lumber of the ſtage. And when that reſiſtleſs ſplendor, which now ſhoots all around him, had, by degrees, broke through the ſhell of thoſe impurities, his dazzled admirers became as ſuddenly inſenſible to the extraneous ſcurf that ſtill ſtuck upon him, as they had been before to the native beauties that lay under it. So that, as then he was thought not to deſerve a cure, he was now ſuppoſed not to need any.

His growing eminence, however, required that he ſhould be uſed with ceremony; and he ſoon had his appointment of an editor in form. But the book-ſeller, whoſe dealing was with wits, having learnt of them, I know not what ſilly maxim, that *none but a poet ſhould preſume to meddle with a poet*, engaged the ingenious Mr. Rowe to undertake this employment. A wit indeed he was; but ſo utterly unacquainted with the whole buſineſs of criticiſm, that he did not even collate or conſult the firſt editions of the work he undertook to publiſh; but contented himſelf with giving us a meagre account of the author's life, interlarded with ſome common-place ſcraps from his writings. The truth is, Shakeſpeare's condition was yet but ill underſtood. The nonſenſe, now, by conſent, received for his own, was held in a kind of reverence for its age and author; and thus it continued, till another great *poet* broke the charm, by ſhewing us, that the higher we went, the leſs of it was ſtill to be found.

For the proprietors, not diſcouraged by their firſt unſucceſsful effort, in due time, made a ſecond; and, though they ſtill ſtuck to their poets, with infinitely more ſucceſs in their choice of Mr. Pope, who, by the mere force of an uncommon genius, without any particular ſtudy or profeſſion of this art, diſcharged the great parts of it ſo well, as to make his edition the

the beſt foundation for all further improvements. He ſeparated the genuine from the ſpurious plays; and, with equal judgment, though not always with the ſame ſucceſs, attempted to clear the genuine plays from the interpolated ſcenes: he then conſulted the old editions; and, by a careful collation of them, rectified the faulty, and ſupplied the imperfect reading in a great number of places: and laſtly, in an admirable preface, hath drawn a general, but very lively ſketch of Shakeſpeare's poetick character; and, in the corrected text, marked out thoſe peculiar ſtrokes of genius which were moſt proper to ſupport and illuſtrate that character. Thus far Mr. Pope. And although much more was to be done before Shakeſpeare could be reſtored to himſelf (ſuch as amending the corrupted text where the printed books afford no aſſiſtance; explaining his licentious phraſeology and obſcure alluſions; and illuſtrating the beauties of his poetry) yet, with great modeſty and prudence, our illuſtrious editor left this to the critick by profeſſion.

But nothing will give the common reader a better idea of the value of Mr. Pope's edition, than the two attempts which have been ſince made by Mr. Theobald and Sir Thomas Hanmer in oppoſition to it; who, although they concerned themſelves only in the *firſt* of theſe three parts of criticiſm, the *reſtoring the text* (without any conception of the *ſecond*, or venturing even to touch upon the *third*) yet ſucceeded ſo very ill in it, that they left their author in ten times a worſe condition than they found him. But, as it was my ill fortune to have ſome accidental connexions with theſe two gentlemen, it will be incumbent on me to be a little more particular concerning them.

The one was recommended to me as a poor man; the other as a poor critick: and to each of them, at different times, I communicated a great number of obſervations,

obſervations, which they managed, as they ſaw fit, to the relief of their ſeveral diſtreſſes. As to Mr. Theobald, who wanted money, I allowed him to print what I gave him for his own advantage; and he allowed himſelf in the liberty of taking one part for his own, and ſequeſtering another for the benefit, as I ſuppoſed, of ſome future edition. But, as to the Oxford editor, who wanted nothing, but what he might very well be without, the reputation of a critick, I could not ſo eaſily forgive him for trafficking with my papers without my knowledge; and, when that project failed, for employing a number of my conjectures in his edition againſt my expreſs deſire not to have that honour done unto me.

Mr. Theobald was naturally turned to induſtry and labour. What he read he could tranſcribe: but, as what he thought, if ever he did think, he could but ill expreſs, ſo he read on; and by that means got a character of learning, without riſquing, to every obſerver, the imputation of wanting a better talent. By a punctilious collation of the old books, he corrected what was manifeſtly wrong in the *latter* editions, by what was manifeſtly right in the *earlier*. And this is his real merit; and the whole of it. For where the phraſe was very obſolete or licentious in the *common* books, or only ſlightly corrupted in the *other*, he wanted ſufficient knowledge of the progreſs and various ſtages of the Engliſh tongue, as well as acquaintance with the peculiarity of Shakeſpeare's language, to underſtand what was right; nor had he either common judgment to ſee, or critical ſagacity to amend, what was manifeſtly faulty. Hence he generally exerts his conjectural talent in the wrong place: he tampers with what is found in the *common* books; and, in the *old* ones, omits all notice of *variations*, the ſenſe of which he did not underſtand.

How the Oxford editor came to think himſelf qualified for this office, from which his whole courſe of life

life had been ſo remote, is ſtill more difficult to conceive. For whatever parts he might have either of genius or erudition, he was abſolutely ignorant of the art of criticiſm, as well as of the poetry of that time, and the language of his author. And ſo far from a thought of examining the *firſt* editions, that he even neglected to compare Mr. Pope's, from which he printed his own, with Mr. Theobald's; whereby he loſt the advantage of many fine lines, which the other had recovered from the old quartos. Where he truſts to his own ſagacity, in what affects the ſenſe, his conjectures are generally abſurd and extravagant, and violating every rule of criticiſm. Though, in this rage of correcting, he was not abſolutely deſtitute of all *art*. For, having a number of my conjectures before him, he took as many of them as he ſaw fit, to work upon; and by changing them to ſomething, he thought, ſynonymous or ſimilar, he made them his own; and ſo became a critick at a cheap expence. But how well he hath ſucceeded in this, as likewiſe in his conjectures, which are properly his own, will be ſeen in the courſe of my remarks: though, as he hath declined to give the reaſons for his interpolations, he hath not afforded me ſo fair a hold of him as Mr. Theobald hath done, who was leſs cautious. But his principal object was to reform his author's numbers; and this, which he hath done, on every occaſion, by the inſertion or omiſſion of a ſet of harmleſs unconcerning expletives, makes up the groſs body of his innocent corrections. And ſo, in ſpite of that extreme negligence in numbers, which diſtinguiſhes the firſt dramatick writers, he hath tricked up the old bard, from head to foot, in all the finical exactneſs of a modern meaſurer of ſyllables.

For the reſt, all the corrections, which theſe two editors have made on any *reaſonable* foundation, are here admitted into the text; and carefully aſſigned to their reſpective authors. A piece of juſtice which the

the Oxford editor never did; and which the *other* was not always ſcrupulous in obſerving towards me. To conclude with them in a word, they ſeparately poſſeſſed thoſe two qualities which, more than any other, have contributed to bring the art of criticiſm into diſrepute, *dulneſs of apprehenſion*, and *extravagance of conjecture*.

I am now to give ſome account of the preſent undertaking. For as to all thoſe things which have been publiſhed under the titles of *Eſſays*, *Remarks*, *Obſervations*, *&c. on Shakeſpeare* (if you except ſome critical notes on *Macbeth*, given as a ſpecimen of a projected edition, and written, as appears, by a man of parts and genius) the reſt are abſolutely below a ſerious notice.

The whole a critick can do for an author, who deſerves his ſervice, is to correct the faulty text; to remark the peculiarities of language; to illuſtrate the obſcure alluſions; and to explain the beauties and defects of ſentiment or compoſition. And ſurely, if ever author had a claim to this ſervice, it was our Shakeſpeare; who, widely excelling in the knowledge of human nature, hath given to his infinitely varied pictures of it, ſuch truth of deſign, ſuch force of drawing, ſuch beauty of colouring, as was hardly ever equalled by any writer, whether his aim was the uſe, or only the entertainment of mankind. The notes in this edition, therefore, take in the whole compaſs of criticiſm.

I. The firſt ſort is employed in reſtoring the poet's genuine text; but in thoſe places only where it labours with inextricable nonſenſe. In which, how much ſoever I may have given ſcope to critical conjecture, where the old copies failed me, I have indulged nothing to fancy or imagination; but have religiouſly obſerved the ſevere canons of literal criticiſm, as may be ſeen from the reaſons accompanying every alteration of the common text. Nor would a different

different conduct have become a critick, whoſe greateſt attention, in this part, was to vindicate the eſtabliſhed reading from interpolations occaſioned by the fanciful extravagancies of others. I once intended to have given the reader a *body of canons*, for literal criticiſm, drawn out in form; as well ſuch as concern the art in general, as thoſe that ariſe from the nature and circumſtances of our author's works in particular. And this for two reaſons. Firſt, To give the *unlearned reader* a juſt idea, and conſequently a better opinion of the art of criticiſm, now ſunk very low in the popular eſteem, by the attempts of ſome who would needs exerciſe it without either natural or acquired talents; and by the ill ſucceſs of others, who ſeemed to have loſt both, when they came to try them upon Engliſh authors. Secondly, To deter the *unlearned writer* from wantonly trifling with an art he is a ſtranger to, at the expence of his own reputation, and the integrity of the text of eſtabliſhed authors. But theſe uſes may be well ſupplied by what is occaſionally ſaid upon the ſubject, in the courſe of the following remarks.

II. The ſecond ſort of notes conſiſts in an explanation of the author's meaning, when, by one or more of theſe cauſes, it becomes obſcure; either from a *licentious uſe of terms*, or a *hard or ungrammatical conſtruction*; or laſtly, from *far-fetched or quaint alluſions*.

1. This licentious uſe of words is almoſt peculiar to the language of Shakeſpeare. To common terms he hath affixed meanings of his own, unauthorized by uſe, and not to be juſtified by analogy. And this liberty he hath taken with the nobleſt parts of ſpeech, ſuch as *mixed modes*; which, as they are moſt ſuſceptible of abuſe, ſo their abuſe moſt hurts the clearneſs of the diſcourſe. The criticks (to whom Shakeſpeare's licence was ſtill as much a ſecret as his meaning, which that licence had obſcured) fell into two contrary

contrary miſtakes; but equally injurious to his reputation and his writings. For ſome of them, obſerving a darkneſs that pervaded his whole expreſſion, have cenſured him for confuſion of ideas and inaccuracy of reaſoning. *In the neighing of a horſe* (ſays Rymer) *or in the growling of a maſtiff, there is a meaning, there is a lively expreſſion, and, may I ſay, more humanity than many times in the tragical flights of Shakeſpeare.* The ignorance of which cenſure is of a piece with its brutality. The truth is, no one thought clearer, or argued more cloſely than this immortal bard. But his ſuperiority of genius leſs needing the intervention of words in the act of thinking, when he came to draw out his contemplations into diſcourſe, he took up (as he was hurried on by the torrent of his matter) with the firſt words that lay in his way; and if, amongſt theſe, there were two *mixed modes* that had but a principal idea in common, it was enough for him; he regarded them as ſynonymous, and would uſe the one for the other without fear or ſcruple.—— Again, there have been others, ſuch as the two laſt editors, who have fallen into a contrary extreme; and regarded Shakeſpeare's anomalies (as we may call them) amongſt the corruptions of his text; which, therefore, they have caſhiered in great numbers, to make room for a jargon of their own. This hath put me to additional trouble; for I had not only their interpolations to throw out again, but the genuine text to replace, and eſtabliſh in its ſtead; which, in many caſes, could not be done without ſhewing the peculiar ſenſe of the terms, and explaining the cauſes which led the poet to ſo perverſe an uſe of them. I had it once, indeed, in my deſign, to give a general alphabetick *gloſſary* of theſe terms; but as each of them is explained in its proper place, there ſeemed the leſs occaſion for ſuch an index.

2. The poet's hard and unnatural conſtruction had a different original. This was the effect of miſtaken art

art and deſign. The publick taſte was in its infancy; and delighted (as it always does during that ſtate) in the high and turgid; which leads the writer to diſguiſe a vulgar expreſſion with hard and forced conſtruction, whereby the ſentence frequently becomes cloudy and dark. Here his criticks ſhew their modeſty, and leave him to himſelf. For the arbitrary change of a word doth little towards diſpelling an obſcurity that ariſeth, not from the licentious uſe of a ſingle term, but from the unnatural arrangement of a whole ſentence. And they riſqued nothing by their ſilence. For Shakeſpeare was too clear in fame to be ſuſpected of a want of meaning; and too high in faſhion for any one to own he needed a critick to find it out. Not but, in his beſt works, we muſt allow, he is often ſo natural and flowing, ſo pure and correct, that he is even a model for ſtile and language.

3. As to his far-fetched and quaint alluſions, theſe are often a cover to common thoughts; juſt as his hard conſtruction is to common expreſſion. When they are not ſo, the explanation of them has this further advantage, that, in clearing the obſcurity, you frequently diſcover ſome latent conceit not unworthy of his genius.

III. The third and laſt ſort of notes is concerned in a critical explanation of the author's beauties and defects; but chiefly of his beauties, whether in ſtile, thought, ſentiment, character, or compoſition. An odd humour of finding fault hath long prevailed amongſt the criticks; as if nothing were worth *remarking*, that did not, at the ſame time, deſerve to be reproved. Whereas the publick judgment hath leſs need to be aſſiſted in what it ſhall reject, than in what it ought to prize; men being generally more ready at ſpying faults than in diſcovering beauties. Nor is the value they ſet upon a work, a certain proof that they underſtand it. For it is ever ſeen, that half a dozen

dozen voices of credit give the lead: and if the publick chance to be in good humour, or the author much in their favour, the people are ſure to follow. Hence it is that the true critick hath ſo frequently attached himſelf to works of eſtabliſhed reputation; not to teach the world to *admire*, which, in thoſe circumſtances, to ſay the truth, they are apt enough to do of themſelves; but to teach them how, *with reaſon to admire:* no eaſy matter, I will aſſure you, on the ſubject in queſtion: for though it be very true, as Mr. Pope hath obſerved, that *Shakeſpeare is the faireſt and fulleſt ſubject for criticiſm*, yet it is not ſuch a ſort of criticiſm as may be raiſed mechanically on the rules which Dacier, Rapin, and Boſſu have collected from antiquity; and of which, ſuch kind of writers as Rymer, Gildon, Dennis, and Oldmixon, have only gathered and chewed the huſks: nor on the other hand is it to be formed on the plan of thoſe crude and ſuperficial judgments, on books and things, with which a certain celebrated paper ſo much abounds; too good indeed to be named with the writers laſt mentioned, but being unluckily miſtaken for a *model*, becauſe it was an *original*, it hath given riſe to a deluge of the worſt ſort of critical jargon; I mean that which looks moſt like ſenſe. But the kind of criticiſm here required, is ſuch as judgeth our author by thoſe only laws and principles on which he wrote, NATURE, and COMMON-SENSE.

Our obſervations, therefore, being thus extenſive, will, I preſume, enable the reader to form a right judgment of this favourite poet, without drawing out his character, as was once intended, in a continued diſcourſe.

Theſe, ſuch as they are, were amongſt my younger amuſements, when, many years ago, I uſed to turn over theſe ſort of writers to unbend myſelf from more ſerious applications: and what, certainly, the publick, at this time of day, had never been troubled with,

but for the conduct of the two laſt editors, and the perſuaſions of dear Mr. Pope; whoſe memory and name,

——— *ſemper acerbum,*
Semper honoratum (ſic Dî voluiſtis) habebo.

He was deſirous I ſhould give a new edition of this poet, as he thought it might contribute to put a ſtop to a prevailing folly of altering the text of celebrated authors without talents or judgment. And he was willing that *his* edition ſhould be melted down into *mine*, as it would, he ſaid, afford him (ſo great is the modeſty of an ingenuous temper) a fit opportunity of confeſſing his miſtakes [a]. In memory of our friendſhip, I have, therefore, made it our joint edition. His admirable preface is here added; all his notes are given, with his name annexed; the ſcenes are divided according to his regulation; and the moſt beautiful paſſages diſtinguiſhed, as in his book, with inverted commas. In imitation of him, I have done the ſame by as many others as I thought moſt deſerving of the reader's attention, and have marked them with *double* commas.

If, from all this, Shakeſpeare or good letters have received any advantage, and the publick any benefit, or entertainment, the thanks are due to the *proprietors*, who have been at the expence of procuring this edition. And I ſhould be unjuſt to ſeveral deſerving men of a reputable and uſeful profeſſion, if I did not, on this occaſion, acknowledge the fair dealing I have always found amongſt them; and profeſs my ſenſe of the unjuſt prejudice which lies againſt them; whereby they have been, hitherto, unable to procure that ſecurity for their property, which they ſee the reſt of their fellow-citizens enjoy. A prejudice in part ariſing

[a] See his Letters to me.

from

from the frequent *piracies* (as they are called) committed by members of their own body. But ſuch kind of members no body is without. And it would be hard that this ſhould be turned to the diſcredit of the honeſt part of the profeſſion, who ſuffer more from ſuch injuries than any other men. It hath, in part too, ariſen from the clamours of profligate ſcribblers, ever ready, for a piece of money, to proſtitute their bad ſenſe for or againſt any cauſe prophane or ſacred; or in any ſcandal publick or private: theſe meeting with little encouragement from men of account in the trade (who, even in this enlightened age, are not the very worſt judges or rewarders of merit) apply themſelves to people of condition; and ſupport their importunities by falſe complaints againſt *booksellers*.

But I ſhould now, perhaps, rather think of my own apology, than buſy myſelf in the defence of others. I ſhall have ſome *Tartuffe* ready, on the firſt appearance of this edition, to call out again, and tell me, that *I ſuffer myſelf to be wholly diverted from my purpoſe by theſe matters leſs ſuitable to my clerical profeſſion.* "Well, but (ſays a friend) why not take ſo "candid an intimation in good part? Withdraw your-"ſelf again, as you are bid, into the clerical pale; "examine the records of ſacred and prophane anti-"quity; and, on them, erect a work to the con-"fuſion of infidelity." Why, I have done all this, and more: and hear now what the ſame men have ſaid to it. They tell me, *I have wrote to the wrong and injury of religion, and furniſhed out more handles for unbelievers.* "Oh! now the ſecret is out; and "you may have your pardon, I find, upon eaſier "terms. It is only, to write no more."—Good gentlemen! and ſhall I not oblige them? They would gladly *obſtruct* my way to thoſe things which every man, who *endeavours well* in his profeſſion, muſt needs think he has ſome claim to, when he ſees them given

to thoſe who never did *endeavour*; at the ſame time that they would *deter* me from taking thoſe advantages which letters enable me to procure for myſelf. If then I am to write no more (though as much out of my profeſſion as they may pleaſe to repreſent this work, I ſuſpect their modeſty would not inſiſt on a ſcrutiny of our ſeveral applications of this prophane profit and their purer gains) if, I ſay, I am to write no more, let me at leaſt give the publick, who have a better pretence to demand it of me, ſome reaſon for my preſenting them with theſe amuſements; which, if I am not much miſtaken, may be excuſed by the beſt and faireſt *examples*; and, what is more, may be juſtified on the ſurer *reaſon of things*.

The great Saint CHRYSOSTOM, a name conſecrated to immortality by his virtue and eloquence, is known to have been ſo fond of Ariſtophanes, as to wake with him at his ſtudies, and to ſleep with him under his pillow: and I never heard that this was objected either to his piety or his preaching, not even in thoſe times of pure zeal and primitive religion. Yet, in reſpect of Shakeſpeare's great ſenſe, Ariſtophanes's beſt wit is but buffoonery; and, in compariſon of Ariſtophanes's freedoms, Shakeſpeare writes with the purity of a veſtal. But they will ſay, St. Chryſoſtom contracted a fondneſs for the comick poet *for the ſake of his Greek*. To this, indeed, I have nothing to reply. Far be it from me to inſinuate ſo unſcholarlike a thing, as if we had the ſame uſe for good Engliſh, that a Greek had for his Attick elegance. Critick Kuſter, in a taſte and language peculiar to grammarians of a certain order, hath decreed, that *the hiſtory and chronology of Greek words is the moſt SOLID entertainment of a man of letters.*

I fly then to a higher example, much nearer home, and ſtill more in point, the famous univerſity of OXFORD. This illuſtrious body, which hath long ſo juſtly held, and with ſuch equity diſpenſed, the chief honours

honours of the learned world, thought good letters ſo much intereſted in correct editions of the beſt Engliſh writers, that they, very lately, in their publick capacity, undertook *one* of this very author by ſubſcription. And if the editor hath not diſcharged his taſk with ſuitable abilities for one ſo much honoured by them, this was not their fault, but his, who thruſt himſelf into the employment. After ſuch an example, it would be weakening any defence to ſeek further for authorities. All that can be now decently urged, is the *reaſon of the thing*; and this I ſhall do, more for the ſake of that truly venerable body than my own.

Of all the literary exercitations of ſpeculative men, whether deſigned for the uſe or entertainment of the world, there are none of ſo much importance, or what are more our immediate concern, than thoſe which let us into the knowledge of our nature. Others may exerciſe the reaſon, or amuſe the imagination; but theſe only can improve the heart, and form the human mind to wiſdom. Now, in this ſcience, our Shakeſpeare is confeſſed to occupy the foremoſt place; whether we conſider the amazing ſagacity with which he inveſtigates every hidden ſpring and wheel of human action; or his happy manner of communicating this knowledge, in the juſt and living paintings which he has given us of all our paſſions, appetites, and purſuits. Theſe afford a leſſon which can never be too often repeated, or too conſtantly inculcated; and, to engage the reader's due attention to it, hath been one of the principal objects of this edition.

As this ſcience (whatever profound philoſophers may think) is, to the reſt, *in things*; ſo, *in words* (whatever ſupercilious pedants may talk) every one's mother tongue is to all other languages. This hath ſtill been the ſentiment of nature and true wiſdom. Hence, the greateſt men of antiquity never thought themſelves better employed, than in cultivating their

own country idiom. So Lycurgus did honour to Sparta, in giving the firſt complete edition of Homer; and Cicero to Rome, in correcting the works of Lucretius. Nor do we want examples of the ſame good ſenſe in modern times, even amidſt the cruel inroads that art and faſhion have made upon nature and the ſimplicity of wiſdom. Menage, the greateſt name in France for all kinds of philologick learning, prided himſelf in writing critical notes on their beſt lyrick poet Malherbe: and our greater Selden, when he thought it might reflect credit on his country, did not diſdain even to comment a very ordinary poet, one Michael Drayton. But the Engliſh tongue, at this juncture, deſerves and demands our particular regard. It hath, by means of the many excellent works of different kinds compoſed in it, engaged the notice, and become the ſtudy, of almoſt every curious and learned foreigner, ſo as to be thought even a part of literary accompliſhment. This muſt needs make it deſerving of a critical attention: and its being yet deſtitute of a teſt or ſtandard to apply to, in caſes of doubt or difficulty, ſhews how much it wants that attention. For we have neither GRAMMAR nor DICTIONARY, neither chart nor compaſs, to guide us through this wide ſea of words. And indeed how ſhould we? ſince both are to be compoſed and finiſhed on the authority of our beſt eſtabliſhed writers. But their authority can be of little uſe, till the text hath been correctly ſettled, and the phraſeology critically examined. As then, by theſe aids, a *Grammar* and *Dictionary*, planned upon the beſt rules of logick and philoſophy (and none but ſuch will deſerve the name) are to be procured; the forwarding of this will be a general concern: for, as Quintilian obſerves, "Verborum *proprietas* ac *differentia* omnibus, qui ſermonem curæ habent, debet eſſe communis." By this way, the Italians have brought their tongue to a degree of purity and ſtability, which no living language

guage ever attained unto before. It is with pleaſure I obſerve, that theſe things now begin to be underſtood amongſt ourſelves; and that I can acquaint the publick, we may ſoon expect very elegant editions of Fletcher and *Milton's Paradiſe Loſt* from gentlemen of diſtinguiſhed abilities and learning. But this interval of good ſenſe, as it may be ſhort, is indeed but new. For I remember to have heard of a very learned man, who, not long ſince, formed a deſign of giving a more correct edition of Spenſer; and, without doubt, would have performed it well; but he was diſſuaded from his purpoſe by his friends, as beneath the dignity of a profeſſor of the occult ſciences. Yet theſe very friends, I ſuppoſe, would have thought it had added luſtre to his high ſtation, to have new-furbiſhed out ſome dull northern chronicle, or dark Sibylline ænigma. But let it not be thought that what is here ſaid inſinuates any thing to the diſcredit of Greek and Latin criticiſm. If the follies of particular men were ſufficient to bring any branch of learning into diſrepute, I do not know any that would ſtand in a worſe ſituation than that for which I now apologize. For I hardly think there ever appeared, in any *learned* language, ſo execrable a heap of nonſenſe, under the name of commentaries, as hath been lately given us on a certain ſatirick poet, of the laſt age, by his editor and coadjutor.

I am ſenſible how unjuſtly the very beſt *claſſical* criticks have been treated. It is ſaid, that our great philoſopher ſpoke with much contempt of the two fineſt ſcholars of this age, Dr. Bentley and Biſhop Hare, for ſquabbling, as he expreſſed it, about an old play-book; meaning, I ſuppoſe, Terence's comedies. But this ſtory is unworthy of him; though well enough ſuiting the fanatick turn of the wild writer that relates it; ſuch cenſures are amongſt the follies of men immoderately given over to one ſcience, and ignorantly undervaluing all the reſt. Thoſe

learned criticks might, and perhaps did, laugh in their turn (though ſtill, ſure, with the ſame indecency and indiſcretion) at that incomparable man, for wearing out a long life in poring through a teleſcope. Indeed, the weakneſſes of ſuch are to be mentioned with reverence. But who can bear, without indignation, the faſhionable cant of every trifling writer, whoſe inſipidity paſſes, with himſelf, for politeneſs, for pretending to be ſhocked, forſooth, with the rude and ſavage air of *vulgar* criticks; meaning ſuch as Muretus, Scaliger, Caſaubon, Salmaſius, Spanheim, Bentley. When, had it not been for the deathleſs labours of ſuch as theſe, the weſtern world, at the revival of letters, had ſoon fallen back again into a ſtate of ignorance and barbarity, as deplorable as that from which Providence had juſt redeemed it.

To conclude with an obſervation of a fine writer and great philoſopher of our own; which I would gladly bind, though with all honour, as a phylactery, on the brow of every awful grammarian, to teach him at once the *uſe* and *limits* of his art: WORDS ARE THE MONEY OF FOOLS, AND THE COUNTERS OF WISE MEN.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READER.

[Prefixed to Mr. STEEVENS's Edition of Twenty of the old Quarto Copies of SHAKESPEARE, &c. in 4 Vols. 8vo.]

THE plays of SHAKESPEARE have been ſo often republiſhed, with every ſeeming advantage which the joint labours of men of the firſt abilities could procure for them, that one would hardly imagine they could ſtand in need of any thing beyond the illuſtration of ſome few dark paſſages. Modes of expreſſion muſt remain in obſcurity, or be retrieved from time to time, as chance may throw the books of that age into the hands of criticks who ſhall make a proper uſe of them. Many have been of opinion that his language will continue obſcure to all thoſe who are unacquainted with the provincial expreſſions which they ſuppoſe him to have uſed; but, for my own part, I cannot believe but that thoſe which are now local may once have been univerſal, and muſt have been the language of thoſe perſons before whom his plays were repreſented. However, it is certain that the inſtances of obſcurity from this ſource are very few.

Some

ADVERTISEMENT to the READER.

Some have been of opinion that even a particular ſyntax prevailed in the time of Shakeſpeare; but, as I do not recollect that any proofs were ever brought in ſupport of that ſentiment, I own I am of the contrary opinion.

In his time indeed a different arrangement of ſyllables had been introduced in imitation of the Latin, as we find in Aſcham; and the verb was very frequently kept back in the ſentence; but in Shakeſpeare no marks of it are diſcernible: and though the rules of ſyntax were more ſtrictly obſerved by the writers of that age than they have been ſince, he of all the number is perhaps the moſt ungrammatical. To make his meaning intelligible to his audience ſeems to have been his only care, and with the eaſe of converſation he has adopted its incorrectneſs.

The paſt editors, eminently qualified as they were by genius and learning for this undertaking, wanted induſtry; to cover which they publiſhed catalogues, tranſcribed at random, of a greater number of old copies than ever they can be ſuppoſed to have had in their poſſeſſion; when, at the ſame time, they never examined the few which we know they had, with any degree of accuracy. The laſt editor alone has dealt fairly with the world in this particular; he profeſſes to have made uſe of no more than he had really ſeen, and has annexed a liſt of ſuch to every play, together with a complete one of thoſe ſuppoſed to be in being, at the concluſion of his work, whether he had been able to procure them for the ſervice of it or not.

For theſe reaſons I thought it would not be unacceptable to the lovers of Shakeſpeare to collate all the quartos I could find, comparing one copy with the reſt, where there were more than one of the ſame play; and to multiply the chances of their being preſerved, by collecting them into volumes, inſtead of leaving the few that have eſcaped, to ſhare the fate of the reſt, which was probably haſtened by their remaining

remaining in the form of pamphlets, their uſe and value being equally unknown to thoſe into whoſe hands they fell.

Of ſome I have printed more than one copy; as there are many perſons, who, not contented with the poſſeſſion of a finiſhed picture of ſome great maſter, are deſirous to procure the firſt ſketch that was made for it, that they may have the pleaſure of tracing the progreſs of the artiſt from the firſt light colouring to the finiſhing ſtroke. To ſuch the earlier editions of *King John*, *Henry the Fifth*, *Henry the Sixth*, *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, will, I apprehend, not be unwelcome; ſince in theſe we may diſcern as much as will be found in the haſty outlines of the pencil, with a fair proſpect of that perfection to which he brought every performance he took the pains to retouch.

The general character of the quarto editions may more advantageouſly be taken from the words of Mr. Pope, than from any recommendation of my own.

"The folio edition (ſays he) in which all the plays "we now receive as his were firſt collected, was pub- "liſhed by two players, Heminges and Condell, in "1623, ſeven years after his deceaſe. They declare "that all the other editions were ſtolen and ſurrep- "titious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the "errors of the former. This is true as to the literal "errors, and no other; for in all reſpects elſe it is "far worſe than the quartos.

"Firſt, becauſe the additions of trifling and bom- "baſt paſſages are in this edition far more numerous. "For whatever had been added ſince thoſe quartos "by the actors, or had ſtolen from their mouths into "the written parts, were from thence conveyed into "the printed text, and all ſtand charged upon the "author. He himſelf complained of this uſage in "*Hamlet*, where he wiſhes *thoſe who play the clowns* "*would ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them* (Act

"iii.

" iii. Sc. iv.) But as a proof that he could not " eſcape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet*, " there is no hint of the mean conceits and ribaldries " now to be found there. In others the ſcenes of the " mobs, plebeians, and clowns are vaſtly ſhorter " than at preſent; and I have ſeen one in particular " (which ſeems to have belonged to the play-houſe, " by having the parts divided by lines, and the actors " names in the margin) where ſeveral of thoſe very " paſſages were added in a written hand, which ſince " are to be found in the folio.

" In the next place, a number of beautiful paſſages " were omitted, which were extant in the firſt ſingle " editions; as it ſeems without any other reaſon than " their willingneſs to ſhorten ſome ſcenes."

To this I muſt add, that I cannot help looking on the folio as having ſuffered other injuries from the licentious alteration of the players; as we frequently find in it an unuſual word changed into one more popular; ſometimes to the weakening the ſenſe, which rather ſeems to have been their work, who knew that plainneſs was neceſſary for the audience of an illiterate age, than that it was done by the conſent of the author; for he would hardly have unnerved a line in his written copy, which they pretend to have tranſcribed, however he might have permitted many to have been familiarized in the repreſentation. Were I to indulge my own private conjecture, I ſhould ſuppoſe that his blotted manuſcripts were read over by one to another among thoſe who were appointed to tranſcribe them; and hence it might eaſily happen, that words of ſimilar ſounds, though of ſenſes directly oppoſite, might be confounded with each other. They themſelves declare that Shakeſpeare's time of blotting was paſt, and yet half the errors we find in their edition could not be merely typographical. Many of the quartos (as our own printers aſſure me) were far from being unſkilfully executed, and ſome of them

were

were much more correctly printed than the folio, which was publiſhed at the charge of the ſame proprietors, whoſe names we find prefixed to the older copies; and I cannot join with Mr. Pope in acquitting that edition of more literal errors than thoſe which went before it. The particles in it ſeem to be as fortuitouſly diſpoſed, and proper names as frequently undiſtinguiſhed by Italick or capital letters from the reſt of the text. The punctuation is equally accidental; nor do I ſee on the whole any greater marks of a ſkilful reviſal, or the advantage of being printed from unblotted originals in the one, than in the other. One reformation indeed there ſeems to have been made, and that very laudable; I mean the ſubſtitution of more general terms for a name too often unneceſſarily invoked on the ſtage; but no jot of obſcenity is omitted: and their caution againſt prophaneneſs is, in my opinion, the only thing for which we are indebted to the judgment of the editors of the folio.

How much may be done by the aſſiſtance of the old copies will now be eaſily known; but a more difficult taſk remains behind, which calls for other abilities than are requiſite in the laborious collator.

From a diligent peruſal of the comedies of contemporary authors, I am perſuaded that the meaning of many expreſſions in Shakeſpeare might be retrieved; for the language of converſation can only be expected to be preſerved in works, which in their time aſſumed the merit of being pictures of men and manners. The ſtile of converſation we may ſuppoſe to be as much altered as that of books; and in conſequence of the change we have no other authorities to recur to in either caſe. Should our language ever be recalled to a ſtrict examination, and the faſhion become general of ſtriving to maintain our old acquiſitions, inſtead of gaining new ones, which we ſhall be at laſt obliged to give up, or be incumbered with their weight; it will then be lamented that no regular collection

lection was ever formed of the old Engliſh books from which, as from antient repoſitories, we might recover words and phraſes as often as caprice or wantonneſs ſhould call for variety; inſtead of thinking it neceſſary to adopt new ones, or barter ſolid ſtrength for feeble ſplendour, which no language has long admitted, and retained its purity.

We wonder that, before the time of Shakeſpeare, we find the ſtage in a ſtate ſo barren of productions, but forget that we have hardly any acquaintance with the authors of that period, though ſome few of their dramatick pieces may remain. The ſame might be almoſt ſaid of the interval between that age and the age of Dryden, the performances of which, not being preſerved in ſets, or diffuſed as now, by the greater number printed, muſt lapſe apace into the ſame obſcurity.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi———

And yet we are contented, from a few ſpecimens only, to form our opinions of the genius of ages gone before us. Even while we are blaming the taſte of that audience which received with applauſe the worſt plays in the reign of Charles the Second, we ſhould conſider that the few in poſſeſſion of our theatre, which would never have been heard a ſecond time had they been written now, were probably the beſt of hundreds which had been diſmiſſed with general cenſure. The collection of plays, interludes, &c. made by Mr. Garrick, with an intent to depoſit them hereafter in ſome publick library, will be conſidered as a valuable acquiſition; for pamphlets have never yet been examined with a proper regard to poſterity. Moſt of the obſolete pieces will be found on enquiry to have been introduced into libraries but ſome few years ſince; and yet thoſe of the preſent age, which may one time

or

or other prove as uſeful, are ſtill entirely neglected. I ſhould be remiſs, I am ſure, were I to forget my acknowledgments to the gentleman I have juſt mentioned, to whoſe benevolence I owe the uſe of ſeveral of the ſcarceſt quartos, which I could not otherwiſe have obtained; though I advertiſed for them, with ſufficient offers, as I thought, either to tempt the caſual owner to ſell, or the curious to communicate them; but Mr. Garrick's zeal would not permit him to withhold any thing that might ever ſo remotely tend to ſhew the perfections of that author who could only have enabled him to diſplay his own.

It is not merely to obtain juſtice to Shakeſpeare, that I have made this collection, and adviſe others to be made. The general intereſt of Engliſh literature, and the attention due to our own language and hiſtory, require that our ancient writings ſhould be diligently reviewed. There is no age which has not produced ſome works that deſerved to be remembered; and as words and phraſes are only underſtood by comparing them in different places, the lower writers muſt be read for the explanation of the higheſt. No language can be aſcertained and ſettled, but by deducing its words from their original ſources, and tracing them through their ſucceſſive varieties of ſignification; and this deduction can only be performed by conſulting the earlieſt and intermediate authors.

Enough has been already done to encourage us to do more. Dr. Hickes, by reviving the ſtudy of the Saxon language, ſeems to have excited a ſtronger curioſity after old Engliſh writers, than ever had appeared before. Many volumes which were mouldering in duſt have been collected; many authors which were forgotten have been revived; many laborious catalogues have been formed; and many judicious gloſſaries compiled: the literary tranſactions of the darker ages are now open to diſcovery; and the language in its intermediate gradations, from the Conqueſt

queſt to the Reſtoration, is better underſtood than in any former time.

To incite the continuance, and encourage the extenſion of this domeſtick curioſity, is one of the purpoſes of the preſent publication. In the plays it contains, the poet's firſt thoughts as well as words are preſerved; the additions made in ſubſequent impreſſions diſtinguiſhed in Italicks, and the performances themſelves make their appearance with every typographical error, ſuch as they were before they fell into the hands of the player-editors. The various readings, which can only be attributed to chance, are ſet down among the reſt, as I did not chooſe arbitrarily to determine for others which were uſeleſs, or which were valuable. And many words differing only by the ſpelling, or ſerving merely to ſhew the difficulties which they to whoſe lot it firſt fell to diſentangle their perplexities muſt have encountered, are exhibited with the reſt. I muſt acknowledge that ſome few readings have ſlipped in by miſtake, which can pretend to ſerve no purpoſe of illuſtration, but were introduced by confining myſelf to note the minuteſt variations of the copies, which ſoon convinced me that the oldeſt were in general the moſt correct. Though no proof can be given that the poet ſuperintended the publication of any one of theſe himſelf, yet we have little reaſon to ſuppoſe that he who wrote at the command of Elizabeth, and under the patronage of Southampton, was ſo very negligent of his fame, as to permit the moſt incompetent judges, ſuch as the players were, to vary at their pleaſure what he had ſet down for the firſt ſingle editions; and we have better grounds for a ſuſpicion that his works did materially ſuffer from their preſumptuous corrections after his death.

It is very well known, that before the time of Shakeſpeare, the art of making title-pages was practiſed with as much, or perhaps more ſucceſs than it has been ſince. Accordingly, to all his plays we find

long

long and deſcriptive ones, which, when they were firſt publiſhed, were of great ſervice to the venders of them. Pamphlets of every kind were hawked about the ſtreets by a ſet of people reſembling his own *Autolycus*, who proclaimed aloud the qualities of what they offered to ſale, and might draw in many a purchaſer by the mirth he was taught to expect from *the humours of Corporal Nym, or the ſwaggering vaine of Ancient Piſtoll*, who was not to be tempted by the repreſentation of a fact merely hiſtorical. The players, however, laid aſide the whole of this garniture, not finding it ſo neceſſary to procure ſucceſs to a bulky volume, when the author's reputation was eſtabliſhed, as it had been to beſpeak attention to a few ſtraggling pamphlets while it was yet uncertain.

The ſixteen plays, which are not in theſe volumes, remained unpubliſhed till the folio in the year 1623, though the compiler of a work, called *Theatrical Records*, mentions different ſingle editions of every one of them before that time. But as no one of the editors could ever meet with ſuch, nor has any one elſe pretended to have ſeen them, I think myſelf at liberty to ſuppoſe the compiler ſupplied the defects of the liſt out of his own imagination; ſince he muſt have had ſingular good fortune to have been poſſeſſed of two or three different copies of all, when neither editors nor collectors, in the courſe of near fifty years, have been able ſo much as to obtain the ſight of one of the number.

At the end of the laſt volume I have added a tragedy of *King Leir*, publiſhed before that of Shakeſpeare, which it is not improbable he might have ſeen, as the father kneeling to the daughter, when ſhe kneels to aſk his bleſſing, is found in it; a circumſtance two poets were not very likely to have hit on ſeparately; and which ſeems borrowed by the latter with his uſual judgment, it being the moſt natural paſſage in the old play; and is introduced in ſuch a

manner, as to make it fairly his own. The ingenious editor of *The Reliques of Ancient Poetry* having never met with this play, and as it is not preſerved in Mr. Garrick's collection, I thought it a curioſity worthy the notice of the publick.

I have likewiſe reprinted Shakeſpeare's *Sonnets*, from a copy publiſhed in 1609, by G. Eld, one of the printers of his plays; which, added to the conſideration that they made their appearance with his name, and in his life-time, ſeems to be no ſlender proof of their authenticity. The ſame evidence might operate in favour of ſeveral more plays which are omitted here, out of reſpect to the judgment of thoſe who had omitted them before [3].

It is to be wiſhed, that ſome method of publication moſt favourable to the character of an author were once eſtabliſhed; whether we are to ſend into the world all his works without diſtinction, or arbitrarily to leave out what may be thought a diſgrace to him. The firſt editors, who rejected *Pericles*, retained *Titus Andronicus*; and Mr. Pope, without any reaſon, named *The Winter's Tale*, a play that bears the ſtrongeſt marks of the hand of Shakeſpeare, among thoſe which he ſuppoſed to be ſpurious. Dr. Warburton has fixed a ſtigma on the three parts of *Henry the Sixth*, and ſome others:

Inde Dolabella eſt, atq; hinc Antonius,

and all have been willing to plunder Shakeſpeare, or mix up *a breed of barren metal* with his pureſt ore.

Joſhua Barnes, the editor of Euripides, thought every ſcrap of his author ſo ſacred, that he has preſerved with the name of one of his plays, the only

[3] Locrine, 1595. Sir John Oldcaſtle, 1600. London Prodigal, 1605. Pericles Prince of Tyre, 1609. Puritan, 1600. Thomas Lord Cromwell, 1613. Yorkſhire Tragedy, *no date*.

remaining

remaining word of it. The ſame reaſon indeed might be given in his favour, which cauſed the preſervation of that valuable triſyllable; which is, that it cannot be found in any other place in the Greek language. But this does not ſeem to have been his only motive, as we find he has to the full as carefully publiſhed ſeveral detached and broken ſentences, the gleanings from ſcholiaſts, which have no claim to merit of that kind; and yet the author's works might be reckoned by ſome to be incomplete without them. If then this duty is expected from every editor of a Greek or Roman poet, why is not the ſame inſiſted on in reſpect of an Engliſh claſſick? But if the cuſtom of preſerving all, whether worthy of it or not, be *more honoured in the breach than the obſervance*, the ſuppreſſion at leaſt ſhould not be conſidered as a fault. The publication of ſuch things as Swift had written merely to raiſe a laugh among his friends, has added ſomething to the bulk of his works, but very little to his character as a writer. The four volumes that came out ſince Dr. Hawkeſworth's edition, not to look on them as a tax levied on the publick (which I think one might without injuſtice) contain not more than ſufficient to have made one of real value; and there is a kind of diſingenuity, not to give it a harſher title, in exhibiting what the author never meant ſhould ſee the light; for no motive, but a ſordid one, can betray the ſurvivors to make that publick, which they themſelves muſt be of opinion will be unfavourable to the memory of the dead.

Life does not often receive good unmixed with evil. The benefits of the art of printing are depraved by the facility with which ſcandal may be diffuſed, and ſecrets revealed; and by the temptation by which traffick ſolicits avarice to betray the weakneſſes of paſſion, or the confidence of friendſhip.

I cannot forbear to think theſe poſthumous publications injurious to ſociety. A man conſcious of

literary reputation will grow in time afraid to write with tenderneſs to his ſiſter, or with fondneſs to his child; or to remit on the ſlighteſt occaſion, or moſt preſſing exigence, the rigour of critical choice, and grammatical ſeverity. That eſteem which preſerves his letters, will at laſt produce his diſgrace; when that which he wrote only to his friend or his daughter ſhall be laid open to the publick.

There is perhaps ſufficient evidence, that the plays in queſtion, unequal as they may be to the reſt, were written by Shakeſpeare; but the reaſon generally given for publiſhing the leſs correct pieces of an author, that it affords a more impartial view of a man's talents or way of thinking, than when we only ſee him in form, and prepared for our reception, is not enough to condemn an editor who thinks and practiſes otherwiſe. For what is all this to ſhew, but that every man is more dull at one time than another; a fact which the world would have eaſily admitted, without aſking any proofs in its ſupport that might be deſtructive to an author's reputation.

To conclude; if the work, which this publication was meant to facilitate, has been already performed, the ſatisfaction of knowing it to be ſo may be obtained from hence; if otherwiſe, let thoſe who raiſed expectations of correctneſs, and through negligence defeated them, be juſtly expoſed by future editors, who will now be in poſſeſſion of by far the greateſt part of what they might have enquired after for years to no purpoſe; for in reſpect of ſuch a number of the old quartos as are here exhibited, the firſt folio is a common book. This advantage will at leaſt ariſe, that future editors, having equally recourſe to the ſame copies, can challenge diſtinction and preference only by genius, capacity, induſtry, and learning.

As I have only collected materials for future artiſts, I conſider what I have been doing as no more than an apparatus for their uſe. If the publick is inclined

to

to receive it as ſuch, I am amply rewarded for my trouble; if otherwiſe, I ſhall ſubmit with chearfulneſs to the cenſure which ſhould equitably fall on an injudicious attempt; having this conſolation, however, that my deſign amounted to no more than a deſire to encourage others to think of preſerving the oldeſt editions of the Engliſh writers, which are growing ſcarcer every day; and to afford the world all the aſſiſtance or pleaſure it can receive from the moſt authentick copies extant of its NOBLEST POET.

G. S.

SOME

ACCOUNT of the LIFE, &c.

OF

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Written by Mr. ROWE.

IT ſeems to be a kind of reſpect due to the memory of excellent men, eſpecially of thoſe whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver ſome account of themſelves, as well as their works, to poſterity. For this reaſon, how fond do we ſee ſome people of diſcovering any little perſonal ſtory of the great men of antiquity! their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their ſhape, make, and features have been the ſubject of critical enquiries. How trifling ſoever this curioſity may ſeem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly ſatisfied with an account of any remarkable perſon, till we have heard him deſcribed even to the very cloaths he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may ſometimes conduce to the better underſtanding his book; and though the works of Mr. Shakeſpeare may ſeem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy ſome little account of the man himſelf may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He

He was the ſon of Mr. John Shakeſpeare, and was born at Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickſhire, in April 1564. His family, as appears by the regiſter and publick writings relating to that town, were of good figure and faſhion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a conſiderable dealer in wool, had ſo large a family, ten children in all, that though he was his eldeſt ſon, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for ſome time at a free-ſchool, where, it is probable, he acquired what Latin he was maſter of: but the narrowneſs of his circumſtances, and the want of his aſſiſtance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controverſy, that in his works we ſcarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taſte, and the natural bent of his own great *genius* (equal, if not ſuperior, to ſome of the beſt of theirs) would certainly have led him to read and ſtudy them with ſo much pleaſure, that ſome of their fine images would naturally have inſinuated themſelves into, and been mixed with his own writings; ſo that his not copying at leaſt ſomething from them, may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the ancients were a diſadvantage to him or no, may admit of a diſpute: for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctneſs, might have reſtrained ſome of that fire, impetuoſity, and even beautiful extravagance which we admire in Shakeſpeare: and I believe we are better pleaſed with thoſe thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination ſupplied him ſo abundantly with, than if he had given us the moſt beautiful paſſages out of the Greek and Latin

poets, and that in the moſt agreeable manner that it was poſſible for a maſter of the Engliſh language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving ſchool, he ſeems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father propoſed to him; and in order to ſettle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, ſaid to have been a ſubſtantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of ſettlement he continued for ſome time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it ſeemed at firſt to be a blemiſh upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occaſion of exerting one of the greateſt *genius's* that ever was known in dramatick poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongſt them, ſome that made a frequent practice of deer-ſtealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Cherlecot, near Stratford. For this he was proſecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, ſomewhat too ſeverely; and in order to revenge that ill uſage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the firſt eſſay of his poetry, be loſt, yet it is ſaid to have been ſo very bitter, that it redoubled the proſecution againſt him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his buſineſs and family in Warwickſhire, for ſome time, and ſhelter himſelf in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is ſaid to have made his firſt acquaintance in the playhouſe. He was received into the company then in being, at firſt in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the ſtage, ſoon diſtinguiſhed him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as the

the cuſtom was in thoſe times, amongſt thoſe of the other players, before ſome old plays, but without any particular account of what ſort of parts he uſed to play; and though I have enquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghoſt in his own *Hamlet*. I ſhould have been much more pleaſed, to have learned from ſome certain authority, which was the firſt play he wrote*; it would be without doubt a pleaſure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to ſee and know what was the firſt eſſay of a fancy like Shakeſpeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like thoſe of other authors, among their leaſt perfect writings; art had ſo little, and nature ſo large a ſhare in what he did, that, for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the moſt vigorous, and had the moſt fire and ſtrength of imagination in them, were the beſt. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was ſo looſe and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought, was commonly ſo great, ſo juſtly and rightly conceived in itſelf, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at the firſt ſight. But though the order of time in which the ſeveral pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are paſſages in ſome few of them which ſeem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* at the end of the fourth act of *Henry the Fifth*, by a compliment very handſomely turned to the earl of Eſſex, ſhews the play to have been written when that lord was general for the queen in Ireland: and his elogy upon queen Elizabeth, and her ſucceſſor king James, in the latter end of his *Henry the Eighth*,

* The higheſt date of any I can yet find, is *Romeo and Juliet* in 1590, when the author was 33 years old; and *Richard the Second, and Third*, in the next year, viz. the 34th of his age.

is a proof of that play's being written after the acceſſion of the latter of thoſe two princes to the crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diverſions of this kind, could not but be highly pleaſed to ſee a *genius* ariſe amongſt them of ſo pleaſurable, ſo rich a vein, and ſo plentifully capable of furniſhing their favourite entertainments. Beſides the advantages of his wit, he was in himſelf a good-natured man, of great ſweetneſs in his manners, and a moſt agreeable companion; ſo that it is no wonder, if, with ſo many good qualities, he made himſelf acquainted with the beſt converſations of thoſe times. Queen Elizabeth had ſeveral of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: it is that maiden princeſs plainly, whom he intends by

——— *A fair veſtal, throned by the weſt.*
Midſummer-Night's Dream.

And that whole paſſage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handſomely applied to her. She was ſo well pleaſed with that admirable character of Falſtaff, in *The Two Parts of Henry the Fourth*, that ſhe commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to ſhew him in love. This is ſaid to be the occaſion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. How well ſhe was obeyed, the play itſelf is an admirable proof. Upon this occaſion it may not be improper to obſerve, that this part of Falſtaff is ſaid to have been written originally under the name of [a] *Oldcaſtle*; ſome of that family being then remaining, the queen was pleaſed to command him to alter it; upon which he made uſe of Falſtaff. The preſent

[a] See the Epilogue to *Henry the Fourth.*

offence

offence was indeed avoided; but I do not know whether the author may not have been ſomewhat to blame in his ſecond choice, ſince it is certain that Sir John Falſtaff, who was a knight of the garter, and a lieutenant-general, was a name of diſtinguiſhed merit in the wars in France in Henry the Fifth's and Henry the Sixth's times. What grace ſoever the queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendſhip from the earl of Southampton, famous in the hiſtories of that time for his friendſhip to the unfortunate earl of Eſſex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. There is one inſtance ſo ſingular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakeſpeare's, that if I had not been aſſured that the ſtory was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I ſhould not have ventured to have inſerted, that my lord Southampton at one time gave him a thouſand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchaſe which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almoſt equal to that profuſe generoſity the preſent age has ſhewn to French dancers and Italian ſingers.

What particular habitude or friendſhips he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one, who had a true taſte of merit, and could diſtinguiſh men, had generally a juſt value and eſteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature muſt certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the moſt delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Jonſon began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature; Mr. Jonſon, who was at that time altogether unknown to the

the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the perſons into whoſe hands it was put, after having turned it careleſly and ſuperciliouſly over, were juſt upon returning it to him with an ill-natured anſwer, that it would be of no ſervice to their company; when Shakeſpeare luckily caſt his eye upon it, and found ſomething ſo well in it, as to engage him firſt to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonſon and his writings to the publick. Jonſon was certainly a very good ſcholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakeſpeare; though at the ſame time I believe it muſt be allowed, that what nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occaſion was, I think, very juſt and proper. In a converſation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eaton, and Ben Jonſon; Sir John Suckling, who was a profeſſed admirer of Shakeſpeare, had undertaken his defence againſt Ben Jonſon with ſome warmth; Mr. Hales, who had ſat ſtill for ſome time, told them, *That if Mr. Shakeſpeare had not read the ancients, he had likewiſe not ſtolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one topick finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to ſhew ſomething upon the ſame ſubject at leaſt as well written by Shakeſpeare.*

The latter part of his life was ſpent, as all men of good ſenſe will wiſh theirs may be, in eaſe, retirement, and the converſation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an eſtate equal to his occaſion, and, in that, to his wiſh; and is ſaid to have ſpent ſome years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleaſurable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendſhip of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongſt them, it is a ſtory almoſt ſtill remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe,

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an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and uſury: it happened, that in a pleaſant converſation amongſt their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakeſpeare in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to out-live him; and ſince he could not know what might be ſaid of him when he was dead, he deſired it might be done immediately: upon which Shakeſpeare gave him theſe four verſes.

Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten, his ſoul is not ſav'd:
If any man aſk, Who lies in this tomb?
Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

But the ſharpneſs of the ſatire is ſaid to have ſtung the man ſo ſeverely, that he never forgave it.

He died in the 53d year of his age, and was buried on the north ſide of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument, as engraved in the plate, is placed in the wall. On his grave-ſtone underneath is,

Good friend, for Jeſus' ſake forbear
To dig the duſt incloſed here.
Bleſt be the man that ſpares theſe ſtones,
And curſt be he that moves my bones.

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom ſhe had three ſons, who all died without children; and Suſannah, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a phyſician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married firſt to Thomas Naſh, eſq; and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abbington, but died likewiſe without iſſue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himſelf or family: the character of the man is beſt ſeen in his writings. But ſince Ben Jonſon has made

made a ſort of an eſſay towards it in his *Diſcoveries*, I will give it in his words:

" I remember the players have often mentioned it " as an honour to Shakeſpeare, that in writing (what- " ſoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My " anſwer hath been, *Would he had blotted a thouſand!* " which they thought a malevolent ſpeech. I had " not told poſterity this, but for their ignorance, who " choſe that circumſtance to commend their friend by, " wherein he moſt faulted: and to juſtify mine own " candour, for I loved the man, and do honour his " memory, on this ſide idolatry, as much as any. " He was, indeed, honeſt, and of an open and free " nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and " gentle expreſſions; wherein he flowed with that " facility, that ſometimes it was neceſſary he ſhould " be ſtopped: *Sufflaminandas erat*, as Auguſtus ſaid of " Haterius. His wit was in his own power, would " the rule of it had been ſo too. Many times he fell " into thoſe things which could not eſcape laughter; " as when he ſaid in the perſon of Cæſar, one ſpeak- " ing to him,

" *Cæſar thou doſt me wrong.*

" He replied:

" *Cæſar did never wrong, but with juſt cauſe.*

" And ſuch like, which were ridiculous. But he re- " deemed his vices with his virtues: there was ever " more in him to be praiſed than to be pardoned."

As for the paſſage which he mentions out of Shakeſpeare, there is ſomewhat like it in *Julius Cæſar*, but without the abſurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition that I have ſeen, as quoted by Mr. Jonſon. Beſides his plays in this edition, there are two or three aſcribed to him by Mr. Langbain, which I have never ſeen, and know nothing of. He writ likewiſe *Venus and Adonis*, and *Tarquin and Lucrece*, in ſtanzas,

ſtanzas, which have been printed in a late collection of poems. As to the character given of him by Ben Jonſon, there is a good deal in it: but I believe it may be as well expreſſed by what Horace ſays of the firſt Romans, who wrote tragedy upon the Greek models (or indeed tranſlated them) in his epiſtle to Auguſtus.

——*Naturâ ſublimis & acer,*
Nam ſpirat tragicum ſatis & feliciter audet,
Sed turpem putat in chartis metuitque lituram.

As I have not propoſed to myſelf to enter into a large and complete collection upon Shakeſpeare's works, ſo I will only take the liberty, with all due ſubmiſſion to the judgment of others, to obſerve ſome of thoſe things I have been pleaſed with in looking him over.

His plays are properly to be diſtinguiſhed only into comedies and tragedies. Thoſe which are called hiſtories, and even ſome of his comedies, are really tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy amongſt them. That way of tragi-comedy was the common miſtake of that age, and is indeed become ſo agreeable to the Engliſh taſte, that though the ſeverer criticks among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences ſeem to be better pleaſed with it than with an exact tragedy. *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, are all pure comedy; the reſt, however they are called, have ſomething of both kinds. It is not very eaſy to determine which way of writing he was moſt excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and though they did not then ſtrike at all ranks of people, as the ſatire of the preſent age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleaſing and a well-diſtinguiſhed variety in thoſe characters which he thought fit to meddle with. Falſtaff is allowed by every body to be a maſter-piece; the character is always well ſuſtained, though drawn

out

out into the length of three plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs. Quickly, in the firſt act of *Henry the Fifth*, though it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that though he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in ſhort every way vicious, yet he has given him ſo much wit as to make him almoſt too agreeable; and I do not know whether ſome people have not, in remembrance of the diverſion he had formerly afforded them, been ſorry to ſee his friend Hal uſe him ſo ſcurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*. Amongſt other extravagancies, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor* he has made him a deer-ſtealer, that he might at the ſame time remember his Warwickſhire proſecutor, under the name of Juſtice Shallow; he has given him very near the ſame coat of arms which Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of that county, deſcribes for a family there, and makes the Welſh parſon deſcant very pleaſantly upon them. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well oppoſed; the main deſign, which is to cure Ford of his unreaſonable jealouſy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth-Night* there is ſomething ſingularly ridiculous and pleaſant in the fantaſtical ſteward Malvolio. The paraſite and the vain-glorious in Parolles, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*. Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The converſation of Benedict and Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and of Roſalind in *As you like it*, have much wit and ſprightlineſs all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: and, I believe, Therſites in *Troilus and Creſſida*, and Apemantus in *Timon*, will be allowed to be maſter-pieces

of

of ill-nature, and ſatirical ſnarling. To theſe I might add, that incomparable character of Shylock the Jew, in *The Merchant of Venice*; but though we have ſeen that play received and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew performed by an excellent comedian, yet I cannot but think it was deſigned tragically by the author. There appears in it a deadly ſpirit of revenge, ſuch a ſavage fierceneſs and fellneſs, and ſuch a bloody deſignation of cruelty and miſchief, as cannot agree either with the ſtile or characters of comedy. The play itſelf, take it altogether, ſeems to me to be one of the moſt finiſhed of any of Shakeſpeare's. The tale indeed, in that part relating to the caſkets, and the extravagant and unuſual kind of bond given by Antonio, is too much removed from the rules of probability; but taking the fact for granted, we muſt allow it to be very beautifully written. There is ſomething in the friendſhip of Antonio to Baſſanio very great, generous, and tender. The whole fourth act (ſuppoſing, as I ſaid, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two paſſages that deſerve a particular notice. The firſt is, what Portia ſays in praiſe of mercy, and the other on the power of muſick. The melancholy of Jaques, in *As you like it*, is as ſingular and odd as it is diverting. And if, what Horace ſays,

Difficile eſt proprie communia dicere,

It will be a hard taſk for any one to go beyond him in the deſcription of the ſeveral degrees and ages of man's life, though the thought be old, and common enough.

——All the world is a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being ſeven ages. Firſt the infant

Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
And then, the whining ſchool-boy with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning-face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then the lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then a ſoldier
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then the juſtice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances;
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe, well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again tow'rd childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.
Vol. II. p. 203.

His images are indeed every where ſo lively, that the thing he would repreſent ſtands full before you, and you poſſeſs every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as ſtrong and as uncommon as any thing I ever ſaw; it is an image of patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he ſays,

———*She never told her love,*
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek: ſhe pin'd in thought,
And ſat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

What

What an image is here given! and what a taſk would it have been for the greateſt maſters of Greece and Rome to have expreſſed the paſſions deſigned by this ſketch of ſtatuary! The ſtile of his comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and eaſy in itſelf; and the wit moſt commonly ſprightly and pleaſing, except in thoſe places where he runs into doggerel rhimes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and ſome other plays. As for his jingling ſometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in: and if we find it in the pulpit, made uſe of as an ornament to the ſermons of ſome of the graveſt divines of thoſe times; perhaps it may not be thought too light for the ſtage.

But certainly the greatneſs of this author's genius does no where ſo much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire looſe, and raiſes his fancy to a flight above mankind, and the limits of the viſible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempeſt*, *Midſummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of theſe, *The Tempeſt*, however it comes to be placed the firſt by the publiſhers of his works, can never have been the firſt written by him: it ſeems to me as perfect in its kind, as almoſt any thing we have of his. One may obſerve, that the unities are kept here, with an exactneſs uncommon to the liberties of his writing; though that was what, I ſuppoſe, he valued himſelf leaſt upon, ſince his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very ſenſible that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeneſs to truth which ought to be obſerved in theſe ſort of writings; yet he does it ſo very finely, that one is eaſily drawn in to have more faith for his ſake, than reaſon does well allow of. His magick has ſomething in it very ſolemn and very poetical: and that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well ſuſtained, ſhews a wonderful invention in the author, who could ſtrike out ſuch a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the

fineſt and moſt uncommon groteſques that was ever ſeen. The obſervation, which I have been informed [4] three very great men concurred in making upon this part, was extremely juſt; *That Shakeſpeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had alſo deviſed and adapted a new manner of language for that character.*

It is the ſame magick that raiſes the Fairies in *Midſummer Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghoſt in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language ſo proper to the parts they ſuſtain, and ſo peculiar to the talent of this writer. But of the two laſt of theſe plays I ſhall have occaſion to take notice, among the tragedies of Mr. Shakeſpeare. If one undertook to examine the greateſt part of theſe by thoſe rules which are eſtabliſhed by Ariſtotle, and taken from the model of a Grecian ſtage, it would be no very hard taſk to find a great many faults; but as Shakeſpeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of thoſe written precepts, ſo it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to conſider him as a man that lived in a ſtate of almoſt univerſal licence and ignorance: there was no eſtabliſhed judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one conſiders, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the preſent ſtage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he ſhould advance dramatick poetry ſo far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the firſt, among thoſe that are reckoned the conſtituent parts of a tragick or heroick poem; not, perhaps, as it is the moſt difficult or beautiful, but as it is the firſt properly to be thought of in the contrivance and courſe of the whole; and with the fable ought to

[4] Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden.

be

be conſidered the fit diſpoſition, order, and conduct of its ſeveral parts. As it is not in this province of the *drama* that the ſtrength and maſtery of Shakeſpeare lay, ſo I ſhall not undertake the tedious and ill-natured trouble to point out the ſeveral faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were ſeldom invented, but rather taken either from true hiſtory, or novels and romances: and he commonly made uſe of them in that order, with thoſe incidents, and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. Almoſt all his hiſtorical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and diſtinct places: and in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the ſcene travels over the greateſt part of the Roman empire. But in recompence for his careleſſneſs in this point, when he comes to another part of the *drama*, *The manners of his characters, in acting or ſpeaking what is proper for them, and fit to be ſhewn by the poet*, he may be generally juſtified, and in very many places greatly commended. For thoſe plays which he has taken from the Engliſh or Roman hiſtory, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the hiſtorian. He ſeems indeed ſo far from propoſing to himſelf any one action for a ſubject, that the title very often tells you, it is *The Life of King John, King Richard*, &c. What can be more agreeable to the idea our hiſtorians give of *Henry the Sixth*, than the picture Shakeſpeare has drawn of him! His manners are every where exactly the ſame with the ſtory; one finds him ſtill deſcribed with ſimplicity, paſſive ſanctity, want of courage, weakneſs of mind, and eaſy ſubmiſſion to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction: though at the ſame time the poet does juſtice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by ſhewing him pious, diſintereſted, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly reſigned to the ſevereſt diſpenſations of God's providence.

There is a ſhort ſcene in the *Second Part of Henry the Sixth*, which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the Duke of Glouceſter, is ſhewn in the laſt agonies on his death-bed, with the good king praying over him. There is ſo much terror in one, ſo much tenderneſs and moving piety in the other, as muſt touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry the Eighth*, that prince is drawn with that greatneſs of mind, and all thoſe good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not ſhewn in an equal degree, and the ſhades in this picture do not bear a juſt proportion to the lights, it is not that the artiſt wanted either colours or ſkill in the diſpoſition of them; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to queen Elizabeth, ſince it could have been no very great reſpect to the memory of his miſtreſs, to have expoſed ſome certain parts of her father's life upon the ſtage. He has dealt much more freely with the miniſter of that great king, and certainly nothing was ever more juſtly written, than the character of Cardinal Wolſey. He has ſhewn him inſolent in his proſperity; and yet, by a wonderful addreſs, he makes his fall and ruin the ſubject of general compaſſion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly deſcribed in the ſecond ſcene of the fourth act. The diſtreſſes likewiſe of Queen Catharine, in this play, are very movingly touched; and though the art of the poet has ſcreened King Henry from any groſs imputation of injuſtice, yet one is inclined to wiſh, the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the manners, proper to the perſons repreſented, leſs juſtly obſerved, in thoſe characters taken from the Roman hiſtory; and of this, the fierceneſs and impatience of Coriolanus, his courage and diſdain of the common people, the virtue and philoſophical temper of Brutus, and

and the irregular greatneſs of mind in M. Antony, are beautiful proofs. For the two laſt eſpecially, you find them exactly as they are deſcribed by Plutarch, from whom certainly Shakeſpeare copied them. He has indeed followed his original pretty cloſe, and taken in ſeveral little incidents that might have been ſpared in a play. But, as I hinted before, his deſign ſeems moſt commonly rather to deſcribe thoſe great men in the ſeveral fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any ſingle great action, and form his work ſimply upon that. However, there are ſome of his pieces, where the fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more eſpecially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The deſign in *Romeo and Juliet* is plainly the puniſhment of their two families, for the unreaſonable feuds and animoſities that had been ſo long kept up between them, and occaſioned the effuſion of ſo much blood. In the management of this ſtory, he has ſhewn ſomething wonderfully tender and paſſionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the diſtreſs. *Hamlet* is founded on much the ſame tale with the *Electra of Sophocles*. In each of them a young prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers are equally guilty, are both concerned in the murder of their huſbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the firſt part of the Greek tragedy ſomething very moving in the grief of Electra; but, as Mr. Dacier has obſerved, there is ſomething very unnatural and ſhocking in the manners he has given that Princeſs and Oreſtes in the latter part. Oreſtes embrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is performed, though not immediately upon the ſtage, yet ſo near, that the audience hear Clytemneſtra crying out to Ægyſthus for help, and to her ſon for mercy: while Electra her daughter, and a Princeſs (both of them characters that ought to have appeared with more decency) ſtands upon the ſtage, and encourages

her brother in the parricide. What horror does this not raiſe! Clytemneſtra was a wicked woman, and had deſerved to die; nay, in the truth of the ſtory, ſhe was killed by her own ſon; but to repreſent an action of this kind on the ſtage, is certainly an offence againſt thoſe rules of manners proper to the perſons, that ought to be obſerved there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of Shakeſpeare. Hamlet is repreſented with the ſame piety towards his father, and reſolution to revenge his death, as Oreſtes; he has the ſame abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by inceſt: but it is with wonderful art and juſtneſs of judgment, that the poet reſtrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghoſt forbid that part of his vengeance:

But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her.

This is to diſtinguiſh rightly between *horror* and *terror*. The latter is a proper paſſion of tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatick writer ever ſucceeded better in raiſing *terror* in the minds of an audience than Shakeſpeare has done. The whole tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more eſpecially the ſcene where the King is murdered, in the ſecond act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly ſpirit with which he writ; and both ſhew how powerful he was, in giving the ſtrongeſt motions to our ſouls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have ſeen this maſter-piece of Shakeſpeare diſtinguiſh itſelf upon the ſtage, by

Mr.

Mr. Betterton's fine performance of that part. A man, who, though he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, muſt have made his way into the eſteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with Shakeſpeare's manner of expreſſion, and indeed he has ſtudied him ſo well, and is ſo much a maſter of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpoſe for him, and that the author had exactly conceived it as he plays it. I muſt own a particular obligation to him, for the moſt conſiderable part of the paſſages relating to this life, which I have here tranſmitted to the publick; his veneration for the memory of Shakeſpeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickſhire, on purpoſe to gather up what remains he could, of a name for which he had ſo great a veneration.

The following Inſtrument was tranſmitted to us by John Anſtis, Eſq; Garter King at Arms: It is mark'd G. 13. p. 349.

[*There is alſo a Manuſcript in the Heralds Office, mark'd* W. 2. p. 276; *where Notice is taken of this Coat, and that the Perſon, to whom it was granted, had borne Magiſtracy at Stratford upon Avon.*]

TO all and ſingular noble and gentlemen of all eſtates and degrees, bearing arms, to whom theſe preſents ſhall come; William Dethick, Garter Principal King of Arms of England, and William Camden, alias Clarencieulx, King of Arms for the ſouth, eaſt, and weſt parts of this realm, ſend greetings. Know ye, that in all nations and kingdoms the record and remembrance of the valiant facts and virtuous diſpoſitions of worthy men have been made known and divulged by certain ſhields of arms and tokens of chivalrie; the grant or teſtimony whereof appertaineth unto us, by virtue of our offices from the Queen's moſt Excellent Majeſty, and her Highneſs's moſt noble and victorious progenitors: wherefore being ſolicited, and by credible report informed, that John Shakeſpere, now of Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman, whoſe great grandfather, for his faithful and approved ſervice to the late moſt prudent prince, king Henry VII. of famous memory, was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements, given to him in thoſe parts of Warwickſhire, where they have continued by ſome deſcents in good reputation and credit; and for that the ſaid John Shakeſpere having married the daughter and one of the heirs of Robert Arden of Wellingcote, in the ſaid county, and alſo produced this his ancient coat of arms, heretofore aſſigned to him whilſt he

was

was her majeſty's officer and bailiff of that town, In conſideration of the premiſes, and for the encouragement of his poſterity, unto whom ſuch blazon of arms and atchievements of inheritance from their ſaid mother, by the ancient cuſtom and laws of arms, may lawfully deſcend; we the ſaid Garter and Clarencieulx have aſſigned, granted, and confirmed, and by theſe preſents exemplified unto the ſaid John Shakeſpere, and to his poſterity, that ſhield and coat of arms, *viz. In a field of gold upon a bend ſables a ſpear of the firſt, the point upward, headed argent*; and for his creſt or cogniſance, *A falcon, or, with his wings diſplayed, ſtanding on a wreathe of his colours, ſupporting a ſpear armed headed, or ſteeled ſilver*, fixed upon an helmet with mantles and taſſels, as more plainly may appear depicted in this margent; and we have likewiſe impaled the ſame with the ancient arms of the ſaid Arden of Wellingcote; ſignifying thereby, that it may and ſhall be lawful for the ſaid John Shakeſpere, gent. to bear and uſe the ſame ſhield of arms, ſingle or impaled, as aforeſaid, during his natural life; and that it ſhall be lawful for his children, iſſue, and poſterity, lawfully begotten, to bear, uſe, and quarter, and ſhew forth the ſame, with their due differences, in all lawful warlike feats and civil uſe or exerciſes, according to the laws of arms, and cuſtom that to gentlemen belongeth, without let or interruption of any perſon or perſons, for uſe or bearing the ſame. In witneſs and teſtimony whereof we have ſubſcribed our names, and faſtened the ſeals of our offices. Given at the office of arms, London, the day of in the forty-ſecond year of the reign of our moſt gracious ſovereign lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God, queen of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. 1599.

SHAKE,

SHAKESPEARE's WILL,

Extracted from the Regiſtry of the Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

Viceſimo quinto die Martii Anno Regni Domini noſtri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto & Scotiæ quadrageſimo nono. Anno Domini 1616.

IN the name of God, Amen. I William Shakeſpeare of Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent. in perfect health and memory (God be praiſed) do make and ordain this my laſt will and teſtament in manner and form following; that is to ſay:

Firſt, I commend my ſoul into the hands of God my creator, hoping, and aſſuredly believing, through the only merits of Jeſus Chriſt my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlaſting; and my body to the earth whereof that is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful Engliſh money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to ſay, one hundred pounds in diſcharge of her marriage portion within one year after my deceaſe, with conſiderations after the rate of two ſhillings in the pound for ſo long time as the ſame ſhall be unpaid unto her after my deceaſe; and the fifty pounds reſidue thereof, upon her ſurrendering of or giving of ſuch ſufficient ſecurity as the overſeers of this my will ſhall like of, to ſurrender or grant all her eſtate and right that ſhall deſcend or come unto her after my deceaſe, or that ſhe now hath of, in, or to one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford upon Avon aforeſaid, in the ſaid county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor

manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Sufannah Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my ſaid daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if ſhe, or any iſſue of her body, be living at the end of three years next enſuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her conſideration from my deceaſe according to the rate aforeſaid: and if ſhe die within the ſaid term without iſſue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be ſet forth by my executors during the life of my ſiſter Joan Harte, and the uſe and profit thereof coming, ſhall be paid to my ſaid ſiſter Joan, and after her deceaſe the fifty pounds ſhall remain amongſt the children of my ſaid ſiſter, equally to be divided amongſt them; but if my ſaid daughter Judith be living at the end of the ſaid three years, or any iſſue of her body, then my will is, and ſo I deviſe and bequeath the ſaid hundred and fifty pounds to be ſet out by my executors and overſeers for the beſt benefit of her and her iſſue, and the ſtock not to be paid unto her ſo long as ſhe ſhall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that ſhe ſhall have the conſideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her deceaſe the ſaid ſtock and conſideration to be paid to her children, if ſhe have any, and if not, to her executors and aſſigns, ſhe living the ſaid term after my deceaſe; provided that if ſuch huſband as ſhe ſhall at the end of the ſaid three years be married unto, or at and after, do ſufficiently aſſure unto her, and the iſſue of her body, land anſwerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged ſo by my executors and overſeers, then my will is, that the ſaid hundred and fifty pounds ſhall be paid to ſuch huſband as ſhall make ſuch aſſurance, to his own uſe.

Item,

Item, I give and bequeath unto my ſaid ſiſter Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my deceaſe; and I do will and deviſe unto her the houſe, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein ſhe dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly value of twelve pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three ſons, William Hart, ——Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my deceaſe.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the ſaid Elizabeth Hall all my plate that I now have, except my broad ſilver and gilt boxes, at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforeſaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe my ſword; to Thomas Ruſſel, eſq; five pounds; and to Francis Collins of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent. thirteen pounds ſix ſhillings and eight pence, to be paid within one year after my deceaſe.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet Sadler twenty-ſix ſhillings eight pence to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent. twenty-ſix ſhillings eight pence to buy him a ring; to my godſon William Walker twenty ſhillings in gold; to Anthony Naſh, gent. twenty-ſix ſhillings eight pence; and to Mr. John Naſh twenty-ſix ſhillings eight pence; and to my fellows John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell twenty-ſix ſhillings eight pence apiece to buy the rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and deviſe unto my daughter Suſannah Hall, for the better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital meſſuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforeſaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two meſſuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, ſituate,

ate, lying, and being in Henley-ſtreet, within the borough of Stratford aforeſaid; and all my barns, ſtables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatſoever, ſituate, lying, and being, or to be had, reſerved, preſerved, or taken within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford upon Avon, Old Stratford, Buſhaxton, and Welcombe, or in any of them, in the ſaid county of Warwick; and alſo all that meſſuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinſon dwelleth, ſituate, lying, and being in the Black-Friers in London near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatſoever; to have and to hold all and ſingular the ſaid premiſes, with their appurtenances, unto the ſaid Suſannah Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her deceaſe to the firſt ſon of her body lawfully iſſuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the ſaid firſt ſon lawfully iſſuing; and for default of ſuch iſſue, to the ſecond ſon of her body lawfully iſſuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the ſaid ſecond ſon lawfully iſſuing; and for default of ſuch heirs to the third ſon of the body of the ſaid Suſannah lawfully iſſuing, and of the heirs males of the body of the ſaid third ſon lawfully iſſuing; and for default of ſuch iſſue, the ſame to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh ſons of her body, lawfully iſſuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the ſaid fourth, fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh ſons lawfully iſſuing, in ſuch manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the firſt, ſecond, and third ſons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of ſuch iſſue, the ſaid premiſes to be and remain to my ſaid niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully iſſuing; and for default of ſuch iſſue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully iſſuing; and for default of ſuch iſſue, to the right

right heirs of me the ſaid William Shakeſpeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my brown beſt bed with the furniture.

Item, I give and bequeath to my ſaid daughter Judith my broad ſilver gilt bole. All the reſt of my goods, chattels, leaſes, plate, jewels, and houſhold-ſtuff whatſoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expences diſcharged, I give, deviſe, and bequeath to my ſon-in-law John Hall, gent. and my daughter Suſannah his wife, who I ordain and make executors of this my laſt will and teſtament. And I do intreat and appoint the ſaid Thomas Ruſſel, eſq; and Francis Collins, gent. to be overſeers hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and publiſh this to be my laſt will and teſtament. In witneſs whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year firſt above-written, by me

William Shakeſpeare.

Witneſs to the Publiſhing hereof,

Fra. Collins,
Julius Shaw,
John Robinſon,
Hamlett Sadler,
Robert Whattcott.

Probatum coram Magiſtro William Byrde, Legum Doctore Commiſſario, &c. viceſimo ſecundo die menſis Junii, Anno Domini 1616. *Juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. et cui, &c. de bene et Jurat Reſervata poteſtate et Suſannæ Hall alt. ex. &c. cu vendit, &c. petitur.*

To the foregoing Accounts of SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE, *I have only one Paſſage to add, which Mr. Pope related, as communicated to him by Mr. Rowe.*

IN the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in uſe, thoſe who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horſeback to any diſtant buſineſs or diverſion. Many came on horſeback to the play, and when Shakeſpeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal proſecution, his firſt expedient was to wait at the door of the play-houſe, and hold the horſes of thoſe that had no ſervants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became ſo conſpicuous for his care and readineſs, that in a ſhort time every man as he alighted called for Will. Shakeſpeare, and ſcarcely any other waiter was truſted with a horſe while Will. Shakeſpeare could be had. This was the firſt dawn of better fortune. Shakeſpeare, finding more horſes put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inſpection, who, when Will. Shakeſpeare was ſummoned, were immediately to preſent themſelves, *I am Shakeſpeare's boy, Sir.* In time Shakeſpeare found higher employment; but as long as the practice of riding to the play-houſe continued, the waiters that held the horſes retained the appellation of, *Shakeſpeare's boys.*

JOHNSON.

† Baptiſms, Marriages, and Burials of the Shakeſpeare family; tranſcribed from the Regiſter-book of the Pariſh of Stratford upon Avon, Warwickſhire.

[1] JONE, daughter of John Shakſpere, was baptized Sept. 15, 1558.

Margaret, daughter of John Shakſpere, was buried April 30, 1563.

[2] WILLIAM, ſon of John Shakſpere, was baptized April 26, 1564.

Gilbert, ſon of John Shakſpere, was baptized Oct. 13, 1566.

[3] Jone, daughter of John Shakſpere, was baptized Apr. 15, 1569.

Anne, daughter of Mr. John Shakſpere, was baptized Sept. 28, 1571.

Richard, ſon of Mr. John Shakſpere, was baptized March 11, 1573.

Anne, daughter of Mr. John Shakſpere, was buried April 4, 1579.

Edmund, ſon of Mr. John Shakſpere, was baptized May 3, 1580.

Elizabeth, daughter of Anthony Shakſpere, of Hampton, was baptized Feb. 10, 1583.

Suſanna, daughter of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, was baptized May 26, 1583.

[4] Samuel and Judith, ſon and daughter of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, were baptized Feb. 2, 1584.

John Shakſpere and Margery Roberts were married Nov. 25, 1584.

Margery, wife of John Shakſpere, was buried Oct. 29, 1587.

Urſula, daughter of John Shakſpere, was baptized March 11, 1588.

Thomas Greene, alias Shakſpere, was buried March 6, 1589.

† With this extract from the regiſter of Stratford, I was favoured by the Hon. James Weſt, eſq. STEEVENS.

[1] She married the anceſtor of the Harts of Stratford.

[2] Born April 23, 1564.

[3] This ſeems to be a grandaughter of the firſt John.

[4] This Samuel, only ſon of the poet, died aged 12.

Humphrey,

Baptiſms, Marriages, Burials, &c.

Humphrey, ſon of John Shakſpere, was baptized May 24, 1590.

Philip, ſon of John Shakſpere, was baptized Sept. 21, 1591.

Samuel, ſon of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, was buried Aug. 11, 1596.

Mr. John Shakſpere was buried Sept. 8, 1601.

* John Hall, gent. and Suſanna Shakſpere were married June 5, 1607.

Mary Shakſpere, widow, was buried Sept. 9, 1608.

Gilbert Shakſpere, adoleſcens, was buried Feb. 3, 1611.

Richard Shakſpere was buried Feb. 4, 1612.

‡ Thomas Queeny and § Judith Shakſpere were married Feb. 10, 1616.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE ‖, gentleman, was buried April 25, 1616.

Mrs. Shakſpere was buried Aug. 6, 1623.

* This gentleman was a phyſician: he married the poet's eldeſt daughter.

§ Judith was the poet's youngeſt daughter.

‡ As Shakeſpeare the poet married his wife from Shottery, a village near Stratford, poſſibly he might become poſſeſſor of a remarkable *houſe* there, as part of her portion; and jointly with his wife convey it as part of their daughter Judith's portion to Thomas Queeny. It is certain that one Queeny, an elderly gentleman, ſold it to —— Harvey, eſq; of Stockton, near Southam, Warwickſhire, father of John Harvey Thurſby, eſq; of Abington, near Northampton; and that the aforeſaid Harvey ſold it again to Samuel Tyler, eſq; whoſe ſiſters, as his heirs, now enjoy it.

‖ Died the 23d.

The poet's widow.

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and his Works.

SPectator, this life's ſhadow is;—to ſee
The truer image, and a livelier he,
Turn reader: but obſerve his comick vein,
Laugh; and proceed next to a tragick ſtrain,
Then weep: ſo,—when thou find'ſt two contraries,
Two different paſſions, from thy rapt ſoul riſe,—
Say, (who alone effect ſuch wonders could)
Rare Shakeſpeare to the life thou dſt behold.

To the Reader.

This figure, that thou here ſee'ſt put,
It was for gentle Shakeſpeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a ſtriſe
With nature, to out-do the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in braſs, as he hath hit
His face; the print would then ſurpaſs
All, that was ever writ in braſs:
But, ſince he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book. B. J.

To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, Shakeſpeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;
While I confeſs thy writings to be ſuch,
As neither man, nor muſe, can praiſe too much;
'Tis true, and all men's ſuffrage. but theſe ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praiſe:

For

For ſeelieſt ignorance on theſe may light,
Which, when it ſounds at beſt, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praiſe,
And think to ruin where it ſeem'd to raiſe:
Theſe are as ſome infamous bawd, or whore,
Should praiſe a matron; what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof againſt them; and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need:
I, therefore, will begin:—Soul of the age,
The applauſe, delight, the wonder of our ſtage,
My Shakeſpeare, riſe! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spencer; or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument, without a tomb;
And art alive ſtill, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praiſe to give.
That I not mix thee ſo, my brain excuſes;
I mean, with great but diſproportion'd muſes:
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I ſhould commit thee ſurely with thy peers;
And tell—how far thou didſt our Lilly outſhine,
Or ſporting Kyd, or Marlow's mighty line.
And though thou hadſt ſmall Latin, and leſs Greek,—
From thence to honour thee, I would not ſeek
For names; but call forth thundring Æſchylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead;
To live again, to hear thy buſkin tread
And ſhake a ſtage: or, when thy ſocks were on,
Leave thee alone; for the compariſon
Of all, that inſolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
Sent forth, or ſince did from their aſhes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou haſt one to ſhow,
To whom all ſcenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time;
And all the muſes ſtill were in their prime,

When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herſelf was proud of his deſigns,
And joy'd to wear the dreſſing of his lines;
Which were ſo richly ſpun, and woven ſo fit,
As, ſince, ſhe will vouchſafe no other wit:
The merry Greek, tart Ariſtophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not pleaſe;
But antiquated and deſerted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet muſt I not give nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakeſpeare, muſt enjoy a part:—
For, though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the faſhion: and that he,
Who caſts to write a living line, muſt ſweat,
(Such as thine are) and ſtrike a ſecond heat
Upon the Muſes' anvil; turn the ſame,
(And himſelf with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a ſcorn,—
For a good poet's made, as well as born:
And ſuch wert thou: Look, how the father's face
Lives in his iſſue; even ſo the race
Of Shakeſpeare's mind, and manners, brightly ſhines
In his well-torned and true-filed lines;
In each of which he ſeems to ſhake a lance,
As brandiſh'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet ſwan of Avon, what a ſight it were,—
To ſee thee in our waters yet appear;
And make thoſe flights upon the banks of Thames,
That ſo did take Eliza, and our James!
But ſtay; I ſee thee in the hemiſphere
Advanc'd, and made a conſtellation there:—
Shine forth, thou ſtar of poets; and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping ſtage;
Which, ſince thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And deſpairs day, but by thy volume's light!

BEN JONSON.

Upon

POEMS upon the AUTHOR.

Upon the Lines, and Life, of the famous Scenick Poet, Maſter WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Thoſe hands, which you ſo clapt, go now and wring,
You Britains brave; for done are Shakeſpeare's days;
His days are done, that made the dainty plays,
Which made the globe of heaven and earth to ring:
Dry'd is that vein, dry'd is the Theſpian ſpring,
Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays;
That corpſe, that coffin, now beſtick thoſe bays,
Which crown'd him poet firſt, then poets' king.
If tragedies might any prologue have,
All thoſe he made would ſcarce make one to this;
Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave,
(Death's publick tyring-houſe) the Nuntius is:
For, though his line of life went ſoon about,
The life yet of his lines ſhall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

To the Memory of the deceaſed Author, Maſter W. SHAKESPEARE.

Shakeſpeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive
Thy tomb, thy name muſt: when that ſtone is rent,
And time diſſolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive ſhall view thee ſtill; this book,
When braſs and marble fade, ſhall make thee look
Freſh to all ages; when poſterity
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakeſpeare's, every line, each verſe,
Here ſhall revive, redeem thee from thy herſe.
Nor fire, nor cank'ring age—as Naſo ſaid
Of his,—thy wit-fraught book ſhall once invade:
Nor ſhall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
Though miſt, until our bankrout ſtage be ſped

(Impoſſible) with ſome new ſtrain to out-do
Paſſions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a ſcene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-ſword parlying Romans ſpake:
Till theſe, till any of thy volume's reſt,
Shall with more fire more feeling be expreſs'd,
Be ſure, our Shakeſpeare, thou canſt never die,
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

L. DIGGES.

To the Memory of Maſter W. SHAKESPEARE.

We wonder'd, Shakeſpeare, that thou went'ſt ſo ſoon
From the world's ſtage to the grave's tyring-room:
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy ſpectators, that thou went'ſt but forth
To enter with applauſe: an actor's art
Can die, and live to act a ſecond part;
That's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudite.

J. M.

On worthy Maſter SHAKESPEARE, and his Poems.

A mind reflecting ages paſt, whoſe clear
And equal ſurface can make things appear,
Diſtant a thouſand years, and repreſent
Them in their lively colours, juſt extent:
To outrun haſty time, retrieve the fates,
Rowl back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethe, where confuſed lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:
In that deep duſky dungeon, to diſcern
A royal ghoſt from churls; by art to learn
The phyſiognomy of ſhades, and give
Them ſuddon birth, wond'ring how oft they live;

What

What ſtory coldly tells, what poets feign
At ſecond hand, and picture without brain,
Senſeleſs and ſoul-leſs ſhews: to give a ſtage,—
Ample, and true with life,—voice, action, age,
As Plato's year, and new ſcene of the world,
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:
To raiſe our ancient ſovereigns from their herſe,
Make kings his ſubjects; by exchanging verſe
Enlive their pale trunks, that the preſent age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage:
Yet ſo to temper paſſion, that our ears
Take pleaſure in their pain, and eyes in tears
Both ſmile and weep; fearful at plots ſo ſad,
Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is falſe, pleas'd in that ruth
At which we ſtart, and, by elaborate play,
Tortur'd and tickl'd; by a crab-like way
Time paſt made paſtime, and in ugly ſort
Diſgorging up his ravin for our ſport:—
—While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by ſecret engines; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love;
To ſtrike up and ſtroak down, both joy and ire;
To ſteer the affections; and by heavenly fire
Mold us anew, ſtoln from ourſelves:—
This,—and much more, which cannot be expreſs'd
But by himſelf, his tongue, and his own breaſt,—
Was Shakeſpeare's freehold; which his cunning brain
Improv'd by favour of the nine-fold train;—
The buſkin'd muſe, the comick queen, the grand
And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The ſilver-voiced lady, the moſt fair
Calliope, whoſe ſpeaking ſilence daunts,
And ſhe whoſe praiſe the heavenly body chants.

Theſe

Theſe jointly woo'd him, envying one another;—
Obey'd by all as ſpouſe, but lov'd as brother;—
And wrought a curious robe, of ſable grave,
Freſh green, and pleaſant yellow, red moſt brave,
And conſtant blue, rich purple, guiltleſs white,
The lowly ruſſet, and the ſcarlet bright:
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted ſpring;
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each ſtring
Of golden wire, each line of ſilk: there run
Italian works, whoſe thread the ſiſters ſpun;
And there did ſing, or ſeem to ſing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice:
Here hangs a moſſy rock; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, purled: not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn;
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the muſes know,
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortal garments pent,—death may deſtroy,
They ſay, his body; but his verſe ſhall live,
And more than nature takes our hands ſhall give:
In a leſs volume, but more ſtrongly bound,
Shakeſpeare ſhall breathe and ſpeak; with laurel crown'd,
Which never fades; fed with ambroſial meat;
In a well-lined veſture, rich, and neat:
So with this robe they cloath him, bid him wear it;
For time ſhall never ſtain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly Admirer of his Endowments,

J. M. S.

An

POEMS upon the AUTHOR.

An Epitaph on the admirable dramatick Poet, W. SHAKESPEARE.

What needs, my Shakeſpeare, for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled ſtones;
Or that his hallow'd reliques ſhould be hid
Under a ſtar-ypointing pyramid?
Dear ſon of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak witneſs of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and aſtoniſhment,
Haſt built thyſelf a live-long monument:
For whilſt, to the ſhame of ſlow-endeavouring art,
Thy eaſy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book,
Thoſe Delphick lines with deep impreſſion took;
Then thou, our fancy of itſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, ſo ſepulcher'd, in ſuch pomp doſt lie,
That kings, for ſuch a tomb, would wiſh to die.

JOHN MILTON.

A LIST OF THE OLD EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE's PLAYS.

Thoſe in Quarto marked with Aſteriſks are in no former Tables. I know no one who has ſeen thoſe in the Italick Characters, but find them in Mr. Pope's and Mr. Theobald's Liſts, and in Dr. Warburton's, which is compiled from them.

I.
1. Midſummer Night's Dream, William Shakeſpeare, 1600.
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1600, James Roberts.

II.
1. Merry Wives of Windſor, William Shakeſpeare, 1602. T. C. for Arthur Johnſon.
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1619, for D°.
3. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1630, T. H. for R. Meighen.

III.
Much Ado about Nothing, William Shakeſpeare, 1600, V. S. for Andrew Wiſe and William Aſpley.

IV.
1. Merchant of Venice, William Shakeſpeare, 1600. J. K. for Thomas Heyes.
2. W. Shakeſpeare, 1600, J. Roberts.
3. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1637, M. P. for Laurence Hayes.
4. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1652, for William Leake.

V.
1. *Love's Labour Loſt, William Shakeſpeare, 1598, W. W. for Cuthbert Burley.*
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1631, W. S. for John Smethwicke.

VI.
1. *Taming of the Shrew, 1607, V. S. for Nich. Ling.*
2. D°. Will. Shakeſpeare, 1631, W. S. for John Smethwicke.

VII.
1. King Lear, William Shakeſpeare, 1608, for Nathaniel Butter.
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1608, for D°.
3. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1655, Jane Bell.

VIII.
1. King John, 2 Parts, 1591, *for Sampſon Clarke.*
2. D°. W. Sh. 1611, Valentine Simmes, for John Helme.
3. D°. W. Shakeſpeare, 1622, Aug. Mathewes, for Thomas Dewe.

IX.
1. Richard II. William Shakeſpeare, 1598, Valentine Simmes, for Andrew Wiſe.
2. *Do. W. Shakeſpeare, 1608, W. W. for Mathew Law.*
3. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1615, for Mathew Law.
4. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1634, John Norton.

X.
1. Henry IV. Firſt Part, 1598, P. S. for Andrew Wiſe.
2. D°. W. Shakeſpeare, 1599, S. S. for D°.
3. *Do.* 1604.
4. *Do.* 1608, *for Mathew Law.*
5. D°. W. Shakeſpeare, 1613, W. W. for D°.
6. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1622, T. P. ſold by D°.
7. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1632, John Norton, ſold by William Sheares.
8. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1639, John Norton, ſold by Hugh Perry.

XI.
Henry IV. Second Part, William Shakeſpeare, 1600, V. S. for Andrew Wiſe and William Aſpley.
D°. 1600. D°.

XII. 1. *Henry*

XII. 1. *Henry V.* 1600. *Tho. Crede, for T. Millington.*
2. D°. 1602, Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pavier.
3. D°. 1608, for T. P.

XIII. XIV. 1. *Henry VI. William Shakeſpeare,* 1600, *Val. Simmes, for Tho. Millington.*
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, no Date, W. W. for T. Millington.

XV. 1. Richard III. 1597, Valentine Simmes, for Andrew Wiſe.
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1598, Thomas Creede, for D°.
3. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1602, Thomas Creede, for D°.
4. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1612, Thomas Creede, ſold by Matthew Lawe.
5. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1622, Thomas Purfoot, ſold by D°.
6. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1629, John Norton, ſold by D°.
7. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1634, John Norton.

XVI. Titus Andronicus, 1611, for Edward White.

XVII. 1. Troilus and Creſſida, William Shakeſpeare, 1609, G. Eld, for R. Bonian and H. Whalley, with a Preface.
2. D°. 1609, for D°.
3. *Do. no Date, Do.*

XVIII. 1. Romeo and Juliet, 1597, John Danter.
2. D°. 1599, Tho. Crede, for Cuthbert Burley.
3. D°. 1609, for John Smethwicke.
4. D°. William Shakeſpeare, no Date, John Smethwicke.
5. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1637, R. Young, for D°.

XIX. 1. Hamlet,

XIX.
1. Hamlet, William Shakeſpeare, 1605, I. R. for N. L.
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1611, for John Smethwicke.
3. D°. William Shakeſpeare, no Date, W. S. for D°.
4. D°, William Shakeſpeare, 1637, R. Young, for D°.

XX.
1. *Othello, William Shakeſpeare, no Date, Thomas Walkely.*
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1622, N. O. for Thomas Walkely.
3. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1630, A. M. for Richard Hawkins.
4. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1655, for William Leake.

☞ Of all the other Plays, the only authentick Edition is the Folio of 1623, from which the ſubſequent Folios never vary but by Accident or Negligence.

FOLIO EDITIONS.

I. Mr. William Shakeſpeare's Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies. Publiſhed according to the true original Copies. 1623. Fol. Iſaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount.
II. D°. 1632. Fol. Tho. Cotes, for Rob. Allot.
III. D°. 1664. Fol. for P. C.
IV. D°. 1685. Fol. for H. Herringman, E. Brewſter, and R. Bentley.

EDITIONS of SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.

I. Shakeſpeare's Poems, 1609, 4to.
II. D°. no Date, 8vo. for Bernard Lintot.
III. D°. 1640. 8vo. Tho. Cotes, ſold by John Benſon.
IV. Paſſionate Pilgrim, Poems by D°. 1599, 8vo. ſmall, for W. Jaggard, ſold by W. Leake.
V. Rape of Lucrece, a Poem, 1594, 4to. Richard Field, for John Harriſon.
VI. D°. 1598, 8vo. P. S. for D°.
VII. D°. 1607, 8vo. N. O. for D°.
VIII. Venus and Adonis, a Poem, 1620, 8vo. for J. P.

PLAYS

Perſons Repreſented.

ALONSO, *king of Naples.*
Sebaſtian, *his brother.*
Proſpero, *the rightful duke of Milan.*
Anthonio, *his brother, the uſurping duke of Milan.*
Ferdinand, *ſon to the king of Naples.*
Gonzalo, *an honeſt old counſellor of Naples.*
Adrian, Franciſco, } *lords.*
Caliban, *a ſavage and deformed ſlave.*
Trinculo, *a jeſter.*
Stephano, *a drunken butler.*
Maſter of a ſhip, boatſwain, and mariners.

Miranda, *daughter to Proſpero.*
Ariel, *an aiery ſpirit.*
Iris, Ceres, Juno, *Nymphs*, *Reapers*, } *ſpirits.*

Other ſpirits attending on Proſpero.

SCENE, the ſea with a ſhip, afterwards an uninhabited iſland.

THE

[1] TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a ſhip at ſea.

A tempeſtuous noiſe of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-maſter and a Boatſwain [2].

MASTER.

BOatſwain——

Boatſ. Here, maſter: what cheer?

Maſt. Good: ſpeak to the mariners.—[3] Fall to't yarely, or we run ourſelves aground: beſtir, beſtir. [*Exit.*

[1] *The Tempeſt.*] Theſe two plays, *The Tempeſt* and *The Midſummer's Night's Dream*, are the nobleſt efforts of that ſublime and amazing imagination peculiar to Shakeſpeare, which ſoars above the bounds of nature without forſaking ſenſe: or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her eſtabliſhed limits. Fletcher ſeems particularly to have admired theſe two plays, and hath wrote two in imitation of them, *The Sea-Voyage* and *The Faithful Shepherdeſs*. But when he preſumes to break a lance with Shakeſpeare, and write in emulation of him, as he does in *The Falſe One*, which is the rival of *Anthony and Cleopatra*, he is not ſo ſucceſsful. After him, Sir John Suckling and Milton catched the brighteſt fire of their imagination from theſe two plays; which ſhines fantaſtically indeed in *The Goblins*, but much more nobly and ſerenely in *The Maſk at Ludlow-Caſtle*. WARBURTON.

No one has been hitherto lucky enough to diſcover the romance on which Shakeſpeare may be ſuppoſed to have founded this play. The Rev. Mr. T. Warton had been informed, that it was taken

Enter Mariners.

Boatſ. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: take in the top-ſail; tend to the maſter's whiſtle;——[4] blow, till thou burſt thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boatſwain, have care. Where's the maſter? Play the men.

Boatſ. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the maſter, Boatſwain?

Boatſ. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins: you do aſſiſt the ſtorm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatſ. When the ſea is. Hence! What care theſe roarers for the name of king? To cabin: ſilence: trouble us not.

from an Italian chemical romance called *Orelia and Iſabella*; but, on examining it, diſcovered no grounds for ſuch a ſuppoſition.

The beauties of this piece could not ſecure it from the criticiſm of Ben Jonſon, whoſe malignity ſometimes appears to have been more than equal to his wit. In the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, he ſays: "If there be never *a ſervant* "*monſter* in the fair who can help it, nor a neſt of *antiques?* "He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like thoſe that "beget *Tales, Tempeſts*, and ſuch like drolleries." STEEVENS.

[2] In this naval dialogue, perhaps the firſt example of ſailor's language exhibited on the ſtage, there are, as I have been told by a ſkilful navigator, ſome inaccuracies and contradictory orders. JOHNSON.

[3] —*Fall to't yarely*,——] i. e. Readily, nimbly. Our author is frequent in his uſe of this word. STEEVENS.

[4] Perhaps it might be read, ——*blow till thou burſt, wind, if room enough.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps rather, ——*blow till thou burſt* thee, *wind! if room enough.* Beaum. and Fletcher have copied this paſſage in *The Pilgrim.*

——*Blow, blow weſt wind,*
Blow till thou rive. STEEVENS.

Gon.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Boatſ. None that I more love than myſelf. You are a counſellor; if you can command theſe elements to ſilence, and work the peace of the preſent, we will not handle a rope more; uſe your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make yourſelf ready in your cabin for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap.——Cheerly, good hearts.——Out of our way, I ſay. [*Exit.*

[5] *Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand faſt, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatſwain.

Boatſ. Down with the top-maſt: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-courſe. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling!——

Re-enter Sebaſtian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.

They are louder than the weather, or our office.—Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to ſink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boatſ. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreſon, inſolent noiſemaker! we are leſs afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ſhip were no ſtronger than a nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd wench.

[5] *Gonzalo.*] It may be obſerved of Gonzalo, that, being the only good man that appears with the king, he is the only man that preſerves his cheerfulneſs in the wreck, and his hope on the iſland. JOHNSON.

Boatſ. [6] Lay her a-hold, a-hold; [7] ſet her two courſes; off to ſea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All loſt! to prayers, to prayers! all loſt! [*Exeunt.*

Boatſ. What, muſt our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us aſſiſt them,
For our caſe is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We're [8] merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.
This wide-chopp'd raſcal:——'would, thou might'ſt lie drowning,
The waſhing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet;
Though every drop of water ſwear againſt it,
And gape at wid'ſt [9] to glut him.

[*A con-*

[6] *Lay her a-hold, a-hold;*——] *To lay a ſhip a-hold*, is to bring her to lie as near the wind as ſhe can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to ſea. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*ſet her two courſes off to ſea again,*——] The courſes are the main-ſail and fore-ſail. This term is uſed by Raleigh, in his *Diſcourſe on Shipping*. JOHNSON.

The paſſage, as Mr. Holt has obſerved, ſhould be pointed, *Set her two courſes; off*, &c. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*merely*——] In this place ſignifies *abſolutely*. In which ſenſe it is uſed in *Hamlet*, Act 1. Sc. 3.

" ——Things rank and groſs in nature
" Poſſeſs it *merely*."——

So in Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter*:

" ——at requeſt
" Of ſome *mere* friends, ſome honourable Romans."

STEEVENS.

[9] ——*to glut him.*] Shakeſpeare probably wrote, *t'englut him, to ſwallow him*; for which I know not that *glut* is ever uſed by him. In this ſignification *englut*, from *engloutir*, French, occurs frequently, as in *Henry VI.*

" ——Thou art ſo near the gulf
" Thou needs muſt be *englutted*."

And

[*A confuſed noiſe within.*] Mercy on us!
We ſplit, we ſplit! Farewell, my wife and children!
[1] Farewell, brother! We ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit!
Ant. Let's all ſink with the king. [*Exit.*
Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*
Gon. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of ſea, for an acre of barren ground, [2] long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The inchanted iſland before the cell of Proſpero.

Enter Proſpero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your art, my deareſt father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The ſky, it ſeems, would pour down ſtinking pitch,
But that the ſea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Daſhes the fire out. O, I have ſuffer'd
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer! a brave veſſel,
Who had, no doubt, ſome noble creatures in her,
Daſh'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Againſt my very heart! Poor ſouls! they periſh'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have ſunk the ſea within the earth, or ere

And again in *Timon* and *Othello*. Yet Milton writes *glutted offal* for *ſwallowed*, and therefore perhaps the preſent text may ſtand. JOHNSON.

[1] *Brother, farewell!*] All theſe lines have been hitherto given to Gonzalo, who has no brother in the ſhip. It is probable that the lines ſucceeding the *confuſed noiſe within* ſhould be conſidered as ſpoken by no determinate characters, but ſhould be printed thus.

1 *Sailor.* Mercy on us!
We ſplit, we ſplit!
2 *Sailor.* Farewell, my, &c.
3 *Sailor.* Brother, farewell, &c. JOHNSON.

[2] —*long heath,*—] This is the common name for the *erica baccifera*. WARBURTON.

It ſhould the good ſhip ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The freighting ſouls within her.
Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.
Mira. [3] O, woe the day!
Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Proſpero, maſter of a full-poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Pro. 'Tis time,
I ſhould inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me.——So!
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lye there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful ſpectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very [4] virtue of compaſſion in thee,
I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art
So ſafely order'd, [5] that there is no ſoul——
No,

[3] Pro. *No harm.*] I know not whether Shakeſpeare did not make Miranda ſpeak thus:

O, woe the day! no harm?

To which Proſpero properly anſwers:

I have done nothing but in care of thee.

Miranda, when ſhe ſpeaks the words, *O, woe the day!* ſuppoſes, not that the crew had eſcaped, but that her father thought differently from her, and counted their deſtruction *no harm.* JOHNSON.

[4] ——*virtue of compaſſion*——] Virtue: the moſt efficacious part, the energetic quality; in a like ſenſe we ſay, *The virtue of a plant is in the extract.* JOHNSON.

[5] —*that there is no ſoul*—] Thus the old editions read, but this is apparently defective. Mr. Rowe, and after him Dr. Warburton, read *that there is no ſoul loſt*, without any notice of the

No, not ſo much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the veſſel
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink. Sit down;
For thou muſt now know further.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but ſtopp'd,
And left me to a bootleſs inquiſition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*——
Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear:
Obey, and be attentive. Canſt thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canſt; for then thou waſt not
[6] Out three years old.
Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.
Pro. By what? by any other houſe or perſon?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an aſſurance

the variation. Mr. Theobald ſubſtitutes *no foil*, and Mr. Pope follows him. To come ſo near the right, and yet to miſs it, is unlucky: the author probably wrote *no ſoil*, no ſtain, no ſpot: for ſo Ariel tells,

Not a hair periſh'd;
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher than before.

And Gonzalo, *The rarity of it is, that our garments being drench'd in the ſea, keep notwithſtanding their freſhneſs and gloſſes.* Of this emendation I find that the author of notes on *The Tempeſt* had a glimpſe, but could not keep it. JOHNSON.

——*no ſoul*——] Such interrupted ſentences are not uncommon to Shakeſpeare: he ſometimes begins a ſentence, and before he concludes it, entirely changes the conſtruction, becauſe another, more forcible, occurs. As this change frequently happens in converſation, it may be ſuffered to paſs uncenſured in the language of the ſtage. STEEVENS.

[6] *Out three years old.*] i. e. Quite three years old, three years old full-out, complete. Mr. Pope, without any reaſon, reads, FULL *three years old.* STEEVENS.

That

That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
Pro. Thou hadſt, and more, Miranda: but how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What ſeeſt thou elſe
In the dark back-ward and abyſm of time?
If thou remember'ſt aught, ere thou cam'ſt here;
How thou cam'ſt here, thou may'ſt.
Mira. But that I do not.
Pro. Twelve years ſince, Miranda——twelve years ſince,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mira. Sir, are not you my father?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid, thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan, [7] thou his only heir
And princeſs, no worſe iſſu'd.
Mira. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't, we did?
Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou ſay'ſt, were we heav'd thence;
But bleſſedly holp hither.
Mira. O my heart bleeds
To think o' the [8] teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Pleaſe you, further.
Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, called Anthonio——
I pray thee, mark me;—that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious!——he whom next thyſelf
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ſtate; as, at that time,

[7] Perhaps—*and* thou *his only heir*. JOHNSON.
Perhaps we ſhould read,
A *princeſs*:——*no worſe iſſu'd*. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*teen*——] Is ſorrow, grief, trouble. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" ——to my *teen* be it ſpoken." STEEVENS.

Through

Through all the ſigniories it was the firſt;
And Proſpero the prime duke; being ſo reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; thoſe being all my ſtudy,
The government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger; being tranſported,
And wrapp'd in ſecret ſtudies. Thy falſe uncle——
Doſt thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, moſt heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
[9] To traſh for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I ſay, or chang'd 'em,
Or elſe new form'd 'em: having both the [1] key
Of officer and office, ſet all hearts i' the ſtate
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And ſuck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'ſt not.

Mira. O good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind,
With that, which, but by being ſo retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my falſe brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my truſt,
Like a good parent, [2] did beget of him

[9] *To traſh for over-topping;*——] *To traſh*, as Dr. Warburton obſerves, is to cut away the ſuperfluities. This word I have met with in books containing directions for gardeners, publiſhed in the time of Q. Elizabeth. STEEVENS.

[1] *Key* in this place ſeems to ſignify the key of a muſical inſtrument, by which he ſet *Hearts to tune*. JOHNSON.

This doubtleſs is meant of a key for tuning the harpſichord, ſpinnet, or virginal; we call it now a tuning hammer, as it is uſed as well to ſtrike down the iron pins whereon the ſtrings are wound, as to turn them. As a key it acts like that of a watch. HAWKINS.

[2] Alluding to the obſervation, that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a ſon below it. *Heroum filii noxæ*. JOHNSON.

A falſhood

A falſhood in its contrary as great
As my truſt was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence *ſans* bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might elſe exact;—[3] like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was, indeed, the duke; [4] out of the ſubſtitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition growing—
Doſt thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafneſs.

Pro. To have no ſcreen between this part he play'd,

[3] ——*like one,*
Who having, INTO *truth, by telling of it,*
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,——] The corrupted reading of the ſecond line has rendered this beautiful ſimilitude quite unintelligible. For what is [*having into truth?*] or what doth [*it*] refer to? not to [*truth,*] becauſe if he *told truth* he could never *credit a lie.* And yet there is no other correlative to which [*it*] can belong.

I read and point it thus:

——*like one*
Who having, UNTO *truth, by telling* OFT,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,——

i. e. by often repeating the ſame ſtory, made his memory ſuch a ſinner *unto* truth, as to give credit to his own lie. A miſerable deluſion, to which ſtory-tellers are frequently ſubject. The Oxford Editor having, by this correction, been let into the ſenſe of the paſſage, gives us this ſenſe in his own words:

Who *loving an untruth, and telling't oft,*
Makes—— WARBURTON.

I agree with Dr. Warburton, that perhaps there is no correlative to which the word *it* can with grammatical propriety belong, and that *unto* was the original reading. *Lie,* however, ſeems to have been the correlative to which the poet meant to refer, however ungrammatically. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*out of the ſubſtitution,*] Is the old reading. The modern editors, for the ſake of ſmoother verſification, read—*from* ſubſtitution. STEEVENS.

And

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Abſolute Milan. Me, poor man!——my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates,
[5] So dry he was for ſway, with the king of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan!)
To moſt ignoble ſtooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I ſhould ſin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have bore bad ſons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's ſuit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premiſes,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute——
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
Fated to the purpoſe, did Anthonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkneſs,
The miniſters for the purpoſe hurried thence
Me, and thy crying ſelf.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the preſent buſineſs

[5] *So dry he was for ſway,*——] i. e. So *thirſty*. The expreſſion, I am told, is not uncommon in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

Which

Which now's upon us; without the which this ſtory
Were moſt impertinent.
Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour deſtroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that queſtion. Dear, they durſt not
(So dear the love my people bore me) ſet
A mark ſo bloody on the buſineſs; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us ſome leagues to ſea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcaſs of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, ſail, nor maſt; the very rats
Inſtinctively had quit it: there they hoiſt us
To cry to the ſea that roar'd to us; to ſigh
To the winds, whoſe pity, ſighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mira. Alack! What trouble
Was I then to you!
Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou waſt, that did preſerve me! Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have [6] deck'd the ſea with drops full ſalt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomach, to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.
Mira. How came we aſhore?
Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

[6] ——*deck'd the ſea*——] *To deck the ſea*, if explained, to honour, adorn, or dignify, is indeed ridiculous, but the original import of the verb *deck* is, *to cover*; ſo in ſome parts they yet ſay *deck the table*. This ſenſe may be borne, but perhaps the poet wrote *fleck'd*, which I think is ſtill uſed in ruſtic language of drops falling upon water. Dr. Warburton reads *mock'd*, the Oxford edition *brack'd*. JOHNSON.

Out

Out of his charity, [7] who being then appointed
Maſter of this deſign, did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries,
Which ſince have ſteeded much. So, of his gentleneſs,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furniſh'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever ſee that man!

Pro. Now, I ariſe:——
Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow.
Here in this iſland we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy ſchool maſter, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not ſo careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, Sir,
(For ſtill 'tis beating in my mind) your reaſon
For raiſing this ſea-ſtorm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.——
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: and by my preſcience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here ceaſe more queſtions;
Thou art inclin'd to ſleep: [8] 'tis a good dulneſs,
And give it way.— [*Aſide.*] I know, thou canſt not chooſe.—— [*Miranda ſleeps.*

[7] ——*who being then appointed*, &c.] Such is the old reading. We might better read,

——he *being*, &c. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*'tis a good dulneſs*,] Dr. Warburton rightly obſerves, that this ſleepineſs, which Proſpero by his art had brought upon Miranda, and of which he knew not how ſoon the effect would begin, makes him queſtion her ſo often whether ſhe is attentive to his ſtory. JOHNSON.

Come

Come away, ſervant, come: I am ready now:
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great maſter! grave Sir, hail! I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure; be't to fly;
To ſwim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy ſtrong bidding taſk
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Haſt thou, ſpirit,
[9] Perform'd to point the tempeſt that I bad thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ſhip: [1] now on the beak,
[2] Now in the waſte, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-maſt,
The yards, and bolt-ſprit, would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precurſors
O' the dreadful thunder-clap, more momentary
And ſight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty Neptune
Seem'd to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident ſhake.

Pro. My brave ſpirit!
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coil
Would not infect his reaſon?

Ari. Not a ſoul
[3] But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some

[9] *Perform'd to point*——] i. e. to the minuteſt article. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*now on the beak*,] The beak was a ſtrong pointed body at the head of the ancient gallies; it is uſed here for the forecaſtle, or the bolt-ſprit. JOHNSON.

[2] *Now in the waſte*,——] The part between the quarter-deck and the forecaſtle. JOHNSON.

[3] *But felt a fever of the mad*,——] In all the later editions this is changed to a *fever of the mind*, without reaſon or authority, nor is any notice given of an alteration. JOHNSON.

If

Some tricks of deſperation: all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the veſſel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's ſon, Ferdinand,
With hair up-ſtaring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the firſt man that leap'd; cried, " Hell is empty,
" And all the devils are here."

Pro. Why, that's my ſpirit!
But was not this nigh ſhore?

Ari. Cloſe by, my maſter.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, ſafe?

Ari. Not a hair periſh'd:
On their [4] ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,

If it be at all neceſſary to explain the meaning, it is this: *Not a ſoul but felt ſuch a fever as madmen feel, when the frantic fit is upon them.* STEEVENS.

[4] —*ſuſtaining*—] i. e. Their garments that bore them up and ſupported them. So *K. Lear*, Act 4. Sc. 4.

" In our *ſuſtaining* corn."

Mr. Edwards was of opinion that we ſhould read *ſea-ſtained* garments; for (ſays he) it was not the floating of their cloaths, but the magic of Proſpero which preſerved, as it had wrecked them. Nor was the miracle, that their garments had not been at firſt diſcoloured by the ſea-water, which even that *ſuſtaining* would not have prevented, unleſs it had been on the air, not on the water; but, as Gonzalo ſays, " that their garments " being (as they were) drenched in the ſea, held notwith- " ſtanding their freſhneſs and gloſs, being rather new-dyed " than ſtained with ſalt-water."

For this, and all ſuch notes as are taken from the MSS. of the late Mr. Edwards, I am indebted to the friendſhip of Benjamin Way, Eſq; who very obligingly procured them from the executors of that gentleman, with leave for their publication. Such of them as are omitted in this edition had been ſometimes foreſtalled by the remarks of others, and ſometimes by my own. The reader, however, might have been juſtly offended, had any other reaſons prevented me from communicating the unpubliſhed ſentiments of that ſprightly critic and moſt amiable man, as entire as I received them. STEEVENS.

This note of Mr. Edwards, with which I ſuppoſe no reader is ſatisfied, ſhews with how much greater eaſe critical emendations are deſtroyed than made, and how willingly every man would be changing the text, if his imagination would furniſh alterations. JOHNSON.

But freſher than before. And, as thou bad'ſt me,
In troops I have diſpers'd them 'bout the iſle:
The king's ſon have I landed by himſelf;
Whom I left cooling of the air with ſighs
In an odd angle of the iſle, and ſitting,
His arms in this ſad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ſhip
The mariners, ſay, how thou haſt dispos'd,
And all the reſt o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ſhip; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dſt me up at midnight, to fetch dew
[5] From the ſtill-vex'd Bermoothes. There ſhe's hid;
The mariners all under hatches ſtow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their ſuffer'd labour,
I have left aſleep: and for the reſt o' the fleet
(Which I diſpers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon [6] the Mediterranean flote,
Bound ſadly home for Naples;

[5] *From the ſtill-vex'd Bermoothes.*——] Theobald ſays *Bermoothes* is printed by miſtake for *Bermudas*. No. That was the name by which the iſlands then went, as we may ſee by the voyages of that time; and by our author's contemporary poets. Fletcher, in his *Woman Pleaſed*, ſays, *The devil ſhould think of purchaſing that egg-ſhell to victual out a witch for the Bermoothes*. Smith, in his account of theſe iſlands, p. 172. ſays, *that the Bermudas were ſo fearful to the world, that many called them* The Iſle of Devils.—P. 174.—*to all ſeamen no leſs terrible than an inchanted den of furies*. And no wonder, for the clime was extremely ſubject to ſtorms and hurricanes; and the iſlands were ſurrounded with ſcattered rocks lying ſhallowly hid under the ſurface of the water. WARBURTON.

The opinion that Bermudas was haunted with evil ſpirits continued ſo late as the civil wars. In a little piece of Sir John Berkinhead's, intitled, *Two Centuries of Paul's Church-yard, una cum indice expurgatorio*, &c. 12°. In page 62. under the title of *Caſes of Conſcience*, is this.

34. "Whether Bermudas and the parliament-houſe lie under "one planet, ſeeing both are haunted with devils." PERCY.

[6] ——*the Mediterranean flote,*] *Flote* is *wave*. *Flot*. Fr. STEEVENS.

Suppoſing

Suppoſing that they ſaw the king's ſhip wreck'd,
And his great perſon periſh.
Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.
[7] What is the time o' the day?
Ari. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.
Pro. At leaſt two glaſſes: the time 'twixt ſix and now,
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou doſt give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canſt demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more.
Ari. I pray thee,
Remember, I have done thee worthy ſervice;
Told thee no lies, made thee no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didſt promiſe
To bate me a full year.
Pro. [8] Doſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari.

[7] *What is the time o' the day?*] This paſſage needs not be diſturbed, it being common to aſk a queſtion, which the next moment enables us to anſwer; he that thinks it faulty may eaſily adjuſt it thus:

Pro. *What is the time o' the day? Paſt the mid ſeaſon.*
Ari. *At leaſt two glaſſes.*
Pro. *The time 'twixt ſix and now*——— JOHNSON.

[8] *Doſt thou forget*] That the character and conduct of Proſpero may be underſtood, ſomething muſt be known of the ſyſtem of enchantment, which ſupplied all the marvellous found in the romances of the middle ages. This ſyſtem ſeems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen ſpirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted them at their expulſion, ſome being confined in hell, *ſome* (as Hooker, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expreſſes it) *diſperſed*

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou doſt; and think'ſt it much to tread
the ooze
Of the ſalt deep;
[9] To run upon the ſharp wind of the north;
To do me buſineſs in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with froſt.

Ari. I do not, Sir.

Pro. Thou ly'ſt, malignant thing! Haſt thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? haſt thou forgot her?

in air, ſome on earth, ſome in water, others in caves, dens, or minerals under the earth. Of theſe, ſome were more malignant and miſchievous than others. The earthy ſpirits ſeem to have been thought the moſt depraved, and the aerial the leaſt vitiated. Thus Proſpero obſerves of Ariel:

———*Thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate*
To act her earthy *and abhorr'd commands.*

Over theſe ſpirits a power might be obtained by certain rites performed or charms learned. This power was called *The Black Art*, or *Knowledge of Enchantment*. The enchanter being (as king James obſerves in his *Demonology*) one *who commands the devil, whereas the witch ſerves him.* Thoſe who thought beſt of this art, the exiſtence of which was, I am afraid, believed very ſeriouſly, held, that certain ſounds and characters had a phyſical power over ſpirits, and compelled their agency; others who condemned the practice, which in reality was ſurely never practiſed, were of opinion, with more reaſon, that the power of charms aroſe *only* from compact, and was no more than the ſpirits voluntary allowed them for the ſeduction of man. The art was held by all, though not equally criminal, yet unlawful, and therefore Cauſabon, ſpeaking of one who had commerce with ſpirits, blames him, though he imagines him *one of the beſt kind who dealt with them by way of command.* Thus Proſpero repents of his art in the laſt ſcene. The ſpirits were always conſidered as in ſome meaſure enſlaved to the enchanter, at leaſt for a time, and as ſerving with unwillingneſs, therefore Ariel ſo often begs for liberty; and Caliban obſerves, that the ſpirits ſerve Proſpero with no good will, but *hate him rootedly.*——Of theſe trifles enough. JOHNSON.

[9] *To run upon the ſharp wind of the north;*] Sir W. Davenant and Dryden, in their alteration of this play, have made a very wanton change in the line, and read,

To run againſt, &c. STEEVENS.

Ari.

Ari. No, Sir.

Pro. Thou haſt: where was ſhe born? ſpeak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. Oh, was ſhe ſo? I muſt,
Once in a month, recount what thou haſt been,
Which thou forgett'ſt. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For miſchiefs manifold, and ſorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'ſt, was baniſh'd: for one thing ſhe did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the ſailors: thou my ſlave,
As thou report'ſt thyſelf, waſt then her ſervant:
And, for thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refuſing her grand heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent miniſters,
And in her moſt unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully remain
A dozen years, within which ſpace ſhe died,
And left thee there, where thou didſt vent thy groans,
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike. Then was this iſland,
(Save for the ſon that ſhe did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human ſhape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her ſon.

Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo: he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in ſervice. Thou beſt know'ſt
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,

When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.
Ari. I thank thee, maſter.
Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou haſt howl'd away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, maſter.
I will be correſpondent to command,
And do my ſpiriting gently.
Pro. Do ſo; and after two days
I will diſcharge thee.
Ari. That's my noble maſter:
What ſhall I do? ſay what: what ſhall I do?
Pro. Go make thyſelf like to a nymph o' the ſea.
Be ſubject to no ſight but thine and mine; inviſible
To every eye-ball elſe. Go, take this ſhape,
And hither come in it: go, hence, with diligence.
[*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou haſt ſlept well;
Awake!
Mira. [1] The ſtrangeneſs of your ſtory put
Heavineſs in me.
Pro. Shake it off: come on;
We'll viſit Caliban, my ſlave, who never
Yields us kind anſwer.

[1] *The ſtrangeneſs*——] Why ſhould a wonderful ſtory produce ſleep? I believe experience will prove, that any violent agitation of the mind eaſily ſubſides in ſlumber, eſpecially when, as in Proſpero's relation, the laſt images are pleaſing.
JOHNSON.

The poet ſeems to have been apprehenſive that the audience, as well as Miranda, would ſleep over this long but neceſſary tale, and therefore ſtrives to break it. Firſt, by making Proſpero diveſt himſelf of his magic robe and wand; then by waking her attention no leſs than ſix times by verbal interruption; then by varying the action when he riſes, and bids her continue ſitting: and laſtly, by carrying on the buſineſs of the fable while Miranda ſleeps, by which ſhe is continued on the ſtage till the poet has occaſion for her again.
WARNER.

Mira.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miſs him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ſerves in offices
That profit us. What ho! ſlave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! ſpeak.
Cal. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth, I ſay; there's other buſineſs for thee.
Come, thou tortoiſe! when?——

Enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it ſhall be done. [*Exit.*
Pro. Thou poiſonous ſlave, got by the devil himſelf
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

[a] *Cal.* As wicked dew, as e'er my mother bruſh'd
With raven's feather from unwholſome fen,
Drop on you both! a ſouth-weſt blow on you,
And bliſter you all o'er!

Pro.

[a] Cal. *As wicked dew, as e'er my mother bruſh'd*
With raven's feather from unwholſome fen,
Drop on you both!] Shakeſpeare hath very artificially given the air of the antique to the language of Caliban, in order to heighten the groteſque of his character. As here he uſes *wicked* for *unwholſome*. So Sir John Maundevil, in his travels, p. 334. edit. Lond. 1725.——*at alle tymes brennethe a veſſelle of criſtalle fulle of bawme for to zeven gode ſmalle and odour to the emperour, and to voyden awey alle* WYKKEDE *eyres and corrupcioums.* It was a tradition, it ſeems, that lord Falkland, lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Seldon concurred in obſerving, that Shakeſpeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had alſo deviſed and adapted a *new manner of language* for that character. What they meant by it, without doubt, was, that Shakeſpeare gave his language a certain

Pro. For this be ſure, to-night thou ſhalt have cramps,
Side-ſtitches that ſhall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, [3] for that vaſt of night that they may work,
All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more ſtinging
Than bees that made 'em.

tain groteſque air of the ſavage and antique; which it certainly has. But Dr. Bentley took this, *of a new language*, literally; for ſpeaking of a phraſe in Milton, which he ſuppoſed altogether abſurd and unmeaning, he ſays, *Satan had not the privilege as Caliban in Shakeſpeare, to uſe new phraſe and diction unknown to all others*——and again——*to practiſe diſtances is ſtill a Caliban ſtile.* Note on *Milton's Paradiſe Loſt*, l. 4. v. 945. But I know of no ſuch *Caliban ſtile* in Shakeſpeare, that hath new phraſe and diction unknown to all others. WARBURTON.

Whence theſe critics derived the notion of a new language appropriated to Caliban, I cannot find: they certainly miſtook brutality of ſentiment for uncouthneſs of words. Caliban had learned to ſpeak of Proſpero and his daughter, he had no names for the ſun and moon before their arrival, and could not have invented a language of his own without more underſtanding than Shakeſpeare has thought it proper to beſtow upon him. His diction is indeed ſomewhat clouded by the gloominеſs of his temper, and the malignity of his purpoſes; but let any other being entertain the ſame thoughts, and he will find them eaſily iſſue in the ſame expreſſions.

As wicked dew,——] *Wicked*; having baneful qualities. So Spenſer ſays, *wicked weed*; ſo, in oppoſition, we ſay herbs or medicines have *virtues*. Bacon mentions *virtuous Bezoar*, and Dryden *virtuous herbs*. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*for that vaſt of night that they may work,*] The *vaſt of night* means the night which is naturally empty and deſerted, without action. It has a meaning like that of *nox vaſta*.

It ſhould be remembered, that, in the pneumatology of former times, theſe particulars were ſettled with the moſt minute exactneſs, and the different kinds of viſionary beings had different allotments of time ſuitable to the variety or conſequence of their employments. During theſe ſpaces, they were at liberty to act, but were always obliged to leave off at a certain hour, that they might not interfere in that portion of night which belong'd to others. Among theſe we may ſuppoſe *urchins* to have had a part ſubjected to their dominion. To this limitation of time Shakeſpeare alludes again in *K. Lear*. *He begins at curfew, and walks till the ſecond cock.* STEEVENS.

Cal.

Cal. I muſt eat my dinner.
This iſland's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cameſt firſt,
Thou ſtroak'dſt me, and mad'ſt much of me; would'ſt give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the leſs,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o' the iſle,
The freſh ſprings, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile.
Curs'd be I, that I did ſo!——All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the ſubjects that you have,
Who firſt was mine own king: and here you ſty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The reſt of the iſland.

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlave,
Whom ſtripes may move, not kindneſs: I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didſt ſeek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!——I wou'd it had been done!
Thou didſt prevent me; I had peopled elſe
This iſle with Calibans.

Pro. [4] Abhorred ſlave;
Which any print of goodneſs will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,

[4] *Abhorred ſlave*;] This ſpeech, which the old copy gives to Miranda, is very judiciouſly beſtowed by Mr. Theobald on Proſpero. JOHNSON.

The modern editions take this ſpeech from Miranda, and give it to Proſpero; though there is nothing in it but what ſhe may ſpeak with the greateſt propriety; eſpecially as it accounts for her being enough in the way and power of Caliban, to enable him to make the attempt complained of. The poet himſelf ſhews he intended Miranda ſhould be his tutoreſs, when he makes Caliban ſay, "I've ſeen thee in her, my miſtreſs ſhewed me, "thee and thy dog, and thy buſh;" to Stephano, who had juſt aſſured the monſter he was the man in the moon. HOLT.

Took

Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. [5] When thou didſt not, ſavage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldſt gabble like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them known. [6] But thy vile race

[5] ——*When thou* DIDST *not, ſavage,*
KNOW *thy own meaning, but wouldſt gabble like*
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words to make them known.] The benefit which Proſpero here upbraids Caliban with having beſtowed, was teaching him language. He ſhews the greatneſs of this benefit by marking the inconvenience Caliban lay under for want of it. What was the inconvenience? This, that he *did not know his own meaning*. But ſure a brute, to which he is compared, doth know its own meaning, that is, knows what it would be at. This, indeed, it cannot do, it cannot *ſhew* its meaning to others. And this certainly is what Proſpero would ſay:

——*When thou* COULDST *not, ſavage,*
SHOW *thy own meaning,*——

The following words make it evident,

——*but wouldſt gabble like*
A thing moſt brutiſh,——

And when once [*ſhow*] was corrupted to [*know*] the tranſcribers would of courſe change [*couldſt*] into [*didſt*] to make it agree with the other falſe reading. There is indeed a ſenſe, in which *Know thy own meaning*, may be well applied to a brute. For it may ſignify the not having any reflex knowledge of the operations of its own mind, which, it would ſeem, a brute hath not. Though this, I ſay, may be applied to a brute, and conſequently to Caliban, and though to remedy this brutality be a nobler benefit than even the teaching language; yet ſuch a ſenſe would be impertinent and abſurd in this place, where only the *benefit of language* is talked of by an exact and learned ſpeaker. Beſides, Proſpero expreſly ſays, that Caliban had *purpoſes*; which, in other words, is, that he did *know his own meaning*. WARBURTON.

——*When thou didſt not, ſavage,*
Know thy own meaning,——] By this expreſſion, however defective, the poet ſeems to have meant——*When thou didſt utter ſounds, to which thou hadſt no determinate meaning.* STEEVENS.

[6] ——*But thy wild race*] *Race*, in this place, ſeems to ſignify original diſpoſition, inborn qualities. In this ſenſe we ſtill ſay——*The race of wine*; and Sir W. Temple has ſomewhere applied it to works of literature. STEEVENS.

(Though

(Though thou didſt learn) had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadſt deſerv'd more than a priſon——
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: [7] the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!
Pro. Hag-ſeed, hence!
Fetch us in fewel; and be quick (thou we'rt beſt)
To anſwer other buſineſs. Shrug'ſt thou, malice?
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, 'pray thee!
I muſt obey: his art is of ſuch power, [*Aſide.*
It would controul my dam's god Setebos,
And make a vaſſal of him.
Pro. So, ſlave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

Enter Ferdinand at the remoteſt part of the ſtage, and Ariel inviſible, playing and ſinging.

ARIEL's SONG.

Come unto theſe yellow ſands,
And then take hands:
[8] *Court'ſied when you have, and kiſs'd,*
(The wild waves whiſt)
Foot it featly here and there;
And, ſweet ſprites, the burden bear.
[Burden, diſperſedly.

[7] *—the red plague—*] I ſuppoſe from the redneſs of the body univerſally inflamed. JOHNSON.

[8] *Court'ſied when you have, and kiſs'd,*] As was anciently done at the beginning of ſome dances.

The wild waves WHIST;

i. e. the wild waves being ſilent (or whiſt) as in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. 7. c. 7. ſ. 59.

So was the Titaneſs put down, and WHIST.

And

Hark, bark! bowgh waugh: the watch-dogs bark,
Bowgh waugh.

Ari. *Hark, bark, I hear*
The ſtrain of ſtrutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock a-doodle-do.

Fer. Where ſhould this muſick be? i' the air, or the earth?——
It ſounds no more: and ſure, it waits upon
Some god of the iſland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This muſick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion,
With its ſweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:——but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL's SONG.

[9] *Full fathom five thy father lies,*
Of his bones are coral made;
Thoſe are pearls, that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a ſea-change,
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.
[Burden, ding-dong.

And Milton ſeems to have had our author in his eye. See ſtanza 5. of his Hymn on the Nativity:

The winds with wonder WHIST,
Smoothly the waters kiſs'd.

So again, Phaër, in his tranſlation of the ſecond book of Virgil:

——*Conticuere omnes.*
"They *whiſted* all." STEEVENS.

[9] *Full fathom five thy father lies*, &c.] Gildon, who has pretended to criticiſe our author, would give this up as an inſufferable and ſenſeleſs piece of trifling. And I believe this is the general opinion concerning it. But a very unjuſt one. Let us conſider the buſineſs Ariel is here upon, and his manner of executing it. The commiſſion Proſpero had intruſted

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.—
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
That the earth owes: I hear it now above me.

intruſted to him, in a whiſper, was plainly this; to conduct Ferdinand to the ſight of Miranda, and to diſpoſe him to the quick ſentiments of love, while he, on the other hand, prepared his daughter for the ſame impreſſions. Ariel ſets about his buſineſs by acquainting Ferdinand, in an extraordinary manner, with the afflictive news of his father's death. A very odd apparatus, one would think, for a love-fit. And yet, as odd as it appears, the poet has ſhewn in it the fineſt conduct for carrying on his plot. Proſpero had ſaid,

I find my zenith doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.———

In conſequence of this his preſcience, he takes advantage of every favourable circumſtance that the occaſion offers. The principal affair is the marriage of his daughter with young Ferdinand. But to ſecure this point, it was neceſſary they ſhould be contracted before the affair came to Alonzo the father's knowledge. For Proſpero was ignorant how this ſtorm and ſhipwreck, cauſed by him, would work upon Alonzo's temper. It might either ſoften him, or increaſe his averſion for Proſpero as the author. On the other hand, to engage Ferdinand, without the conſent of his father, was difficult. For, not to ſpeak of his quality, where ſuch engagements are not made without the conſent of the ſovereign, Ferdinand is repreſented (to ſhew it a match worth the ſeeking) of a moſt pious temper and diſpoſition, which would prevent his contracting himſelf without his father's knowledge. The poet therefore, with the utmoſt addreſs, has made Ariel perſuade him of his father's death to remove this remora. WARBURTON.

I know not whether Dr. Warburton has very ſucceſsfully defended theſe ſongs from Gildon's accuſation. Ariel's lays, however ſeaſonable and efficacious, muſt be allowed to be of no ſupernatural dignity or elegance, they expreſs nothing great, nor reveal any thing above mortal diſcovery.

The reaſon for which Ariel is introduced thus trifling is, that he and his companions are evidently of the fairy kind, an order of beings to which tradition has always aſcribed a ſort of diminutive agency, powerful but ludicrous, a humorous and frolick controlment of nature, well expreſſed by the ſongs of Ariel. JOHNSON.

[1] *That the earth owes:*——] *To owe*, in this place, as well as many others, ſignifies *to own*. So in *Othello:*

" ——that

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And ſay, what thou ſeeſt yond.
Mira. What is't? a ſpirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a ſpirit.
Pro. No, wench; it eats, and ſleeps, and hath ſuch ſenſes
As we have, ſuch. This gallant, which thou ſeeſt,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's ſomething ſtain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon. He hath loſt his fellows,
And ſtrays about to find them.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.
Pro. It goes on, I ſee, [*Aſide.*
As my ſoul prompts it.—Spirit, fine ſpirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. [2] Moſt ſure, the goddeſs
On whom theſe airs attend!—Vouchſafe, my prayer May

"——that ſweet ſleep,
"Which thou *ow'dſt* yeſterday."

To uſe the word in this ſenſe is not peculiar to Shakeſpeare. I meet with it in *B.* and Fletcher's *Beggar's Buſh:*

"If now the beard be ſuch, what is the prince,
"That *owes* the beard?" STEEVENS.

[2] *Moſt ſure*, &c.] It ſeems, that Shakeſpeare, in *The Tempeſt*, hath been ſuſpected of tranſlating ſome expreſſions of Virgil; witneſs the *O Dea certe*. I preſume we are here directed to the paſſage, where Ferdinand ſays of Miranda, after hearing the ſongs of Ariel:

Moſt ſure, the goddeſs
On whom theſe airs attend!——

And ſo *very ſmall Latin* is ſufficient for this formidable tranſlation, that if it be thought any honour to our poet, I am loth to deprive him of it; but his honour is not built on ſuch a ſandy foundation. Let us turn to a *real tranſlator*, and examine whether the idea might not be fully comprehended by an Engliſh reader, ſuppoſing it neceſſarily borrowed from Virgil.

Hexameters

May know, if you remain upon this iſland;
And that you will ſome good inſtruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime requeſt,
Which I do laſt pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?

Mira. No wonder, Sir;
But, [3] certainly, a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the beſt of them that ſpeak this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.

Pro. How? the beſt?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee ſpeak of Naples. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myſelf am Naples;
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er ſince at ebb) beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Hexameters in our own language are almoſt forgotten; we will quote therefore this time from Stanyhurſt:

" O to thee, fayre virgin, what terme may rightly be fitted?
" Thy tongue, thy viſage no mortal frayltie reſembleth.
" ——No doubt, a goddeſſe!" Edit. 1583. FARMER.

[3] ——*certainly, a maid.*] Nothing could be more prettily imagined to illuſtrate the ſingularity of her character, than this pleaſant miſtake. She had been bred up in the rough and plain-dealing documents of moral philoſophy, which teaches us the knowledge of ourſelves; and was an utter ſtranger to the flattery invented by vicious and deſigning men to corrupt the other ſex. So that it could not enter into her imagination, that complaiſance, and a deſire of appearing amiable, qualities of humanity which ſhe had been inſtructed, in her moral leſſons, to cultivate, could ever degenerate into ſuch exceſs, as that any one ſhould be willing to have his fellow-creature believe that he thought her a goddeſs, or an immortal.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has here found a beauty, which I think the author never intended. Ferdinand aſks her not whether ſhe was a *created being*, a queſtion which, if he meant it, he has ill expreſſed, but whether ſhe was unmarried; for after the dialogue which Proſpero's interruption produces, he goes on purſuing his former queſtion.

O, if a virgin,
I'll make you queen of Naples. JOHNSON.

Mira.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords: the duke of Milan,
[4] And his brave ſon, being twain.
Pro. —The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could [5] controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:——at the firſt ſight
[*Aſide to Ariel.*
They have chang'd eyes:—delicate Ariel,
I'll ſet thee free for this.——A word, good Sir,
I fear, you have done yourſelf ſome wrong: a word—
Mira. Why ſpeaks my father ſo ungently? This
Is the third man that I e'er ſaw; the firſt
That e'er I ſigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.
Pro. Soft, Sir; one word more.——
They are both in either's power: but this ſwift buſineſs
I muſt uneaſy make, leſt too light winning [*Aſide.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me:——thou doſt here uſurp
The name thou ow'ſt not, and haſt put thyſelf
Upon this iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple:
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair an houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.

[4] *And his brave ſon, being twain.*] This is a ſlight forgetfulneſs. Nobody was left in the wreck, yet we find no ſuch character as the ſon of the duke of Milan. THEOBALD.

[5] ——*controul thee.*] Confute thee, unanſwerably contradict thee. JOHNSON.

Pro.

Pro. [*To Ferd.*] Follow me.——
[*To Mirand.*] Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—
Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink; thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſcles, wither'd roots, and huſks
Wherein the acorn cradled: follow.
Fer. No;
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*
Mira. O dear father,
Make not too raſh a trial of him; for
[6] He's gentle, and not fearful.
Pro. What, I ſay,
My foot my tutor?——Put thy ſword up, traitor;
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike, thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſs'd with guilt: [7] come from thy ward;
For I can here diſarm thee with this ſtick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beſeech you, father!
Pro. Hence; hang not on my garment.
Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his ſurety.
Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impoſtor? huſh!
Thou think'ſt, there are no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
Having ſeen but him and Caliban; fooliſh wench!
To the moſt of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

[6] *He's gentle, and not fearful.*] *Fearful* ſignifies both terrible and timorous. In this place it means *timorous*. She tells her father, that as he is gentle, rough uſage is unneceſſary, and as he is brave, it may be dangerous. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*come from thy ward*;] Deſiſt from any hope of awing me by that poſture of defence. JOHNSON.

Mira. My affections
Are then moſt humble: I have no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on; obey; [*To Ferdinand.*]
[8] Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, were but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this maid: all corners elſe o' the earth
Let liberty make uſe of; ſpace enough
Have I in ſuch a priſon.
Pro. It works:——come on.
[*To Ariel.*] Thou haſt done well, fine Ariel!——
Follow me.
Hark, what thou elſe ſhalt do me.
Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by ſpeech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the ſyllable.
Pro. [*To Ferdinand.*] Come, follow: [*To Mir.*]
Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *Thy nerves are in their infancy again,*] So Milton, in his *Maſque at Ludlow-Caſtle:*
"Thy nerves are all bound up in alabaſter." STEEV.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the iſland.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, and others.

GONZALO.

BEſeech you, Sir, be merry: you have cauſe
(So have we all) of joy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſs: [1] our hint of woe
Is common; every day ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſter of ſome merchant, and the merchant,
Have juſt our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preſervation, few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely, good Sir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.

Alon. [2] Pr'ythee, peace.

[1] ——*our hint of woe*] *Hint* is that which recals to the memory. The cauſe that fills our minds with grief is common. Dr. Warburton reads *ſtint* of woe. JOHNSON.

[2] Alon. *Pr'ythee, peace.*] All that follows from hence to this ſpeech of the king's,

You cram theſe words into my ears againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe,

ſeems to Mr. Pope to have been an interpolation by the players. For my part, though I allow the matter of the dialogue to be very poor, I cannot be of opinion that it is interpolated. For ſhould we take out this intermediate part, what would become of theſe words of the king,

——Would I had never
Married my daughter there!

What daughter? and *where* married? For it is in this intermediate part of the ſcene only that we are told the king had a daughter named Claribel, whom he had married into Tunis. 'Tis true, in a ſubſequent ſcene betwixt Anthonio and Sebaſtian, we again hear her and Tunis mentioned; but in ſuch a manner, that it would be obſcure and unintelligible without this previous information. THEOBALD.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. [3] The viſitor will not give him o'er ſo.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will ſtrike.

Gon. Sir——

Seb. One:——tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd, Comes to the entertainer——

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have ſpoken truer than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiſelier than I meant you ſhould.

Gon. Therefore, my lord——

Ant. Fie, what a ſpend-thrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, ſpare.——

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet——

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, firſt begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this iſland ſeem to be deſert——

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you've pay'd.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible——

Seb. Yet——

Adr. Yet——

Ant. He could not miſs't.

[3] *The viſitor*——] Why Dr. Warburton ſhould change *viſitor* to *'viſer* for *adviſer*, I cannot diſcover. Gonzalo gives not only advice, but comfort, and is therefore properly called *The Viſitor*, like others who viſit the ſick or diſtreſſed to give them conſolation. In ſome of the Proteſtant churches there is a kind of officers termed conſolators for the ſick. JOHNSON.

Adr.

Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, [4] and delicate temperance.

Ant. [*] Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a ſubtle; as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here moſt ſweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; ſave means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. [5] How luſh and luſty the graſs looks? how green?

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He miſſes not much.

Seb. No; he doth but miſtake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almoſt beyond credit)——

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the ſea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſs and gloſſes; being rather new dy'd, than ſtain'd with ſalt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeak, would it not ſay, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falſely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our return.

[4] ——*and delicate temperance.*] *Temperance* here means *temperature.* STEEVENS.

[*] *Temperance was a delicate wench.*] In the puritanical times it was uſual to chriſten children from the titles of religious and moral virtues. STEEVENS.

[5] *How luſh*, &c.] *Luſh*, i. e. of a *dark full* colour, the oppoſite to *pale* and *faint.* Sir T. HANMER.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with ſuch a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not ſince widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that: how came that widow in? [6] Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had ſaid, widower Æneas too? Good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, ſaid you? you make me ſtudy of that: ſhe was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, Sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I aſſure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſſible matter will he make eaſy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this iſland home in his pocket, and give it his ſon for an apple.

Ant. And ſowing the kernels of it in the ſea, bring forth more iſlands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeem now as freſh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rareſt that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beſeech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido!

Gon. Is not my doublet, Sir, as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I mean, in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram theſe words into mine ears, againſt The ſtomach of my ſenſe. 'Would I had never Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence,

[6] —*Widow Dido!*] The name of a widow brings to their minds their own ſhipwreck, which they conſider as having made many widows in Naples. JOHNSON.

My

My ſon is loſt: and, in my rate, ſhe too;
Who is ſo far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again ſhall ſee her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live:
I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtroke
To the ſhore, that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd,
As ſtooping to relieve him. I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourſelf for this great loſs;
That would not bleſs our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loſe her to an African;
Where ſhe, at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye,
Who hath cauſe to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwiſe
By all of us; and the fair ſoul herſelf
Weigh'd, between lothneſs and obedience, at
Which end the beam ſhould bow. We have loſt your ſon,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this buſineſs' making,
[7] Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

[7] *Than we bring men to comfort them:*] It does not clearly appear whether the king and theſe lords thought the ſhip loſt. This paſſage ſeems to imply, that they were themſelves confident of returning, but imagined part of the fleet deſtroyed. Why, indeed, ſhould Sebaſtian plot againſt his brother in the following ſcene, unleſs he knew how to find the kingdom which he was to inherit? JOHNSON.

Alon. So is the deareſt o' the loſs.
Gon. My lord Sebaſtian,
The truth, you ſpeak, doth lack ſome gentleneſs,
And time to ſpeak it in: you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And moſt chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I the plantation of this iſle, my lord—
Ant. He'd ſow't with nettle-ſeed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king of it, what would I do?
Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.
Gon. I' the commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate;
Letters ſhould not be known; riches, poverty,
And uſe of ſervice, none; contract, ſucceſſion,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all,
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No ſovereignty.
Seb. And yet he would be king on't.
Ant. [8] The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common nature ſhould produce
Without ſweat or endeavour. Treaſon, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth,

[8] *The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.*] All this dialogue is a fine ſatire on the Utopian treatiſes of government, and the impracticable inconſiſtent ſchemes therein recommended. WARBURTON.

Of

Of its own kind, all [9] foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubjects?

Ant. None, man: all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with ſuch perfection govern, Sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his majeſty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou doſt talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highneſs; and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble lungs, that they always uſe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her ſphere, if ſhe would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, playing ſolemn muſick.

Seb. We would ſo, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my diſcretion ſo weakly: will you laugh me aſleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go, ſleep, and hear us.

[*Gonz. Adr. Fra. &c. ſleep.*

Alon. What, all ſo ſoon aſleep! I wiſh mine eyes
Would, with themſelves, ſhut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to do ſo.

[9] —*all foyzon,*—] *Foiſon* or *foizon* ſignifies plenty, *ubertas*, not moiſture, or juice of graſs or other herbs, as Mr. Pope ſays. EDWARDS.

Seb.

Seb. Pleaſe you, Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth
It is a comforter.
Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your perſon, while you take your reſt,
And watch your ſafety.
Alon. Thank you: wond'rous heavy———
[*All ſleep but Seb. and Ant.*
Seb. What a ſtrange drowſineſs poſſeſſes them?
Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſink? I find not
Myſelf diſpos'd to ſleep.
Ant. Nor I; my ſpirits are nimble.
They fell together all as by conſent;
They dropp'd as by a thunder-ſtroke. What might,
Worthy Sebaſtian?—O, what might?—no more.
And yet, methinks, I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: the occaſion ſpeaks thee; and
My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me ſpeak?
Seb. I do; and, ſurely,
It is a ſleepy language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleep: what is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleep
With eyes wide open; ſtanding, ſpeaking, moving;
And yet ſo faſt aſleep.
Ant. Noble Sebaſtian,
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleep; die rather: wink'ſt
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou doſt ſnore diſtinctly;
There's meaning in thy ſnores.
Ant. I am more ſerious than my cuſtom. You
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb.

Seb. Well: I am ſtanding water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do ſo: to ebb
Hereditary ſloth inſtructs me.
Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpoſe cheriſh,
Whilſt thus you mock it! how, in ſtripping it,
You more inveſt it! ebbing men, indeed,
Moſt often do ſo near the bottom run,
By their own fear or ſloth.
Seb. Pr'ythee, ſay on:
The ſetting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, Sir:
Although [1] this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who ſhall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd, hath here almoſt perſuaded,
[2] For he's a ſpirit of perſuaſion, only
Profeſſes to perſuade the king his ſon's alive;
'Tis as impoſſible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that ſleeps here, ſwims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is

[1] *—this lord of weak remembrance,—*] This lord, who, being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering; and who, once laid in the ground, ſhall be as little remembered himſelf, as he can now remember other things. JOHNSON.

[2] *For he's a ſpirit of perſuaſion,——*] Of this entangled ſentence I can draw no ſenſe from the preſent reading, and therefore imagine that the author gave it thus:

For he, *a ſpirit of perſuaſion, only*
Profeſſes to perſuade.

Of which the meaning may be either, that *he alone, who is a ſpirit of perſuaſion, profeſſes to perſuade the king*; or that, *He only profeſſes to perſuade*, that is, *without being ſo perſuaded himſelf, he makes a ſhow of perſuading the king.* JOHNSON.

Another

Another way ſo high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce [3] a wink beyond,
But doubts diſcovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; ſhe that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; [4] ſhe that from Naples
Can have no note, unleſs the ſun were poſt,
(The man i' the moon's too ſlow) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable: ſhe, from whom
We were all ſea-ſwallow'd, [5] though ſome caſt again;
And, by that deſtiny, to perform an act,
Whereof what's paſt is prologue; what to come,
In yours, and my diſcharge.

[3] ——*a wink beyond,*] That this is the utmoſt extent of the proſpect of ambition, the point where the eye can paſs no further, and where objects loſe their diſtinctneſs, ſo that what is there diſcovered, is faint, obſcure, and doubtful. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*ſhe that from Naples*
Can have no note, &c.] Shakeſpeare's great ignorance of geography is not more conſpicuous in any inſtance than in this, where he ſuppoſes Tunis and Naples to have been at ſuch an immeaſurable diſtance from each other. STEEVENS.

[5] Theſe lines ſtand in the old edition thus:

——*though ſome caſt again;*
And, by that deſtiny, to perform an act,
Whereof what's paſt is prologue; what to come,
In your and my diſcharge.

The reading in the later editions is without authority. The old text may very well ſtand, except that in the laſt line *in* ſhould be *is*, and perhaps we might better ſay—*and that by deſtiny.* It being a common plea of wickedneſs to call temptation deſtiny. JOHNSON.

The modern editors publiſhed,

Is yours and my diſcharge.

I think we may ſafely retain the old reading in the laſt hemiſtich.

——*what is yet to come,*
In yours and my diſcharge.

i. e. Depends on what you and I are to perform. STEEVENS.

Seb.

Seb. What ſtuff is this? How ſay you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is ſhe heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is ſome ſpace.
Ant. A ſpace, whoſe every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How ſhall that Claribel*
Meaſure us back to Naples? [6] Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebaſtian wake! Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them, why, they were no worſe
Than now they are: there be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that ſleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unneceſſarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myſelf could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a ſleep was this
For your advancement? Do you underſtand me?
Seb. Methinks, I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember,
You did ſupplant your brother Proſpero.
Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments ſit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's ſervants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conſcience——
Ant. Ay, Sir, where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my ſlipper; but I feel not
This deity in my boſom. Twenty conſciences,
That ſtand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,
[7] Or melt e'er they moleſt. Here lies your brother,

[6] ——*Keep in Tunis.*] There is in this paſſage a propriety loſt, which a ſlight alteration will reſtore:

——Sleep *in Tunis,*
And let Sebaſtian wake! JOHNSON.

[7] *Or melt e'er they moleſt.*—] I had rather read,
Would *melt e'er they moleſt.*
i. e. *Twenty conſciences, ſuch as ſtand between me and my hopes, though they were congealed, would melt before they could moleſt one,* or prevent the execution of my purpoſes. JOHNSON.

In

No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient ſteel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: while you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for ay might put
[8] This ancient morſel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our courſe. For all the reſt,
They'll [9] take ſuggeſtion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any buſineſs that
We ſay befits the hour.

Seb. Thy caſe, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'ſt Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy ſword: one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'ſt;
And I the king ſhall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word——

Enter Ariel, with muſick and ſong.

Ari. My maſter through his art foreſees the danger,
That you, his friend, are in; and ſends me forth
(For elſe his project dies) [1] to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

In the later editions, theſe lines are thus arranged:

Ay, Sir, where lyes that?
If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my ſlipper:
But I feel not this deity in my boſom.
Ten conſciences, that ſtand 'twixt me and Milan,
Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they moleſt!
Here lies your brother——

This modern reading was quite arbitrary, as appears by the neceſſity of changing *twenty* to *ten*. STEEVENS.

[8] *This ancient morſel,——*] For *morſel* Dr. Warburton reads *ancient moral*, very elegantly and judiciouſly, yet I know not whether the author might not write *morſel*, as we ſay a *piece of a man*. JOHNSON.

[9] *——take ſuggeſtion,—*] i. e. Receive any hint of villainy. JOHNSON.

[1] *——to keep them living.*] i. e. Alonzo and Antonio; for it was on their lives that his project depended. Yet the Oxford Editor

While you here do ſnoring lie,
Open-ey'd conſpiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off ſlumber and beware:
Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be ſudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preſerve the king!

[*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake? Why are you [2] drawn?
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
Even now, we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It ſtrook mine ear moſt terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monſter's ear;
To make an earthquake! ſure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,

Editor alters *them* to *you*, becauſe in the verſe before, it is ſaid —*you his friend*; as if, becauſe Ariel was *ſent forth* to *ſave his friend*, he could not have another purpoſe in ſending him, *viz.* to *ſave his project* too. WARBURTON.

I think Dr. Warburton and the Oxford Editor both miſtaken. The ſenſe of the paſſage, as it now ſtands, is this: He ſees *your* danger, and will therefore ſave *them*. Dr. Warburton has miſtaken Antonio for Gonzalo. Ariel would certainly not tell Gonzalo, that his maſter ſaved him only for his project. He ſpeaks to himſelf as he approaches,

My maſter through his art foreſees the danger
That theſe *his friends are in.*

Theſe written with a *y*, according to the old practice, did not much differ from *you*. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*drawn?*] Having your ſwords drawn. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"What art thou *drawn* among theſe heartleſs hinds?"

JOHNSON.

And

And that a ſtrange one too, which did awake me.
I ſhak'd you, Sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I ſaw their weapons drawn:—there was a noiſe,
That's verity. 'Tis beſt we ſtand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further ſearch
For my poor ſon.

Gon. Heavens keep him from theſe beaſts!
For he is, ſure, i' the iſland.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Proſpero, my lord ſhall know what I have done.
So, king, go ſafely on to ſeek thy ſon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the iſland.

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood: a noiſe of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the ſun ſucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Proſper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a diſeaſe! His ſpirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin ſhows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em; but
For every trifle they are ſet upon me.
Sometime like apes, * that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All [3] wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiſs me into madneſs. Lo! now! lo!

* ——*that moe*, &c.] i. e. Make mouths. So in the old verſion of the Pſalms:

"———making *moes* at me."

Again, in *K. Lear:*

"———of mopping and *moeing*." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*wound*] Enwrapped by adders *wound* or twiſted about me. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a ſpirit of his; and to torment me
For bringing wood in ſlowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither buſh nor ſhrub to bear off any weather at all, and another ſtorm brewing; I hear it ſing i' the wind. Yond' ſame black cloud, yond' huge one, [4] looks like a foul bumbard that would ſhed his liquor. If it ſhould thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' ſame cloud cannot chooſe but fall by pailfuls.——What have we here? a man or a fiſh? dead or alive? A fiſh: he ſmells like a fiſh; a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell. A kind of, not of the neweſt, Poor John. A ſtrange fiſh! Were I in England now (as once I was) and had but this fiſh painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of ſilver. There would this monſter [5] make a man: any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a

[4] ——*looks like a foul bumbard*——] This term again occurs in *The Firſt Part of Henry IV.*——"that ſwoln parcel of dropſies, "that huge *bumbard* of ſack"——and again in *Henry VIII.* "And here you lie baiting of *bumbards*, when ye ſhould do "ſervice." By theſe ſeveral paſſages, 'tis plain, the word meant a large veſſel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordnance ſo called. THEOBALD.

Ben Jonſon, in his *Maſque of Augurs*, confirms the conjecture of Theobald.—"The poor cattle yonder are paſſing away the "time with a cheat loaf, and a *bumbard* of broken beer."

So in Middleton's *Inner Temple Maſque*, 1619,——"they "would have beat out his brains with *bombards*."

So again in *The Martyr'd Soldier*, by Shirley, 1638.

"His boots as wide as the black-jacks,
"Or *bumbards* toſs'd by the king's guards."

And it appears from a paſſage in Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Love Reſtor'd*, that a *bombard-man* was one who carried about proviſions. "I am to deliver into the buttery ſo many firkins of "*aurum potabile*, as it delivers out *bombards* of bouge," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*make a man*:——] That is, make a man's fortune. So in *Midſummer Night's Dream*——"we are all *made men*." JOHNSON.

lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee * a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let looſe my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an iſlander, that hath lately ſuffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the ſtorm is come again: my beſt way is to creep under [6] his gaberdine; there is no other ſhelter hereabout: miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bedfellows: I will here ſhrowd, till the dregs of the ſtorm be paſt.

Enter Stephano ſinging, a bottle in his hand.

Ste. *I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea,*
Here ſhall I die a-ſhore——

This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The maſter, the ſwabber, the boatſwain and I,
The gunner and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a ſailor, Go hang:
She lov'd not the ſavour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might ſcratch her where-e'er ſhe did itch:
Then to ſea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a ſcurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with ſavages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'ſcap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been ſaid, As

* ——*a dead Indian.*——] And afterwards——*Men of Inde.* Probably ſome alluſion to a particular occurrence, now obſcured by time. In *Henry VIII.* the *porter* aſks the mob, if they think ——*ſome ſtrange Indian*, &c. *is come to court.* STEEVENS.

[6] ——*his gaberdine*;——] A *gaberdine* is properly the coarſe frock or outward garment of a peaſant. Ital. *gaverdina.* STEEVENS.

proper

proper a man, as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it ſhall be ſaid ſo again, while Stephano breathes at noſtrils.

Cal. The ſpirit torments me: oh!

Ste. This is ſome monſter of the iſle, with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil ſhould he learn our language? I will give him ſome relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a preſent for any emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wiſeſt: he ſhall taſte of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take [7] too much for him: he ſhall pay for him that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou doſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Proſper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, [8] cat; open your mouth: this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I ſhould know that voice: it ſhould be—— but he is drown'd; and theſe are devils: O! defend me!——

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a moſt delicate monſter! His forward voice now is to ſpeak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul ſpeeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle

[7] *——too much——*] *Too much* means, *any ſum, ever ſo much.* STEEVENS.

[8] *——cat;——*] Alluding to an old proverb, that *good liquor will make a cat ſpeak.* STEEVENS.

will recover him, I will help his ague: come—[9] Amen! I will pour ſome in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano———

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monſter: I will leave him; [1] I have no long ſpoon.

Trin. Stephano! if thou beeſt Stephano, touch me, and ſpeak to me; for I am Trinculo; be not afraid, thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beeſt Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the leſſer legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, theſe are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: how cam'ſt thou [2] to be the ſiege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculo's?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-ſtroke: —but art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drown'd. Is the ſtorm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the ſtorm: and art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'ſcap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about, my ſtomach is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, an if they be not ſprights. That's a brave god, and bears celeſtial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didſt thou 'ſcape? How cam'ſt thou hither? ſwear, by this bottle, how thou cam'ſt hither.

[9] —*Amen!*—] Means ſtop your draught, come to a concluſion. *I will pour ſome*, &c. STEEVENS.

[1] *I have no long ſpoon.*] Alluding to the proverb, *A long ſpoon to eat with the devil.* STEEVENS.

See *Com. of Errors*, Act 4. and Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*, 622. Ed. Urry.

"Therfore behoveth him a ful long ſpoone,
"That ſhall ete with a feend."——— T. T.

For all the notes ſigned T. T. I am obliged to the author of *The Obſervations and Conjectures printed at Oxford*, 1766.

[2] ——*to be the ſiege of this moon-calf?*——] *Siege* is a *ſtool of eaſement*, as Dr. Ph. Holland phraſes it, in his tranſlation of *Pliny's Natural Hiſtory*. TOLLET.

I eſcap'd

I eſcap'd upon a but of ſack, which the ſailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, ſince I was caſt a-ſhore.

Cal. I'll ſwear upon that bottle, to be thy true ſubject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: ſwear then, how eſcap'dſt thou?

Trin. Swom a-ſhore, man, like a duck; I can ſwim like a duck, I'll be ſworn.

Ste. Here, kiſs the book. Though thou canſt ſwim like a duck, thou art made like a gooſe.

Trin. O Stephano, haſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole but, man; my cellar is in a rock by the ſea-ſide, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Haſt thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do aſſure thee. I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have ſeen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my miſtreſs ſhew'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy buſh.

Ste. Come, ſwear to that; kiſs the book: I will furniſh it anon with new contents: ſwear.

Trin. By this good light this is a very ſhallow monſter: [3] I afraid of him? a very weak monſter: the man i' the moon?——a moſt poor credulous monſter: well drawn, monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch o' the iſle,
And I will [4] kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee be my god.

Trin. By this light, a moſt perfidious and drunken monſter: when his god's aſleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiſs thy foot: I'll ſwear myſelf thy ſubject.

[3] ——*I afraid of him? a very weak monſter*, &c.] It is to be obſerved, that Trinculo the ſpeaker is not charged with being afraid: but it was his conſciouſneſs that he was ſo that drew this brag from him. This is nature. WARBURTON.

[4] ——*kiſs thy foot*:—] A ſneer upon the papiſts for kiſſing the pope's pantofle. GRAY.

Ste. Come on then; down, and ſwear.

Trin. I ſhall laugh myſelf to death at this puppy-headed monſter: a moſt ſcurvy monſter! I could find in my heart to beat him——

Ste. Come, kiſs.

Trin. ——But that the poor monſter's in drink: an abominable monſter!

Cal. I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings: I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A moſt ridiculous monſter, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young [5] ſcamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste.

[5] ——*ſcamels*——] This word has puzzled the commentators: Dr. Warburton reads *ſhamois*, Mr. Theobald would read any thing rather than *ſcamels*. Mr. Holt, who wrote notes upon this play, obſerves, that limpets are in ſome places called *ſcams*, therefore I have ſuffered *ſcamels* to ſtand. JOHNSON.

Theobald ſubſtitutes *ſhamois* for *ſcamels*; which laſt word, he ſays, has poſſeſſed all the editions. I am inclined to retain *ſcamels*; for in an old will dated 1593, I find the bequeſt of "a bed of *ſcammel colour*;" i. e. of the colour of an animal ſo called, whoſe ſkin was then in uſe for dreſs or furniture. This at leaſt ſhews the exiſtence of the word at the time and in Shakeſpeare's ſenſe. WARTON.

I take Mr. Warton's bed of *ſcammel* colour to be a miſtake for *ſtammel* colour, *i. e.* of a light red colour. The *light, pale ſtammel* is mentioned in Ph. Holland's tranſlation of *Pliny's Nat. Hiſt.* and is alſo there ſtiled *the light red*, and *freſh luſty gallant*, p. 260 and 261. See alſo *ſtammel* in *Ainſworth's Dict.* TOLLET.

In

Ste. I pr'ythee now lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here; bear my bottle! fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] *Farewell maſter; farewell, farewell.*

Trin. A howling monſter; a drunken monſter.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fiſh;*
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
*Nor ſcrape * trencher, nor waſh diſh,*
Ban' Ban', Ca—Caliban,
Has a new maſter——Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monſter! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

In Jonſon's *Underwoods*, ſee the following paſſage:

" Red-hood the firſt that doth appear
" In *ſtamel*, ſcarlet is too dear."

And in Fletcher's *Woman-hater:*

" Humble herſelf in an old *ſtamel* petticoat."

So in Middleton's *Maſque of the World toſt'd at Tennis:*

" They wear *ſtammel* cloaks inſtead of ſcarlet."

So in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606.

" Some *ſtamel* weaver, or ſome butcher's ſon."

Again, in *The Turk turn'd Chriſtian*, 1612.

" That fellow in the *ſtammel* hoſe is one of them."

STEEVENS.

* ——*trencher,*] The old copy reads *trenchering.*

STEEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Proſpero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

FERDINAND.

THERE be ſome ſports are painful; but their labour
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone; and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean taſk
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The miſtreſs, which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures. O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſs. I muſt remove
Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile them up,
Upon a ſore injunction. My ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps when ſhe ſees me work; and ſays, ſuch baſeneſs
Had ne'er like executor; I forget:
But theſe ſweet thoughts do even refreſh my labour,
Moſt buſy-leſs, when I do it.

Enter Miranda, and Proſpero at a diſtance.

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not ſo hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up thoſe logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, ſet it down, and reſt you: when this burns,

[*] The two firſt folios read:
Moſt buſy left, *when I do it.*
'Tis true this reading is corrupt; but the corruption is ſo very little removed from the truth of the text, that I cannot afford to think well of my own ſagacity for having diſcovered it.
THEOBALD.

'Twill

'Twill weep for having wearied you: my father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now, reſt yourſelf;
He's ſafe for theſe three hours.
Fer. O moſt dear miſtreſs,
The ſun will ſet before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.
Mira. If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.
Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my ſinews, break my back,
Than you ſhould ſuch diſhonour undergo,
While I ſit lazy by.
Mira. It would become me,
As well as it does you: and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.
Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This viſitation ſhews it.
Mira. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble miſtreſs; 'tis freſh morning with me,
When you are by, at night. I do beſeech you,
(Chiefly that I might ſet it in my prayers)
What is your name?
Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I have broke your [7] heſt to ſay ſo!
Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's deareſt to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with beſt regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral women; never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,

[7] —*beſt*—] For *behest*; i. e. command. STEEVENS.

So

So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
[8] Of every creature's beſt.
Mira. I do not know
One of my ſex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glaſs mine own; nor have I ſeen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am ſkilleſs of; but, by my modeſty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wiſh
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a ſhape,
Beſides yourſelf, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not ſo!) and would no more endure
This wooden ſlavery, than I would ſuffer
The fleſh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my ſoul ſpeak;—
The very inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart fly to your ſervice; there reſides
To make me ſlave to it; and, for your ſake,
Am I this patient log-man.
Mira. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witneſs to this ſound,
And crown what I profeſs with kind event,
If I ſpeak true; if hollowly, invert
What beſt is boaded me, to miſchief! I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mira. [9] I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro.

[8] *Of every creature's beſt.*] Alluding to the picture of Venus by Apelles. JOHNSON.

[9] *I am a fool,*
To weep at what I am glad of.] This is one of thoſe touches of nature that diſtinguiſh Shakeſpeare from all other writers. It was neceſſary, in ſupport of the character of Miranda, to make

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two moſt rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mira. At mine unworthineſs, that dare not offer,
What I deſire to give; and much leſs take,
What I ſhall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it ſeeks to hide itſelf,
The bigger bulk it ſhews. Hence baſhful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My miſtreſs, dareſt,
And I thus humble ever.
Mira. My huſband then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.
Mira. And mine, with my heart in't. And now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. [1] A thouſand, thouſand! [*Exeunt.*

make her appear ignorant, that exceſs of ſorrow and exceſs of joy find alike their relief from tears; and as this is the firſt time that conſummate pleaſure had made any near approaches to her heart, ſhe calls ſuch an expreſſion of it, *folly*.
STEEVENS.

[1] *A thouſand, thouſand!*] It is impertinent to be for ever pointing out beauties, which the reader of taſte will of courſe diſtinguiſh for himſelf; and yet I cannot quit this ſcene without obſerving, that it is ſuperior in its kind to any of thoſe that paſs between Romeo and Juliet; and holds up the moſt captivating picture of juvenile affection that has been exhibited, even by Shakeſpeare himſelf. The prince behaves through the whole with a delicacy ſuitable to his birth and education; and his unexperienced miſtreſs pours forth her ſoul without reſerve, without deſcending from the ſoft elevation of maiden dignity, and apparently derives her confidence from the purity of her intentions. STEEVENS.

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are ſurpriz'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere ſupper-time, muſt I perform
Much buſineſs appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the iſland.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, with a bottle.

Ste. Tell not me:—when the but is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em:—ſervant-monſter, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monſter? the folly of this iſland! They ſay, there's but five upon this iſle: we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the ſtate totters.

Ste. Drink, ſervant-monſter, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almoſt ſet in thy head.

Trin. Where ſhould they be ſet elſe? he were a brave monſter indeed, if they were ſet in his tail.

Ste. My man-monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſack: for my part, the ſea cannot drown me. [2] I ſwam, ere I could recover the ſhore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on.——By this light, thou ſhalt be my lieutenant, monſter, [3] or my ſtandard.

[2] *I ſwam*, &c.] This play was not publiſhed till 1623. *Albumazar* made its appearance in 1614, and has a paſſage relative to the eſcape of a ſailor yet more incredible. Perhaps, in both inſtances, a ſneer was meant at the *Voyages of Ferdinando Mendez Pinto*, or the exaggerated accounts of other lying travellers:

" ———five days I was under water; and at length
" Got up and ſpread myſelf upon a cheſt,
" Rowing with arms, and ſteering with my feet,
" And thus in five days more got land." Act 3. Sc. 5.

[3] ———*or my ſtandard.*

Trin. *Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.*] Meaning, he is ſo much intoxicated, as not to be able to ſtand. We call fruit-trees, that grow without ſupport, *ſtandards*. STEEVENS.

Trin.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard

Ste. We'll not run, monſieur monſter.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie like dogs, and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy ſhoe: I'll not ſerve him; he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou ly'ſt, moſt ignorant monſter; I am in caſe to joſtle a conſtable: why, [4] thou deboſh'd fiſh thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk ſo much ſack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monſtrous lie, being but half a fiſh, and half a monſter?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!——That a monſter ſhould be ſuch a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again: bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree——The poor monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the ſuit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel, and repeat it; I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel inviſible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubject to a tyrant, a ſorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the iſland.

[4] ——*thou deboſh'd fiſh thou,*——] I meet with this word, which I ſuppoſe to be the ſame as *debauch'd*, in Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, 1634.

" ——See your houſe be ſtor'd
" With the *debeiſheſt* roarers in this city."

When this word was firſt adopted from the French language, it appears to have been ſpelt according to the pronunciation, and therefore wrongly; but ever ſince it has been ſpelt right, it has been uttered with equal impropriety. STEEVENS.

Ari.

Ari. Thou ly'ſt.

Cal. Thou ly'ſt, thou jeſting monkey, thou;
I would, my valiant maſter would deſtroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more— [*To Caliban.*] Proceed.

Cal. I ſay, by ſorcery he got this iſle;
From me he got it. If thy greatneſs will
Revenge it on him (for, I know, thou dar'ſt,
But this thing dares not——)

Ste. That's moſt certain.

Cal. Thou ſhalt be lord of it, and I'll ſerve thee.

Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſt? Canſt thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee aſleep,
Where thou may'ſt knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou ly'ſt, thou canſt not.

Ste. [5] What a py'd ninny's this? Thou ſcurvy patch!——

Cal. I do beſeech thy greatneſs, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He ſhall drink nought but brine; for I'll not ſhew him
Where the quick freſhes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monſter one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a ſtock-fiſh of thee.

[5] *What a py'd ninny's this?*——] This line ſhould certainly be given to Stephano. *Py'd ninny* alludes to the ſtriped coat worn by fools, of which Caliban could have no knowledge. Trinculo had before been reprimanded and threatened by Stephano for giving Caliban the lie, he is now ſuppoſed to repeat his offence. Upon which Stephano cries out,

What a py'd ninny's this? Thou ſcurvy patch!——

Caliban, now ſeeing his maſter in the mood that he wiſhed, inſtigates him to vengeance:

I do beſeech thy greatneſs, give him blows. JOHNSON.

Trin.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou ly'ſt.

Ste. Do I ſo? take thou that. [*Beats him.*
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie; out o' your wits, and hearing too?——A pox of your bottle! this can ſack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monſter, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee ſtand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.——Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him
I' the afternoon to ſleep: there thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his ſkull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. [6] Remember,
Firſt to poſſeſs his books: for without them
He's but a ſot, as I am; nor hath not
One ſpirit to command. They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utenſils (for ſo he calls them)
Which, when he has an houſe, he'll deck withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himſelf
Calls her a non-pareil: I never ſaw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and ſhe;
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſes Sycorax,
As greateſt does leaſt.

[6] ——*Remember,*
Firſt to poſſeſs his books, &c.] So in Milton's *Maſque*;
" Oh, ye miſtook; ye ſhould have ſnatch'd his wand,
" And bound him faſt; without his rod revers'd,
" And backward mutterings of diſſevering power,
" We cannot free the lady."—— STEEVENS.

Ste.

Ste. Is it ſo brave a laſs?

Cal. Ay, lord; ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen (ſave our graces!) and Trinculo and thyſelf ſhall be vice-roys.—Doſt thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am ſorry I beat thee: but, while thou liv'ſt, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be aſleep; Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry; I am full of pleaſure; Let us be jocund. [7] Will you troul the catch, You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy requeſt, monſter, I will do reaſon, any reaſon: come on, Trinculo, let us ſing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and ſkout 'em; and ſkout 'em, and flout 'em; Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this ſame?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'ſt a man, ſhew thyſelf in thy likeneſs: if thou be'ſt a devil, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O, forgive me my ſins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.—— Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

[7] ——*Will you troul the catch,*] Ben Jonſon uſes the word in *Every Man in his Humour:*

"If he read this with patience, I'll *troul* ballads."

So Milton:

"To dreſs, to *troul* the tongue," &c. STEEVENS.

Ste.

Ste. No, monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the iſle is full of noiſes,
Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thouſand twanging inſtruments
Will hum about mine ears; and ſometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again: and then in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop upon me; then, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I ſhall have my muſick for nothing.

Cal. When Proſpero is deſtroy'd.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by: I remember the ſtory.

Trin. The ſound is going away: let's follow it, and after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monſter; we'll follow.—I wou'd I could ſee this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to another part of the iſland.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, &c.

Gon. [8] By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs muſt reſt me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myſelf attach'd with wearineſs,
To the dulling of my ſpirits: ſit down, and reſt.
Even here I will put off my hope; and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we ſtray to find; and the ſea mocks

[8] *By'r lakin,*——] i. e. The diminutive only of lady, i. e. ladykin. STEEVENS.

Our fruſtrate ſearch on land. Well, let him go.
Ant. [*Aſide to Sebaſtian.*] I am right glad that he's ſo out of hope.
Do not, for one repulſe, forego the purpoſe
That you reſolv'd to effect.
Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.
Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppreſs'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot uſe ſuch vigilance,
As when they are freſh.
Seb. I ſay, to-night: no more.

Solemn and ſtrange muſick; and Proſpero on the top, invisible. Enter ſeveral ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutation; and, inviting the king, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous ſweet muſick!
Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven! What were theſe?
Seb. * A living drollery. Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does elſe want credit, come to me,
And I'll be ſworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in Naples
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me?
If I ſhould ſay, I ſaw ſuch iſlanders,
(For, certes, theſe are people of the iſland)
Who, though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet, note,

* *A living drollery.*——] Shows, called *drolleries*, were in Shakeſpeare's time performed by puppets only. From theſe our modern *drolls*, exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name.
STEEVENS.

Their

Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you ſhall find
Many, nay, almoſt any.
Pro. Honeſt lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well; for ſome of you there preſent
Are worſe than devils. [*Aſide.*
Alon. I cannot too much muſe,
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound, expreſſing
(Although they want the uſe of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb diſcourſe.
Pro. [9] Praiſe in departing. [*Aſide.*
Fran. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.
Seb. No matter, ſince
They have left their viands behind; for we have ſtomachs.
Will't pleaſe you taſte of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe, [1] that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whoſe throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of fleſh? or that there were ſuch men,
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts? which now, we find,
[2] Each putter out on five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will ſtand to, and feed,
Although my laſt; no matter, ſince I feel
The

[9] *Praiſe in departing.*] i. e. Do not praiſe your entertainment too ſoon, leſt you ſhould have reaſon to retract your commendation. It is a proverbial ſaying. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*that there were mountaineers*, &c.] Whoever has the curioſity to know the particulars relating to theſe *mountaineers*, &c. may conſult *Maundeville's Travels*, printed in 1503, by Wynken de Worde. STEEVENS.

[2] *Each putter out*, &c.] This paſſage alluding to a forgotten cuſtom is very obſcure: the *putter out* muſt be a traveller, elſe how could he give this account? the *five for one* is money to be received by him at his return. Mr. Theobald has well illuſtrated this paſſage by a quotation from Jonſon. JOHNSON.

The beſt is paſt. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. [1] *Enter Ariel like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vaniſhes.*

Ari. You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny,
That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
And what is in't, the never-ſurfeited ſea
Hath cauſed to belch up; and on this iſland
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt men
Being moſt unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with ſuch like valour men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves. [*Alonſo, Sebaſtian, and the reſt*
Ye fools! I and my fellows [*draw their ſwords.*
Are miniſters of fate; the elements,
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at ſtabs
Kill the ſtill-cloſing waters, as diminiſh
[2] One down that's in my plume: my fellow-miniſters
Are

The ancient cuſtom was this. In this age of travelling, it was cuſtomary for thoſe who engaged in long expeditions, to place out a ſum of money on condition of receiving great intereſt for it at their return home. So Puntarvolo (it is Theobald's quotation) in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*. "I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and "(becauſe I will not altogether go upon expence) I am determined to put forth ſome *five* thouſand pound, to be paid "me *five* for *one*, upon the return of my wife, myſelf, and my "dog, from the Turk's court in Conſtantinople." STEEVENS.

[1] *Enter Ariel like a harpy*, &c.] Milton's *Par. Reg.* B. 2.

——— "with that
"Both table and proviſions vaniſh'd quite,
"With ſound of harpies wings, and talons heard."

At ſubitæ horrifico lapſu de montibus adſunt
Harpyiæ, & magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas
Diripiuntque dapes. Virg. Æn. 3. STEEVENS.

[2] *One down that's in my plume:*] The player-editors, who, in their preface, boaſt much of the corrections they had made, exhibit this paſſage thus:

"One dowle that's in my plumbe."——

Bailey,

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſy for your ſtrengths,
And will not be up-lifted. But remember,
(For that's my buſineſs to you) that you three
From Milan did ſupplant good Proſpero:
Expos'd unto the ſea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying not forgetting, have
Incens'd the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures,
Againſt your peace. Thee, of thy ſon, Alonſo,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worſe than any death
Can be at once) ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend
You, and your ways; whoſe wrath to guard you from
(Which here in this moſt deſolate iſle elſe falls
Upon your heads) is nothing but heart's ſorrow,
And a [3] clear life enſuing.

He vaniſhes in thunder: then to ſoft muſick, enter the ſhapes again, and dance with mops and mowes, and carry out the table.

Pro. [*Aſide.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy haſt thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my inſtruction haſt thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadſt to ſay: ſo [4] with good life,
And obſervation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters

Bailey, in his Dictionary, ſays, on the ſingle authority of this typographical blunder, that *dowle* is a feather, or rather the ſingle particles of the down. STEEVENS.

[3] — *clear life* —] Pure, blameleſs, innocent. JOHNSON.

[4] — *with good life,*] This ſeems a corruption. I know not in what ſenſe *life* can here be uſed, unleſs for alacrity, livelineſs, vigour, and in this ſenſe the expreſſion is harſh. Perhaps we may read, —— *with good* liſt, with good will, with ſincere zeal for my ſervice. I ſhould have propoſed, — *with good* lief, in the ſame ſenſe, but that I cannot find *lief* to be a ſubſtantive. *With good life* may however mean, with *exact preſentation of their ſeveral characters, with obſervation ſtrange* of their particular and diſtinct parts. So we ſay, he acted to the *life*. JOHNSON.

Their ſeveral kinds have done. My high charms work,
And theſe, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their diſtractions: they now are in my power;
And in theſe fits I leave them, whilſt I viſit
Young Ferdinand (whom they ſuppoſe is drown'd)
And his and my lov'd darling.
[*Exit Proſpero from above.*

Gon. I'the name of ſomething holy, Sir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?

Alon. O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
Methought, the billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Proſper: it did [5] baſs my treſpaſs.
Therefore, my ſon i'the ooze is bedded; and
I'll ſeek him deeper than e'er plummet ſounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy ſecond. [*Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are deſperate; their great guilt,
[6] Like poiſon given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits. I do beſeech you
That are of ſuppler joints, follow them ſwiftly;
And hinder them from what this ecſtaſy
May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

[5] ——*baſs my treſpaſs.*] The deep pipe told it me in a rough baſs ſound. JOHNSON.

[6] *Like poiſon given*, &c.] The natives of Africa have been ſuppoſed to be poſſeſſed of the ſecret how to temper poiſons with ſuch art as not to take effect till ſeveral years after they were adminiſtered, and were then as certain in their effect, as they were ſubtle in their preparation. STEEVENS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Proſpero's cell.

Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

PROSPERO.

IF I have too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends; for I
Have given you here [7] a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Haſt [8] ſtrangely ſtood the teſt. Here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift: O Ferdinand,
Do not ſmile at me that I boaſt her off;
For thou ſhalt find ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

[7] — *a third of mine own life,*] Thus all the impreſſions in general; but why is ſhe only a *third* of his own life? He had no wife living, nor any other child, to rob her of a ſhare in his affection: ſo that we may reckon her at leaſt *half* of himſelf. Nor could he intend, that he loved himſelf twice as much as he did her; for he immediately ſubjoins, that it was *ſhe for whom he liv'd.* In *Othello*, when Iago alarms the ſenator with the loſs of his daughter, he tells him,

"Your heart is burſt, you have loſt *half* your ſoul."

And *dimidium animæ meæ* was the current language with the Latines on ſuch occaſions. THEOBALD.

In conſequence of this ratiocination Mr. Theobald printed the text, *a* thread *of my own life.* I have reſtored the ancient reading. Proſpero, in his reaſon ſubjoined why he calls her the *third* of his life, ſeems to allude to ſome logical diſtinction of cauſes, making her the final cauſe. JOHNSON.

[8] — *ſtrangely ſtood the teſt.*] Strangely is uſed by way of commendation, *merveilleuſement, to a wonder*; the ſenſe is the ſame in the foregoing ſcene, with *obſervation ſtrange.* JOHNSON.

Fer. I believe it,
Againſt an oracle.
Pro. Then as my [9] gift, and thine own acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But
If thou doſt break her virgin-knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be miniſter'd,
No ſweet aſperſion ſhall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd diſdain, and diſcord, ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps ſhall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as 'tis now; the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrong'ſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer Genius can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt; to take away
The edge of that days celebration,
When I ſhall think or Phœbus' ſteeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.
Pro. Fairly ſpoke.
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my induſtrious ſervant Ariel!—

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent maſter? here I am,
Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform; and I muſt uſe you
In ſuch another trick: go, bring [1] the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place;
Incite them to quick motion, for I muſt
Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple

[9] — *my gift*,—] My gueſt, firſt folio. JOHNSON.
[1] — *the rabble*,] The crew of meaner ſpirits. JOHNSON.

Some

Some vanity of mine art; it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.
Ari. Preſently?
Pro. Ay, with a twink.
Ari. Before you can ſay, [2] *Come*, and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *ſo*, *ſo*;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, maſter? no.
Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: do not approach,
Till thou doſt hear me call.
Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*
Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To the fire i'the blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe, good night, your vow!——
Fer. I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.
Pro. Well.——
Now come, my Ariel; [3] bring a corollary,
Rather than want a ſpirit; appear, and pertly.——
[4] No tongue; all eyes; be ſilent. [*To Ferdinand.*
[*Soft muſick.*

A maſque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, moſt bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peaſe;

[2] ——— *Come, and go* ———
Each one, tripping on his toe,] So Milton,
"Come, and trip it as you go
"On the light fantaſtic toe." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *bring a corollary,*] That is, bring more than are ſufficient, rather than fail for want of numbers. *Collorary* means *ſurplus*. STEEVENS.

[4] *No tongue*;——] Thoſe who are preſent at incantations are obliged to be ſtrictly ſilent, "elſe," as we are afterwards told, "the ſpell is marred." JOHNSON.

Thy

Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling ſheep,
And flat meads [5] thatch'd with ſtover, them to keep;
[6] Thy banks with pionied, and tulip'd brims,
Which ſpungy April at thy beſt betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaſte crowns; [7] and thy broom groves,
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed batchelor loves,
Being laſs-lorn; [8] thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy ſea-marge, ſterile, and rocky hard,
Where thou thyſelf do'ſt air; the queen o' the ſky,
Whoſe watery arch, and meſſenger, am I,
Bids thee leave theſe; and with her ſovereign grace,

[5] —*thatch'd with ſtover,*—] *Stover* is a law word, and ſignifies an allowance in food or other neceſſaries of life. It is here uſed for proviſion in general for animals. STEEVENS.

[6] *Thy banks with pionied, and tulip'd brims.*] The old edition reads *pioned* and *twilled* brims, which gave riſe to Mr. Holt's conjecture, that the poet originally wrote,

——— *with* pioned *and* tilled *brims.*

Spenſer and the author of *Mulcaſſes the Turk*, a tragedy, 1610, uſe *pioning* for digging. It is not therefore difficult to find a meaning for the word as it ſtands in the old copy; and remove a letter from *twilled* and it leaves us *tilled.* I am yet, however, in doubt whether we ought not to read *lillied* brims, as Holland's tranſlation of *Pliny's Nat. Hiſtory* mentions the *water-lilly* as a preſerver of chaſtity.

In *Ovid's Banquet of Senſe*, by Chapman, 1595, I met with the following ſtanza in which *twill-pants* are enumerated among flowers;

"White and red jaſmines, merry, melliphill,
"Fair crown-imperial, emperor of flowers,
"Immortal amaranth, white aphrodill,
"And cup-like *twill-pants* ſtrew'd in Bacchus bowers."

If *twill* be the ancient name of any flower, the preſent reading, *pionied* and *twilled*, may certainly ſtand. *Twill* is alſo a north country word for the quill on which they wind yarn. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*and thy broom groves,*] A grove of *broom*, I believe, was never heard of, as it is a low ſhrub and not a tree. Hanmer reads *brown* groves. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*thy pole-clipt vineyard,*] To *clip* is to *twine round* or *embrace.* The poles are *clipt* or embraced by the vines. STEEVENS.

Here

Here on this graſs-plot, in this very place,
To come and ſport: her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd meſſenger, that ne'er
Do'ſt diſobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffuſeſt honey drops, refreſhing ſhowers;
And with each end of thy blue bow do'ſt crown
[9] My boſky acres, and my unſhrub'd down,
Rich ſcarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, [1] to this ſhort-graſs'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bleſs'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her ſon, as thou do'ſt know,
Do now attend the queen: ſince they did plot
The means, that duſky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's ſcandal'd company
I have forſworn.

Iris. Of her ſociety
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her ſon
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whoſe vows are, that no bed-right ſhall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain:
Mars's hot minion is return'd again,
Her waſpiſh-headed ſon has broke his arrows,

[9] *My boſky acres,* &c.] *Boſky* is woody. *Boſquet,* Fr. So Milton,

"And every *boſky* bourn from ſide to ſide." STEEVENS.

[1] — *to this ſhort-graſs'd green?*] The old copy reads ſhort-*grav'd* green. *Short-grav'd green* means *graved ſo as to be ſhort.* STEEVENS.

Swears

Swears he will ſhoot no more, but play with ſparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. [2] High queen of ſtate,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Jun. How does my bounteous ſiſter? Go with me
To bleſs this twain, that they may proſperous be,
And honour'd in their iſſue.

Jun. *Honour, riches, marriage-bleſſing,*
Long continuance and increaſing,
Hourly joys be ſtill upon you!
Juno ſings her bleſſings on you.

Cer. [3] *Earth's increaſe, and foyſon plenty;*
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with cluſt'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;

[2] *High queen of ſtate,*] Mr. Whalley thinks this paſſage in *The Tempeſt*,

High queen of ſtate,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait,

a remarkable inſtance of Shakeſpeare's knowledge of ancient poetic ſtory; and that the hint was furniſhed by the *Divûm incedo Regina* of Virgil.

John Taylor, the water-poet, declares, that he never learned his *Accidence*, and that Latin and French were to him Heathen Greek; yet by the help of Mr. Whalley's argument, I will prove him a learned man, in ſpite of every thing he may ſay to the contrary: for thus he makes a gallant addreſs his lady; "Moſt ineſtimable magazine of beauty! in whom the port and "majeſty of Juno, the wiſdom of Jove's braine-bred girle, "and the feature of Cytherea, have their domeſtical habita-"tion." FARMER.

[3] *Earth's increaſe,*——] All the editions, that I have ever ſeen, concur in placing this whole ſonnet to Juno; but very abſurdly, in my opinion. I believe every accurate reader, who is acquainted with poetical hiſtory, and the diſtinct offices of theſe two goddeſſes, and who then ſeriouſly reads over our author's lines, will agree with me, that Ceres's name ought to have been placed where I have now prefixed it. THEOBALD.

Spring

Spring come to you, at the fartheſt,
In the very end of harveſt!
Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun you;
Ceres' bleſſing ſo is on you.

Fer. This is a moſt majeſtic viſion, and
[4] Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To think theſe ſpirits?
Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies.
Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradiſe.
Pro. Sweet; now ſilence:
Juno and Ceres whiſper ſeriouſly;
There's ſomething elſe to do: huſh, and be mute,
Or elſe our ſpell is marr'd.
[*Juno and Ceres whiſper, and ſend Iris on employment.*
Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the [5] wandring brooks,
With your ſedg'd crowns, and ever harmleſs looks,
[6] Leave your criſp channels, and on this green land
Anſwer your ſummons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

[4] *Harmonious charmingly:*——] Mr. Edwards would read,
Harmonious charming lay:———
For though (ſays he) the benediction is ſung by two goddeſſes, it is yet but one *lay* or hymn. I believe this paſſage appears as it was written by the poet, who, for the ſake of the verſe, made the words change places; and then the meaning is ſufficiently obvious. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*wandring brooks,*] The modern editors read *winding brooks.* The old copy——*windring.* I ſuppoſe we ſhould read *wandring,* as it is here printed. STEEVENS.

[6] *Leave your criſp channels,*——] *Criſp,* i. e. *curling, winding.* Lat. *criſpus.* So *Hen. IV.* Part 1. Act 1. Sc. 4. Hotſpur ſpeaking of the river Severn,
" And hid his *criſped* head in the hollow bank." STEEV.

Enter

Enter certain nymphs.

You ſun-burn'd ſicklemen, of Auguſt weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited: they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Proſpero ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks; after which, to a ſtrange, hollow, and confuſed noiſe, they vaniſh heavily.

Pro. [*Aſide.*] I had forgot that foul conſpiracy
Of the beaſt Caliban, and his confederates,
Againſt my life: the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come.— [*To the ſpirits.*] Well done;—avoid;—no more.
Fer. This is moſt ſtrange; your father's in ſome paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.
Mira. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger ſo diſtemper'd.
Pro. You do look, my ſon, in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmay'd: be cheerful, Sir:
Our revels now are ended: theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all, which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
[a] Leave not a rack behind! We are ſuch ſtuff
As

[a] *Leave not a rack behind!*—] "The winds" (ſays lord Bacon) "which move the clouds above, which we call the "*rack*, and are not perceived below, paſs without noiſe."

The

As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep.—— [3] Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakneſs; my old brain is troubled:
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmity.
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repoſe; a turn or two I'll walk,
To ſtill my beating mind.

The word is common to many authors contemporary with Shakeſpeare. So in the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*:

" ——ſhall I ſtray
" In the middle air, and ſtay
" The ſailing *rack*."——

Sir T. H. inſtead of *rack*, reads arbitrarily *track*. To *rack*, in this ſenſe, is ſometimes uſed as a verb. So in the old play of *The Raigne of King Edward III.* 1596.

" ——like inconſtant clouds,
" That, *rack'd* upon the carriage of the winds,
" Encreaſe and die."—— STEEVENS.

[3] ——*Sir, I am vex'd*;
Bear with my weakneſs; my old brain is troubled:] Proſpero here diſcovers a great emotion of anger on his ſudden recollection of Caliban's plot. This appears from the admirable reflection he makes on the inſignificancy of human things. For thinking men are never under greater depreſſion of mind than when they moralize in this manner; and yet, if we turn to the occaſion of his diſorder, it does not appear, at firſt view, to be a thing capable of moving one in Proſpero's circumſtances. The plot of a contemptible *ſavage* and two drunken ſailors, all of whom he had abſolutely in his power. There was then no apprehenſion of danger. But if we look more nearly into the caſe, we ſhall have reaſon to admire our author's wonderful knowledge of nature. There was ſomething in it with which great minds are moſt deeply affected, and that is, *the ſenſe of ingratitude*. He recalled to mind the obligations this Caliban lay under for the inſtructions he had given him, and the conveniencies of life he had taught him to uſe. But theſe reflexions on Caliban's ingratitude would naturally recall to mind his brother's; and then theſe two working together, were very capable of producing all the diſorder of paſſion here repreſented.——That theſe two, who had received at his hands the two beſt gifts mortals are capable of, when rightly employed, *regal power*, and the *uſe of reaſon*; that theſe, in return, ſhould conſpire againſt the life of the donor, would ſurely afflict a generous mind to its utmoſt bearing. WARBURTON.

Fer.

Fer. Mira. We wiſh you peace.

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mira.*

Pro. Come with a thought:——I thank you:——
Ariel, come.

Proſpero comes forward from the cell; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleaſure?

Pro. Spirit,
We muſt prepare [4] to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I preſented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Leſt I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didſt thou leave theſe varlets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
[5] Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
As they ſmelt muſick; ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd-

[4] ——*to meet with Caliban.*] *To meet with* is to *counteract*; to play ſtratagem againſt ſtratagem.—*The parſon knows the temper of every one in his houſe, and accordingly either* meets with their vices, *or advances their virtues.*

HERBERT's *Country Parſon.*

JOHNSON.

[5] Thus Drayton, in his *Court of Fairie of Hobgoblin caught in a Spell:*

" But once the circle got within,
" The charms to work do ſtraight begin,
" And he was caught as in a gin:
" For as he thus was buſy,
" A pain he in his head-piece feels,
" Againſt a ſtubbed tree he reels,
" And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels:
" Alas, his brain was dizzy.

" At

Tooth'd briars, ſharp furzes, * pricking goſs, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſhins: at laſt I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-ſtunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy ſhape inviſible retain thou ſtill;
The trumpery in my houſe, go, bring it hither,
[6] For ſtale to catch theſe thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: come, hang them on this line.
[*Proſpero remains inviſible.*

Enter Ariel loaden with gliſtering apparel, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monſter, your fairy, which, you ſay, is a harmleſs fairy, has done little better than play'd the [7] Jack with us.

" At length upon his feet he gets,
" Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets;
" And as again he forward ſets,
" And through the buſhes ſcrambles,
" A ſtump doth hit him in his pace,
" Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
" And lamentably tore his caſe
" Among the briers and brambles." JOHNSON.

* —*pricking* goſs,—] I know not how Shakeſpeare diſtinguiſhed *goſs* from *furze*; for what he calls *furze*, is called *goſs* or *gorſe* in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

[6] *For ſtale to catch theſe thieves.*] *Stale* is a word in *fowling*, and is uſed to mean a *bait* or *decoy* to catch birds. STEEVENS.

[7] He has play'd *Jack with a lantern*] Has led us about like an *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire. JOHNSON.

Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſs, at which my noſe is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monſter? If I ſhould take a diſpleaſure againſt you; look you——

Trin. Thou wert but a loſt monſter.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour ſtill:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this miſchance: therefore, ſpeak ſoftly;
All's huſh'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to loſe our bottles in the pool——

Ste. There is not only diſgrace and diſhonour in that, monſter, but an infinite loſs.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmleſs fairy, monſter.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: ſeeſt thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell; no noiſe, and enter:
Do that good miſchief, which may make this iſland
Thine own for ever; and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

[3] *Trin.* O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!
Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but traſh.

Trin. Oh, ho, monſter; [9] we know what belongs to a frippery:——O, king Stephano!

[3] Trin. *O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!*] The humour of theſe lines conſiſts in their being an alluſion to an old celebrated ballad, which begins thus: *King Stephen was a worthy peer*——and celebrates that king's parſimony with regard to his *wardrobe.*——There are two ſtanzas of this ballad in *Othello.* WARBURTON.

The old ballad is printed at large in *The Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. I. PERCY.

[9] ——*we know what belongs to a* frippery:——] A *frippery* was a ſhop where old cloaths were ſold.

Beaumont

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace ſhall have it.

Cal. The dropſy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on ſuch luggage? [1] Let's along,
And do the murder firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our ſkins with pinches;
Make us ſtrange ſtuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monſter. Miſtreſs line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin [2] under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to loſe your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we ſteal by line and level, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jeſt; here's a garment for't: wit ſhall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent paſs of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monſter, come, [3] put ſome lime upon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will none on't: we ſhall loſe our time,
And all be turn'd [4] to barnacles, or apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste.

Beaumont and Fletcher uſe it in this ſenſe, *Wit without Money*, Act 2.

"As if I were a running *frippery*."

So in *Monſieur de Olive*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1606. "Paſſ-"ing yeſterday by the *frippery*, I ſpied two of them hanging "out at a ſtall with a gambrell thruſt from ſhoulder to ſhoul-"der." STEEVENS.

[1] Firſt edit. *Let's alone.* JOHNSON.

[2] ——*under the line:*] An alluſion to what often happens to people who paſs the line. The violent fevers, which they contract in that hot climate, make them loſe their hair. EDWARDS' MSS.

[3] ——*put ſome lime*, &c.] That is, *birdlime.* JOHNSON.

[4] ——*to barnacles, or apes*] Skinner ſays *barnacle* is *Anſer Scoticus.* The *barnacle* is a kind of ſhell-fiſh growing on the bottoms of ſhips, and which was anciently ſuppoſed, when

Ste. Monſter, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

[5] *A noiſe of hunters heard. Enter divers ſpirits in ſhape of hounds, hunting them about; Proſpero and Ariel ſetting them on. Caliban, Stephano, and Trincule driven out roaring.*

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey.

Ari. Silver; there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury; there, Tyrant, there; hark, hark.———

[*To Ariel.*] Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulſions; ſhorten up their ſinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

broken off, to become one of theſe geeſe. Hall, in his *Virgedemiarum*, lib. iv. ſat. 2. ſeems to favour this ſuppoſition:

" The Scottiſh barnacle, if I might chooſe,
" That of a worme doth waxe a winged gooſe," &c.

So Marſton, in his *Malecontent*, 1604.

" ——like your Scotch *barnacle*, now a block,
" Inſtantly a worm, and preſently a great gooſe."

" There are" (ſays Gerard, in his *Herbal*, edit. 1597. page 1391) " in the north parts of Scotland certaine trees, whereon " do growe ſhell-fiſhes, &c. &c. which, falling into the water, " do become fowls, whom we call *barnakles*, in the north of " England *brant geeſe*, and in Lancaſhire *tree geeſe*," &c. For this extract from Gerard, I am indebted to Mr. Collins of Hampſtead. STEEVENS.

[5] *A noiſe of hunters heard.*——] Shakeſpeare might have had in view " *Arthur's Chace*, which many believe to be in France, " and think that it is a kennel of black dogs followed by un- " known huntſmen with an exceeding great ſound of horns, " as if it was a very hunting of ſome wild beaſt." See *A Treatiſe of Spectres* tranſlated from the French of Peter de Loier, and publiſhed in quarto, 1605. Dr. GRAY.

Ari.

Ari. Hark, they roar.
Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little,
Follow, and do me ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the cell.

Enter Proſpero in his magick robes, and Ariel.

PROSPERO.

NOW does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my ſpirits obey; [1] and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?
Ari. On the ſixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You ſaid, our work ſhould ceaſe.
Pro. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the tempeſt. Say, my ſpirit,
How fares the king and his followers?
Ari. Confin'd together
In the ſame faſhion as you gave in charge;
Juſt as you left them; all priſoners, Sir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge, till you releaſe. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,

[1] ——*and time*
Goes upright with his carriage.—] Alluding to one carrying a burthen. This critical period of my life proceeds as I could wiſh. Time brings forward all the expected events, without faultering under his burthen. STEEVENS.

Brim-full of ſorrow and diſmay; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd the good old lord Gonzalo,
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm ſo ſtrongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'ſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, [2] that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown further: go, releaſe them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their ſenſes I'll reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pro. [3] Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes, and groves,
And

[2] ——*that reliſh all as ſharply,*
Paſſion as they,——] *Paſſion* is a verb in Shakeſpeare. I feel every thing with the ſame quick ſenſibility, and am moved by the ſame paſſions as they are. So in *The Gent. of Verona:*

"Madam, 'twas Ariadne *paſſioning*
"For Theſeus' perjury," &c.

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis:*

"Dumbly ſhe *paſſions*, frantickly ſhe doateth."

STEEVENS.

[3] *Ye elves of hills, of ſtanding lakes, and groves,*] This ſpeech Dr. Warburton rightly obſerves to be borrowed from Medea's in *Ovid:* and it proves, ſays Mr. Holt, beyond contradiction, that Shakeſpeare was perfectly acquainted with the ſentiments of

And ye, that on the ſands [4] with printleſs foot
Do chaſe the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-ſhine do the green ſour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight muſhrooms; that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid
[5] (Weak maſters though ye be) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's ſtout oak
With his own bolt: the ſtrong-bas'd promontory
Have I made ſhake; and by the ſpurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their ſleepers; op'd, and let them forth
By my ſo potent art. But this rough magick
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
Some heavenly muſick (which even now I do)

of the ancients on the ſubject of inchantments. The original lines are theſe:

" Auræque, & venti, monteſque, amneſque, lacuſque,
" Diique omnes nemorum, diique omnes noctis adeſte."

The tranſlation of which by Golding is by no means literal, and Shakeſpeare hath cloſely followed it:

" Ye ayres and winds; ye *elves of hills*, of brookes, of
" woods alone,
" *Of ſtanding lakes*, and of the night approche ye everych
" one." FARMER.

[4] ———*with printleſs foot*
Do chaſe the ebbing Neptune,—] So Milton, in his *Maſque:*

" Whilſt from off the waters fleet,
" Thus I ſet my printleſs feet." STEEVENS.

[5] *(Weak maſters though ye be)*——] The meaning of this paſſage may be; *Though you are but inferior maſters of theſe ſupernatural powers,—though you poſſeſs them but in a low degree.* Spenſer uſes the ſame kind of expreſſion, B. 3. Cant. 8. St. 4.

" Where ſhe (the witch) was wont her ſprights to enter-
" tain
" *The maſters of her art:* there was ſhe fain
" To call them all in order to her aid." STEEVENS.

To work mine end upon their ſenſes, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my ſtaff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet ſound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn muſick.*

Re-enter Ariel: after him Alonzo with a frantick geſture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebaſtian and Anthonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Franciſco. They all enter the circle which Proſpero had made, and there ſtand charm'd; which Proſpero obſerving, ſpeaks.

A ſolemn air, and the beſt comforter
To an unſettled fancy, cure thy brains
Now uſeleſs, boil'd within thy ſkull! There ſtand,
For you are ſpell ſtopp'd.———
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even ſociable to the ſhew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.——The charm diſſolves apace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs; ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ignorant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reaſon.—O my good Gonzalo,
My true preſerver, and a loyal Sir
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed.——Moſt cruelly
Didſt thou, Alonſo, uſe me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;——
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebaſtian.——Fleſh and blood
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorſe and nature; who, with Sebaſtian,
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell; and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me——Ariel,
Fetch

Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
I will diſ-caſe me, and myſelf preſent,
[*Exit Ariel, and returns immediately.*
As I was ſometime Milan.——Quickly, ſpirit;
Thou ſhalt e'er long be free.

Ariel ſings, and helps to attire him.

Where the bee ſucks, there ſuck I;
In a cowſlip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
[6] *After ſummer, merrily.*
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

Pro.

[6] *After ſummer, merrily.*] This is the reading of all the editions. Yet Mr. Theobald has ſubſtituted *ſun-ſet*, becauſe Ariel talks of riding on the bat in this expedition. An idle fancy. That circumſtance is given only to deſign the *time of night* in which fairies travel. One would think the conſideration of the circumſtances ſhould have ſet him right. Ariel was a ſpirit of great delicacy, bound by the charms of Proſpero to a conſtant attendance on his occaſions. So that he was confined to the iſland winter and ſummer. But the roughneſs of winter is repreſented by Shakeſpeare as diſagreeable to fairies, and ſuch like delicate ſpirits, who, on this account, conſtantly follow *ſummer*. Was not this then the moſt agreeable circumſtance of Ariel's new recovered liberty, that he could now avoid *winter*, and follow *ſummer* quite round the globe? But to put the matter quite out of queſtion, let us conſider the meaning of this line:

There I couch when owls do cry.

Where? in the *cowſlip's bell*, and *where the bee ſucks*, he tells us: this muſt needs be in *ſummer*. When? *when owls cry*, and this is in *winter*:

"When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
"Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl."

The Song of *Winter* in *Love's Labour Loſt*.

The conſequence is, that Ariel *flies after ſummer*. Yet the Oxford Editor has adopted this judicious emendation of Mr. Theobald. WARBURTON.

Ariel does not appear to have been confined to the iſland, ſummer and winter, as he was ſometimes ſent on ſo long an errand

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I ſhall miſs thee;
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom. So, ſo, ſo.——
To the king's ſhip, inviſible as thou art;
There ſhalt thou find the mariners aſleep
Under the hatches; the maſter, and the boatſwain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And preſently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. [7] I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulſe twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; ſome heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged duke of Milan, Proſpero:
For more aſſurance that a living prince
Does now ſpeak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Be'ſt thou he, or no,
Or ſome inchanted trifle to abuſe me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulſe
Beats, as of fleſh and blood; and, ſince I ſaw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,

errand as to the Bermoothes. When he ſays, *On the bat's back I do fly*, &c. he ſpeaks of his preſent ſituation only, nor triumphs in the idea of his future liberty till the laſt couplet,

Merrily, merrily, &c.

The bat is no bird of paſſage, and the expreſſion is therefore probably uſed to ſignify, *not that he purſues ſummer*, but that *after ſummer is paſt*, he rides upon the ſoft down of a bat's back, which ſuits not improperly with the delicacy of his airy being.

Shakeſpeare, who, in his *Midſummer Night's Dream*, has placed the light of a glow-worm in its eyes, might, through the ſame ignorance of natural hiſtory, have ſuppoſed the bat to be a bird of paſſage. Owls cry not only in winter. It is well known that they are not leſs clamorous in ſummer.

STEEVENS.

[7] *To drink the air*——] Is an expreſſion of ſwiftneſs of the ſame kind as *to devour the way* in *Henry IV.* JOHNSON.

I fear,

I fear, a madneſs held me: this muſt crave
(An if this be not all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory.
[8] Thy dukedom I reſign, and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how ſhould Proſpero
Be living and be here?

Pro. Firſt, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whoſe honour cannot
Be meaſur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not ſwear.

Pro. You do yet taſte
Some ſubtilties o' the iſle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—welcome, my friends all:—
But you, my brace of lords, were I ſo minded,
[*Aſide to Seb. and Ant.*
I here could pluck his highneſs' frown upon you,
And juſtify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil ſpeaks in him. [*Aſide.*

Pro. No:——
For you, moſt wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankeſt fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou muſt reſtore.

Alon. If thou be'ſt Proſpero,
Give us particulars of thy preſervation:
How thou haſt met us here, who three hours ſince
Were wreck'd upon this ſhore; where I have loſt,
How ſharp the point of this remembrance is!
My dear ſon Ferdinand.

Pro. [9] I am woe for't, Sir.

Alon.

[8] *Thy dukedom I reſign,*——] The dutchy of Milan being through the treachery of Anthonio made fendatory to the crown of Naples, Alonzo promiſes to reſign his claim of ſovereignty for the future. STEEVENS.

[9] *I am woe for't, Sir.*] i. e. *I am ſorry for it. To woe,* is often

Alon. Irreparable is the loſs; and Patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.
Pro. I rather think,
You have not ſought her help; of whoſe ſoft grace,
For the like loſs, I have her ſovereign aid,
And reſt myſelf content.
Alon. You the like loſs?
Pro. [1] As great to me, as late; and, ſupportable
To make the dear loſs, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have loſt my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wiſh,
Myſelf were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my ſon lies. When did you loſe your daughter?
Pro. In this laſt tempeſt. I perceive, theſe lords
At this encounter do ſo much admire,
That they devour their reaſon; and ſcarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howſoe'er you have
Been joſtled from your ſenſes, know for certain,
That I am Proſpero, and that very duke
Which was thruſt forth of Milan; who moſt ſtrangely
Upon this ſhore, where you were wreck'd, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And ſubjects none abroad. Pray you, look in;

often uſed by old writers to ſignify *to be ſorry*. So Chaucer. See *The Court of Love*, p. 36.

"———I wolde be *wo*,
"That I preſume to her to writin ſo." STEEVENS.

[1] *As great to me, as late;*——] My loſs is as great as yours, and has as lately happened to me. JOHNSON.

My

My dukedom ſince you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At leaſt, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and diſcovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at cheſs.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me falſe.
Fer. No, my deareſt love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. [a] Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms. You ſhould wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A viſion of the iſland, one dear ſon
Shall I twice loſe.
Seb. A moſt high miracle!
Fer. Though the ſeas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cauſe.
Alon. Now all the bleſſings [*Ferd. kneels.*
Of a glad father compaſs thee about!
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt here.
Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has ſuch people in't!
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou waſt at play?

[a] *Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms.*——] I take the ſenſe to be only this: Ferdinand would not, he ſays, play her falſe for the *world*; yes, anſwers ſhe, I would allow you to do it for ſomething leſs than the world, for *twenty kingdoms*, and I wiſh you well enough to allow you, after a little *wrangle*, that your play was fair. So likewiſe Dr. Gray. JOHNSON.

I would recommend another punctuation, and then the ſenſe would be as follows:

Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms you ſhould wrangle,
And I would call it fair play. STEEVENS.

Your

Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is ſhe the goddeſs that hath ſever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, ſhe's mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, ſhe's mine.
I chooſe her, when I could not aſk my father
For his advice; nor thought, I had one: ſhe
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom ſo often I have heard renown,
But never ſaw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond life; and ſecond father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:
But, oh, how oddly will it ſound, that I
Muſt aſk my child forgiveneſs!
Pro. There, Sir, ſtop;
Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heavineſs that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I ſay, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thruſt from Milan, that his iſſue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and ſet it down
With gold on laſting pillars: in one voyage
Did Claribel her huſband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himſelf was loſt; Proſpero his dukedom,
In a poor iſle; and all of us, ourſelves,
[3] When no man was his own.
Alon. Give me your hands:
Let grief and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you joy!
Gon. Be't ſo, Amen!

[3] When *no man was his own.*] For *when* perhaps ſhould be read *where.* JOHNSON.

Re-enter

Re-enter Ariel, with the Maſter and Boatſwain amazedly following.

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
I propheſy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt grace o'erboard, not an oath on ſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boatſ. The beſt news is, that we have ſafely found
Our king and company: the next, our ſhip,
Which but three glaſſes ſince we gave out ſplit,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We firſt put out to ſea.

Ari. Sir, all this ſervice
Have I done ſince I went. [*Aſide.*
Pro. My trickſy ſpirit!

Alon. Theſe are not natural events; they ſtrengthen,
From ſtrange to ſtranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boatſ. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd ſtrive to tell you. We were dead aſleep,
And (how we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with ſtrange and ſeveral noiſes
Of roaring, ſhrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; ſtraightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freſhly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ſhip; our maſter
Cap'ring to eye her: on a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Even in a dream were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou ſhalt be free. [*Aſide.*

Alon. This is as ſtrange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this buſineſs more than nature
Was ever conduct of: ſome oracle
Muſt rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,

Do not infeſt your mind * with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs; at pick'd leiſure
(Which ſhall be ſhortly) ſingle I'll reſolve you,
† (Which to you ſhall ſeem probable) of every
Theſe happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, ſpirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free: [*To Ariel.* [*Aſide.*
Untie the ſpell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet miſſing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their ſtolen apparel.

Ste. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let no man take care for himſelf; for all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-monſter, Coragio!

Trin. If theſe be true ſpies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly ſight.

Cal. O Setebos, theſe be brave ſpirits, indeed! How fine my maſter is! I am afraid He will chaſtiſe me.

Seb. Ha, ha; What things are theſe, my lord Anthonio! Will money buy them?

* ——*with beating on*
The ſtrangeneſs, &c.] A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in one of the parts of *Hen. VI.*

" ——your thoughts
" *Beat* on a crown."

An alluſion is, I believe, meant to falconry. STEEVENS.

† *(Which to you ſhall ſeem probable)*] Theſe words ſeem, at the firſt view, to have no uſe; ſome lines are perhaps loſt with which they were connected. Or we may explain them thus: I will reſolve you, by yourſelf, which method, when you hear the ſtory [of Anthonio's and Sebaſtian's plot] *ſhall ſeem probable*, that is, *ſhall deſerve your approbation.* JOHNSON.

Surely Proſpero's meaning is: " I will relate to you the " means by which I have been enabled to accompliſh theſe ends, " which means, though they now appear ſtrange and impro- " bable, will then appear otherwiſe." ANONYMOUS.

Ant.

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fiſh, and, no doubt, marketable.
Pro. Mark but the badges of theſe men, my lords,
Then ſay, if they be [5] true. This miſ-ſhapen knave——
His mother was a witch; and one ſo ſtrong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
Theſe three have robb'd me; and this demy-devil
(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of theſe fellows you
Muſt know and own; this thing of darkneſs I
Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I ſhall be pinch'd to death.
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
Seb. He's drunk now: where had he wine?
Alon. [6] And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where ſhould they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

Trin.

[5] ——*true.*——] That is, *honeſt. A true man* is, in the language of that time, oppoſed to a thief. The ſenſe is, *Mark what theſe men wear, and ſay if they are honeſt.* JOHNSON.

[6] *And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where ſhould they Find this grand* LIQUOR *that hath gilded them?*] Shakeſpeare, to be ſure, wrote—grand 'LIXIR, alluding to the *grand* Elixir of the alchymiſts, which they pretend would reſtore youth, and confer immortality. This, as they ſaid, being a preparation of gold they called *Aurum potabile*; which Shakeſpeare alluded to in the word *gilded*; as he does again in *Anthony and Cleopatra:*

" How much art thou unlike Mark Anthony?
" Yet coming from him, that *great med'cine* hath,
" With his tinct *gilded* thee."

But the joke here is to inſinuate that, notwithſtanding all the boaſts of the chymiſts, ſack was the only reſtorer of youth, and beſtower of immortality. So Ben Jonſon, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*——" Canarie the very *Elixar* and ſpirit of " wine."—This ſeems to have been the cant name for ſack, of which the Engliſh were, at that time, immoderately fond. Randolf, in his *Jealous Lovers*, ſpeaking of it, ſays,——" A

Trin. I have been in ſuch a pickle, ſince I ſaw you laſt, that I fear me, will never out of my bones: I ſhall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the iſle, ſirrah?

Ste. I ſhould have been a ſore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners,
As in his ſhape.—Go, ſirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handſomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for grace. What a thrice-double aſs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god;
And worſhip this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or ſtole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highneſs, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as, I not doubt, ſhall make it
Go quick away: the ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this iſle: and in the morn

" pottle of Elixar at the Pegaſus bravely caroufed." So again in Fletcher's *Monſieur Thomas*, Act 3.

" ——Old reverend ſack, which, for ought that I can read
" yet,
" Was that philoſopher's ſtone the wife king Ptolemeus
" Did all his wonders by."———

The phraſe too of being *gilded* was a trite one on this occaſion. Fletcher, in his *Chances*—Duke. *Is ſhe not drunk too?* Whore. *A little* gilded *o'er, Sir; old ſack, old ſack, boys!* WARB.

As the *Elixir* was a liquor, the old reading may ſtand, and the alluſion holds good without any alteration. STEEVENS.

I'll

I'll bring you to your ſhip; and ſo to Naples;
Where I have hope to ſee the nuptials
Of theſe our dear beloved ſolemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan; where
Every third thought ſhall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the ſtory of your life, which muſt
Take the ear ſtrangely.
Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promiſe you calm ſeas, auſpicious gales,
And ſail ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel—chick— } *Aſide.*
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free; and fare thou well!—Pleaſe you, draw near.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

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EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what ſtrength I have's mine own;
Which is moſt faint: and now, 'tis true,
I muſt be here confin'd by you,
Or ſent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare iſland by your ſpell:
But releaſe me from my bands,
[7] *With the help of your good hands.*
Gentle breath of yours my ſails
Muſt fill, or elſe my project fails,
Which was to pleaſe. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant:
[8] *And my ending is deſpair,*
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;

Which

[7] *With the help*, &c.] By your applauſe, by clapping hands. JOHNSON.

[8] *And my ending is deſpair,*
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;] This alludes to the old ſtories told of the deſpair of necromancers in their laſt moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them. WARBURTON.

It is obſerved of *The Tempeſt*, that its plan is regular; this the author of *The Reviſal* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the ſtory, not intended or regarded by our author. But whatever might be Shakeſpeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it inſtrumental to the production of many characters, diverſified with boundleſs invention,

EPILOGUE.

Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy itſelf, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence ſet me free!

invention, and preſerved with profound ſkill in nature, extenſive knowledge of opinions, and accurate obſervation of life. In a ſingle drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and ſailors, all ſpeaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy ſpirits, and of an earthly goblin. The operations of magick, the tumults of a ſtorm, the adventures of a deſart iſland, the native effuſion of untaught affection, the puniſhment of guilt, and the final happineſs of the pair for whom our paſſions and reaſon are equally intereſted. JOHNSON.

Perſons Repreſented.

DUKE of Milan, *father to Silvia.*
Valentine, } *the two gentlemen.*
Protheus, }
Anthonio, *father to Protheus.*
Thurio, *a fooliſh rival to Valentine.*
Eglamore, *agent for Silvia in her eſcape.*
Hoſt, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*
Out-laws.
Speed, *a clowniſh ſervant to Valentine.*
Launce, *the like to Protheus.*
Panthino *, *ſervant to Anthonio.*

Julia, *a lady of Verona, beloved of Protheus.*
Silvia, *the duke of Milan's daughter, beloved of Valentine.*
Lucetta, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, muſicians.

SCENE, ſometimes in Verona; ſometimes in Milan; and on the frontiers of Mantua.

* *Panthino.*] In the enumeration of characters in the old copy, this attendant on Anthonio is called *Panthion*, but in the play always *Panthino.* STEEVENS.

THE [1] TWO GENTLEMEN OF [2] VERONA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Protheus.

VALENTINE.

CEASE to perſuade, my loving Protheus;
[3] Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather

[1] Some of the incidents in this play may be ſuppoſed to have been taken from *The Arcadia*, book 1. chap. 6. where Pyrocles conſents to head the Helots. The love-adventure of Julia reſembles that of Viola in *Twelfth Night*, and is indeed common to many of the ancient novels. STEEVENS.

[2] It is obſervable (I know not for what cauſe) that the ſtile of this comedy is leſs figurative, and more natural and unaffected than the greater part of this author's, though ſuppoſed to be one of the firſt he wrote. POPE.

It may very well be doubted, whether Shakeſpeare had any other hand in this play than the enlivening it with ſome ſpeeches and lines thrown in here and there, which are eaſily diſtinguiſhed, as being of a different ſtamp from the reſt. HANMER.

To

I rather would entreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,

Than

To this obſervation of Mr. Pope, which is very juſt, Mr. Theobald has added, that this is one of Shakeſpeare's *worſt plays, and is leſs corrupted than any other.* Mr. Upton peremptorily determines, *that if any proof can be drawn from manner and ſtile, this play muſt be ſent packing, and ſeek for its parent elſewhere. How otherwiſe,* ſays he, *do painters diſtinguiſh copies from originals, and have not authors their peculiar ſtile and manner from which a true critic can form as unerring judgment as a painter?* I am afraid this illuſtration of a critic's ſcience will not prove what is deſired. A painter knows a copy from an original by rules ſomewhat reſembling theſe by which critics know a tranſlation, which if it be literal, and literal it muſt be to reſemble the copy of a picture, will be eaſily diſtinguiſhed. Copies are known from originals, even when the painter copies his own picture; ſo if an author ſhould literally tranſlate his work, he would loſe the manner of an original.

Mr. Upton confounds the copy of a picture with the imitation of a painter's manner. Copies are eaſily known, but good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are, by the beſt judges, often miſtaken. Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally diſtinguiſhable with thoſe of the painter. The peculiar manner of each ariſes from the deſire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his ſubſequent works by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called habit. The painter, whoſe work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye and the hand, the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet, ſome painters have differed as much from themſelves as from any other; and I have been told, that there is little reſemblance between the firſt works of Raphael and the laſt. The ſame variation may be expected in writers; and if it be true, as it ſeems, that they are leſs ſubject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater.

But by the internal marks of a compoſition we may diſcover the author with probability, though ſeldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find, both in the ſerious and ludicrous ſcenes, the language and ſentiments of Shakeſpeare. It is not indeed one of his moſt powerful effuſions, it has neither many diverſities of character, nor ſtriking delineations of life, but it abounds in *words* beyond moſt of his plays, and few have more lines or paſſages, which, ſingly conſidered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very ſucceſsful, and ſuſpect that it

has

Than (living dully ſluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with [4] ſhapeleſs idleneſs.
But, ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein;
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Protheus, when thou, haply, ſeeſt
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel.
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs,
When thou doſt meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my ſucceſs.

Pro. Upon ſome book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on ſome ſhallow ſtory of deep love,
How young Leander croſs'd the Helleſpont.

Pro. That's a deep ſtory of a deeper love;
For he was more than over ſhoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never ſwom the Helleſpont.

Pro. Over the boots? [5] nay, give me not the boots.

Val.

has eſcaped corruption, only becauſe being ſeldom played, it was leſs expoſed to the hazards of tranſcription. JOHNSON.

[3] *Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:*] Milton has the ſame play on words:

"It is for *homely* features to keep *home*,
"They had their name thence." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*ſhapeleſs idleneſs.*] The expreſſion is fine, as implying that *idleneſs* prevents the giving any form or character to the manners. WARBURTON.

[5] ——*nay, give me not the boots.*] A proverbial expreſſion, though now diſuſed, ſignifying, don't make a laughing ſtock of me; don't play upon me. The French have a phraſe, *Bailler foin en corne*; which Cotgrave thus interprets, *To give one the boots*; to ſell him a bargain. THEOBALD.

Do you know this? why boots at harveſt?] Perhaps this expreſſion took its origin from a ſport the country people in Warwickſhire uſe at their harveſt home, where one fits as judge to try miſdemeanors committed in harveſt, and the puniſhment for the men is to be laid on a bench, and ſlapped on the breech with a pair of *boots*. This they call *giving them the boots*. I

meet

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be in love, where ſcorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-ſore ſighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.
If haply won, perhaps, a hapleſs gain:
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;
[6] However, but a folly bought with wit;
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſhed.
Pro. So, by your circumſtance, you call me fool.
Val. So, by your circumſtance, I fear, you'll prove.
Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.
Val. Love is your maſter; for he maſters you:
And he that is ſo yoked by a fool,
Methinks ſhould not be chronicled for wiſe.
Pro. Yet writers ſay, as in the ſweeteſt bud
The eating canker dwells; ſo eating love
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.
Val. And writers ſay, as the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow;
Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blaſting in the bud,
Loſing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time to counſel thee,
That art a votary to fond deſire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to ſee me ſhipp'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Protheus, no: now let us take our leave.

meet with the ſame expreſſion in the old comedy called *Mother Bombie*:

"What do you give me the boots?" STEEVENS.

[6] *However, but a folly*——] This love will end in a *fooliſh action*, to produce which you are long to ſpend your *wit*, or it will end in the loſs of your *wit*, which will be overpowered by the folly of love. JOHNSON.

At

At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy ſucceſs in love, and what news elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy friend;
And I likewiſe will viſit thee with mine.

Pro. All happineſs bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and ſo, farewell!
[*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myſelf, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou haſt metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my ſtudies, loſe my time,
War with good counſel, ſet the world at nought;
[7] Made wit with muſing weak, heart ſick with thought.

[8] *Enter Speed.*

Speed. Sir Protheus, ſave you: ſaw you my maſter?

Pro. But now he parted hence to imbark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is ſhipp'd already,
And I have play'd the ſheep in loſing him.

Pro. Indeed, a ſheep doth very often ſtray,
An if the ſhepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my maſter is a ſhepherd then, and I a ſheep?

Pro. I do.

[7] *Made wit with muſing weak,—*] For *made* read *make. Thou*, Julia, *haſt* made *me war with good counſel, and* make *wit weak with muſing.* JOHNSON.

[8] This whole ſcene, like many others in theſe plays (ſome of which I believe were written by Shakeſpeare, and others interpolated by the players) is compoſed of the loweſt and moſt trifling conceits, to be accounted for only from the groſs taſte of the age he lived in; *Populo ut placerent.* I wiſh I had authority to leave them out; but I have done all I could, ſet a mark of reprobation upon them throughout this edition. POPE.

That this, like many other ſcenes, is mean and vulgar, will be univerſally allowed; but that it was interpolated by the players ſeems advanced without any proof, only to give a greater licence to criticiſm. JOHNSON.

Speed.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or ſleep.

Pro. A ſilly anſwer, and fitting well a ſheep.

Speed. This proves me ſtill a ſheep.

Pro. True; and thy maſter a ſhepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance.

Pro. It ſhall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The ſhepherd ſeeks the ſheep, and not the ſheep the ſhepherd; but I ſeek my maſter, and my maſter ſeeks not me: therefore I am no ſheep.

Pro. The ſheep for fodder follows the ſhepherd, the ſhepherd for the food follows not the ſheep; thou for wages followeſt thy maſter, thy maſter for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a ſheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry Baâ.

Pro. But doſt thou hear? gav'ſt thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, Sir: [9] I, a loſt mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton; and ſhe, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a loſt mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro.

[9] *I, a loſt mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton;*——] Speed calls himſelf a *loſt mutton*, becauſe he had loſt his maſter, and becauſe Protheus had been proving him a *ſheep*. But why does he call the lady a *lac'd mutton?* Wenchers are to this day called *mutton-mongers*; and conſequently the object of their paſſion muſt, by the metaphor, be the *mutton*. And Cotgrave, in his Engliſh-French Dictionary, explains *lac'd mutton, Une garſe, putain, fille de joye*. And Mr. Motteux has rendered this paſſage of Rabelais, in the prologue of his fourth book, *Caillet coiphees mignonnement chantans*, in this manner; *Coated quails and* lac'd mutton *waggiſhly ſinging*. So that *lac'd mutton* has been a ſort of ſtandard phraſe for *girls of pleaſure*. THEOBALD.

Naſh, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, ſpeaking of Gabriel Harvey's incontinence, ſays, *he would not ſtick to extoll rotten* lac'd mutton. So in the comedy of *The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft*, 1610.

" Why here's good *lac'd mutton*, as I promis'd you."

Again, in *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602.

" Cupid hath got me a ſtomach, and I long for *lac'd mutton*."

So in Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578.

" And I ſmelt he lov'd *lac'd mutton* well."

So

Pro. Here's too ſmall a paſture for ſuch a ſtore of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were beſt ſtick her.

Pro. [a] Nay, in that you are aſtray; 'twere beſt pound you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, leſs than a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You miſtake: I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe: [b] did ſhe nod? [*Speed nods.*

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod-I? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You miſtook, Sir: I ſaid, ſhe did nod: And you aſk me, if ſhe did nod; and I ſaid, I.

Pro. And that ſet together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to ſet it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I muſt be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly; Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what ſaid ſhe?

Again Heywood, in his *Love's Miſtreſs*, 1636, ſpeaking of Cupid, ſays, he is the "Hero of hie-hoes, admiral of ay-me's, and "monſieur of *mutton lac'd.*" STEEVENS.

[a] *Nay, in that you are aſtray;*——] For the reaſon Protheus gives, Dr. Thirlby adviſes that we ſhould read, *a ſtray*, i. e. a ſtray ſheep; which continues Protheus's banter upon Speed. THEOBALD.

[b] ——*did ſhe nod?*] Theſe words have been ſupplied by ſome of the editors, to introduce what follows. STEEVENS.

Speed.

Speed. Open your purſe, that the money and the matter may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your pains: what ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'ſt thou perceive ſo much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not ſo much as a ducket for delivering your letter. And being ſo hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, ſhe'll prove as hard to you in [3] telling her mind. Give her no token but ſtones; for ſhe's as hard as ſteel.

Pro. What, ſaid ſhe nothing?

Speed. No, not ſo much as—*Take this for thy pains.* To teſtify your bounty, I thank you, [4] you have teſtern'd me:
In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourſelf: and ſo, Sir, I'll commend you to my maſter.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſave your ſhip from wreck;
Which cannot periſh, having thee aboard,
Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore.
I muſt go ſend ſome better meſſenger:
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs poſt.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

[3] ——*telling* her *mind.*] The old copy reads *your* mind. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*you have teſtern'd me:*] You have gratified me with a *teſter*, *teſtern*, or *teſten*, that is, with a ſixpence. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to Julia's chamber.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But ſay, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'ſt thou then counſel me to fall in love?
Luc. Ay, madam, ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair reſort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthieſt love?
Luc. Pleaſe you, repeat their names, I'll ſhew my mind
According to my ſhallow ſimple ſkill.
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
Luc. As of a knight well ſpoken, neat and fine;
But were I you, he never ſhould be mine.
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich Mercatio?
Luc. Well, of his wealth; but, of himſelf, ſo, ſo.
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle Protheus?
Luc. Lord, lord! to ſee what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now? what means this paſſion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
* Should cenſure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on Protheus, as on all the reſt?
Luc. Then thus; of many good, I think him beſt.
Jul. Your reaſon?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reaſon;
I think him ſo, becauſe I think him ſo.
Jul. And would'ſt thou have me caſt my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not caſt away.
Jul. Why, he of all the reſt hath never mov'd me.
Luc. Yet he of all the reſt, I think, beſt loves ye.
Jul. His little ſpeaking ſhews his love but ſmall.

* *Should* cenſure *thus*, &c.] To *cenſure* means, in this place, to paſs ſentence. So in *Othello*:

" ——— to you, lord governor,
" Remains the *cenſure* of this helliſh villain." STEEV.

Luc. Fire, that is cloſeſt kept, burns moſt of all.
Jul. They do not love, that do not ſhew their love.
Luc. Oh, they love leaſt, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruſe this paper, madam.
Jul. *To Julia*——Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will ſhew.
Jul. Say, ſay; who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and ſent, I think, from Protheus.
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modeſty, [5] a goodly broker!
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?
To whiſper and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now, truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth;
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper; ſee, it be return'd;
Or elſe return no more into my ſight.
Luc. To plead for love deſerves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will ye be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a ſhame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What fool is ſhe, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modeſty, ſay *No*, to that
Which they would have the profferer conſtrue, *Ay*.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this fooliſh love,
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled, kiſs the rod!
How churliſhly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!

[5] ——*a goodly broker!*] A *broker* was uſed for matchmaker, ſometimes for a procureſs. JOHNSON.

How

How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And aſk remiſſion for my folly paſt.
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyſhip?
Jul. Is it near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your [6] ſtomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is't that you
Took up ſo gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didſt thou ſtoop then?
Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for thoſe that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie, where it concerns,
Unleſs it have a falſe interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhime.
Luc. That I might ſing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note; your ladyſhip can ſet.
Jul. As little by ſuch toys as may be poſſible:
Beſt ſing it to the tune of *Light o' love.*
Luc. It is too heavy for ſo light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath ſome burden then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you ſing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach ſo high.
Jul. Let's ſee your ſong:
How now, minion?
Luc. Keep tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out;
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

[6] ——*ſtomach on your meat,*] *Stomach* was uſed for *paſſion* or *obſtinacy.* JOHNSON.

Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam, 'tis too ſharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too ſaucy. [*Boxes her.*
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harſh a deſcant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your ſong.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly baſe.
Luc. [7] Indeed I bid the baſe for Protheus.
Jul. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with proteſtation! [*Tears it.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them to anger me.
Luc. She makes it ſtrange; but ſhe would be beſt pleas'd
To be ſo anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were ſo anger'd with the ſame!
Oh hateful hands, to tear ſuch loving words!
Injurious waſps, to feed on ſuch ſweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your ſtings!
I'll kiſs each ſeveral paper for amends.
Look, here is writ *kind* Julia;——unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruiſing ſtones;
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdain.
Look, here is writ, *love-wounded* Protheus.
Poor wounded name! my boſom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I ſearch it with a ſovereign kiſs.

[7] *Indeed I bid the baſe for Protheus.*] The ſpeaker here turns the alluſion (which her miſtreſs employed) from the *baſe in muſick* to a country exerciſe, *Bid-the baſe:* in which ſome purſue, and others are made priſoners. So that Lucetta would intend, by this, to ſay, Indeed I take pains to make you a captive to Protheus's paſſion.——He uſes the ſame alluſion in his *Venus and Adonis:*

"To *bid* the winds a *baſe* he now prepares."

And in his *Cymbeline* he mentions the game:

"————Lads more like
"To run the country *baſe*." WARBURTON.

But

But twice, or thrice, was Protheus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that ſome whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging ſea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poor forlorn Protheus, *paſſionate* Protheus,
To the ſweet Julia: that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father ſtays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, ſhall theſe papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If thou reſpect them, beſt to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down: Yet here they ſhall not lie for catching cold.
Jul. [8] I ſee you have a month's mind to them.

Luc.

[8] *I ſee you have a month's mind to them.*] A *month's mind* was an *anniverſary* in times of popery; or, as Mr. Ray calls it, a leſs ſolemnity directed by the will of the deceaſed. There was alſo *a year's mind*, and *a week's mind*. See *Proverbial Phraſes*.

This appears from the interrogatories and obſervations againſt the clergy, in the year 1552. Inter. VII. "Whether there are *any month's minds*, and *anniverſaries?* Strype's *Memorials of the Reformation*, vol. 2. p. 354.

"Was the *month's mind* of Sir Will. Laxton, who died the "laſt month (July 1556.) his hearſe burning with wax, and "the morrow maſs celebrated, and a ſermon preached," &c. Strype's *Mem.* vol. 3. p. 305. Dr. GRAY.

A *month's mind*, in the ritual ſenſe, ſignifies not deſire or inclination, but remonſtrance; yet I ſuppoſe this is the true original of the expreſſion. JOHNSON.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, chap. 24. ſpeaking of *Poetical Lamentations*, ſays, they were chiefly uſed "at the "burials of the dead, alſo at *month's minds*, and longer times:" and in the churchwarden's accompts of St. Helens in Abington,

Luc. Ay, madam, you may ſay what ſights you ſee:
I ſee things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come, will't pleaſe you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Anthonio's houſe.

Enter Anthonio and Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, [9] what ſad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloiſter?
Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Protheus, your ſon.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pant. He wonder'd that your lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his youth at home,
While other men of ſlender reputation
Put forth their ſons to ſeek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
[1] Some, to diſcover iſlands far away;
Some, to the ſtudious univerſities.
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid, that Protheus, your ſon, was meet:
And did requeſt me to importune you,
To let him ſpend his time no more at home;

Berkſhire, 1558, theſe *month's minds*, and the expences attending them, are frequently mentioned. Inſtead of *month's minds*, they are ſometimes called *month's monuments*, and in the Injunctions of K. Edward VI. *memories*, Injunct. 21. By *memories*, ſays Fuller, we underſtand the *Obſequia for the dead*, which ſome ſay ſucceeded in the place of the heathen *Parentalia*. STEEV.

[9] ——*what ſad talk*——] *Sad* is the ſame as *grave* or *ſerious*. JOHNSON.

[1] *Some, to diſcover iſlands far away;*] In Shakeſpeare's time, voyages for the diſcovery of the iſlands of America were much in vogue. And we find, in the journals of the travellers of that time, that the ſons of noblemen, and of others of the beſt families in England, went very frequently on theſe adventures. Such as the Forteſcues, Collitons, Thornhills, Farmers, Pickerings, Littletons, Willoughbys, Cheſters, Hawleys, Bromleys, and others. To this prevailing faſhion our poet frequently alludes, and not without high commendations of it. WARB.

Which

Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have conſider'd well his loſs of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time:
Then tell me whither were I beſt to ſend him?
Pant. I think, your lordſhip is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
[s] Attends the emperor in his royal court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordſhip ſent him thither:
There ſhall he practiſe tilts and tournaments,
Hear ſweet diſcourſe, converſe with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exerciſe
Worthy his youth and nobleneſs of birth.
Ant. I like thy counſel; well haſt thou advis'd:
And that thou may'ſt perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make known;
Even with the ſpeedieſt expedition
I will diſpatch him to the emperor's court.

[s] *Attends the emperor in his royal court.*] The emperor's royal court is properly at Vienna, but Valentine, 'tis plain, is at Milan; where, in moſt other paſſages, it is ſaid he is attending the duke, who makes one of the characters in the drama. This ſeems to convict the author of a forgetfulneſs and contradiction; but perhaps it may be ſolved thus, and Milan be called the emperor's court; as, ſince the reign of Charlemaigne, this dukedom and its territories have belonged to the emperors. I wiſh I could as eaſily ſolve another abſurdity which encounters us, of Valentine's going from Verona to Milan, both inland places, by ſea. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald diſcovers not any great ſkill in hiſtory. Vienna is not the court of the emperor as emperor, nor has Milan been always without its princes ſince the days of Charlemaigne; but the note has its uſe. JOHNSON.

Pant. To-morrow, may it pleaſe you, Don Alphonſo,
With other gentlemen of good eſteem,
Are journeying to ſalute the emperor,
And to commend their ſervice to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them ſhall Protheus go.
And, [3] in good time—now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love! ſweet lines! ſweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
Oh! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To ſeal our happineſs with their conſents!
Oh heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't pleaſe your lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation ſent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me ſee what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wiſhing me with him partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?

Pro. As one relying on your lordſhip's will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.

Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſuddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there's an end.
I am reſolv'd, that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With Valentino in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou ſhalt have from me:

[3] —*in good time*—] *In good time* was the old expreſſion when ſomething happened which ſuited the thing in hand, as the French ſay, *à propos*. JOHNSON.

So in *Rich. III.*

"And, *in good time*, here comes the ſweating lord."

STEEVENS.

To-

To-morrow be in readineſs to go.
Excuſe it not, for I am peremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be ſo ſoon provided;
Pleaſe you deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look, what thou want'ſt ſhall be ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay; to-morrow thou muſt go.
Come on, Panthino; you ſhall be employ'd
To haſten on his expedition. [*Exeunt Ant. and Pant.*
Pro. Thus have I ſhunn'd the fire for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the ſea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to ſhew my father Julia's letter,
Leſt he ſhould take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuſe
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my love.
[4] Oh, how this ſpring of love reſembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now ſhews all the beauty of the ſun,
And, by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter Panthino.

Pant. Sir Protheus, your father calls for you;
He is in haſte, therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto:
And yet a thouſand times it anſwers, No. [*Exeunt.*

[4] *Oh, how this ſpring of love reſembleth*] At the end of this verſe there is wanting a ſyllable, for the ſpeech apparently ends in a quatrain. I find nothing that will rhyme to *ſun*, and therefore ſhall leave it to ſome happier critic. But I ſuſpect that the author might write thus:

Oh, how this ſpring of love reſembleth right,
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now ſhews all the glory of the light,
And, by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Light was either by negligence or affectation changed to *ſun*, which, conſidered without the rhyme, is indeed better. The next tranſcriber, finding that the word *right* did not rhyme to *ſun*, ſuppoſed it erroneouſly written, and left it out. JOHNSON.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Changes to Milan.

An apartment in the duke's palace.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

SPEED.

SIR, your glove———

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me ſee: ay, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, ſirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why, Sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worſhip, Sir; or elſe I miſtook.

Val. Well, you'll ſtill be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.

Val. Go to, Sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worſhip loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by theſe ſpecial marks: Firſt, you have learn'd, like Sir Protheus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to reliſh a love-ſong, like a Robin-red-breaſt; to walk alone, like one that had the peſtilence; to ſigh, like a ſchool-boy that had loſt his A. B. C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to faſt, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to ſpeak puling, like

like a beggar at [1] Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a miſtreſs, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my maſter.

Val. Are all theſe things perciv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd *without* ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for without you were ſo ſimple, [2] none elſe would: but you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that ſees you, but is a phyſician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, doſt thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on ſo as ſhe ſits at ſupper?

Val. Haſt thou obſerv'd that? even ſhe I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not.

Val. Doſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?

Speed. Is ſhe not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not ſo fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doſt thou know?

Speed. That ſhe is not ſo fair, as (of you) well-favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquiſite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

[1] —— *Hallowmas,*——] That is, about the feaſt of All-Saints, when winter begins, and the life of a vagrant becomes leſs comfortable. JOHNSON.

[2] ——— *none elſe would:*———] None elſe would *be ſo ſimple.* JOHNSON.

Speed.

Speed. Marry, Sir, ſo painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.

Val. How long hath ſhe been deform'd?

Speed. Ever ſince you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her, ever ſince I ſaw her; and ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Becauſe love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Protheus for going ungarter'd!

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Speed. Your own preſent folly, and her paſſing deformity: for he, being in love, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, being in love, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for laſt morning you could not ſee to wipe my ſhoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you ſwing'd me for my love; which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would ceaſe.

Val. Laſt night ſhe injoin'd me to write ſome lines to one ſhe loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them: Peace, here ſhe comes.

Enter

Enter Silvia.

Speed. [3] Oh excellent motion! Oh exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and miſtreſs, a thouſand good morrows.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye good even; here's a million of manners

Sil. [4] Sir Valentine and ſervant, to you two thouſand.

Speed. He ſhould give her intereſt; and ſhe gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the ſecret, nameleſs friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyſhip.

[3] *Oh excellent motion*, &c.] *Motion*, in Shakeſpeare's time, ſignified *puppet*. In Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair* it is frequently uſed in that ſenſe, or rather perhaps to ſignify a *puppet-ſhow*; the maſter whereof may properly be ſaid to be an interpreter, as being the explainer of the inarticulate language of the actors. The ſpeech of the ſervant is an alluſion to that practice, and he means to ſay, that Silvia is a *puppet*, and that Valentine is to interpret *to*, or rather *for* her. HAWKINS.

So, in *The City Match*, 1639, by Jaſper Maine,

" ——— his mother came,
" Who follows ſtrange ſights out of town, and went
" To Brentford for a *motion*."———

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife*, &c.

" ——————— let me ſee him,
" And if he be that *motion* that thou ſpeak'ſt of."

Again, in *The Pilgrim*,

" ——— Nothing but a *motion?*
" A puppet pilgrim?"——— STEEVENS.

[4] *Sir Valentine and ſervant,*——] Here Silvia calls her lover *ſervant*, and again below her *gentle ſervant*. This was the language of ladies to their lovers at the time when Shakeſpeare wrote. HAWKINS.

So in Marſton's *What you will*, 1607,

" Sweet ſiſter, let's ſit in judgment a little, faith upon
" my *ſervant* Monſieur Laverdure.
" *Mel.* Troth, well for a *ſervant*, but for a huſband!"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*,

" Every man was not born with my *ſervant* Briſk's
" features." STEEVENS.

Sil.

Sil. I thank you, gentle ſervant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now truſt me, madam, it came hardly off;
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of ſo much pains?

Val. No, madam, ſo it ſtead you, I will write,
Pleaſe you command, a thouſand times as much:
And yet———

Sil. A pretty period! well, I gueſs the ſequel;
And yet I will not name it:——and yet I care not;
And yet take this again;——and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet, another yet. [*Aſide.*

Val. What means your ladyſhip? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes! the lines are very quaintly writ;
But ſince unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, Sir, at my requeſt;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll write your ladyſhip another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my ſake read it over:
And if it pleaſe you, ſo: if not, why, ſo.

Val. If it pleaſe me, madam, what then?

Sil. Why if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour:
And ſo good-morrow, ſervant. [*Exit.*

Speed. O jeſt unſeen, inſcrutable, inviſible,
As a noſe on a man's face, or a weathercock on a ſteeple!
My maſter ſues to her; and ſhe hath taught her ſuitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my maſter, being the ſcribe, to himſelf ſhould write the letter?

Val.

Val. How now, Sir, what are you [5] reaſoning with yourſelf?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reaſon.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a ſpokeſman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourſelf; why, ſhe wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I ſhould ſay.

Val. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need ſhe, when ſhe made you write to yourſelf?

Why, do you not perceive the jeſt?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, Sir: but did you perceive her earneſt?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, ſhe hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath ſhe deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worſe.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often you have writ to her; and ſhe in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing elſe ſome meſſenger, that might her mind diſcover,
Herſelf hath taught her love himſelf to write unto her lover.

All this I ſpeak in print; for in print I found it.—— Why muſe you, Sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir: tho' the cameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nouriſh'd

[5] —— *reaſoning with yourſelf?*] That is, *diſcourſing, talking.* An Italianiſm. JOHNSON.

by

by my victuals, and would fain have meat: Oh be not like your miſtreſs; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Julia's houſe at Verona.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.
Jul. I muſt, where is no remedy.
Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will return.
Jul. If you turn not, you will return the ſooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's ſake.
[*Giving a ring.*
Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.
Jul. And ſeal the bargain with a holy kiſs.
Pro. Here is my hand for my true conſtancy;
And when that hour o'er-ſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not, Julia, for thy ſake;
The next enſuing hour ſome foul miſchance
Torment me, for my love's forgetfulneſs!
My father ſtays my coming; anſwer not:
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will ſtay me longer than I ſhould:
[*Exit Julia.*
Julia, farewell.——What! gone without a word?
Ay, ſo true love ſhould do; it cannot ſpeak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Protheus, you are ſtaid for.
Pro. Go; I come, I come:——
Alas! this parting ſtrikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A ſtreet.

Enter Launce, leading a dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious ſon, and am going with Sir Protheus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the ſoureſt natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my ſiſter crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur ſhed one tear: he is a ſtone, a very pebble-ſtone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have ſeen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herſelf blind at my parting. Nay, I'll ſhow you the manner of it: this ſhoe is my father;—no, this left ſhoe is my father;—no, no, this left ſhoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be ſo neither;——yes, it is ſo, it is ſo; it hath the worſer ſole: this ſhoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't, there 'tis: now, Sir, this ſtaff is my ſiſter; for, look you, ſhe is as white as a lily, and as ſmall as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; [1] I am the dog:—no, the dog is himſelf, and, [2] I am the dog:—oh, the dog is me,

[1] — *I am the dog*, &c.] A ſimilar thought occurs in a play of elder date than this. See *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612.

" —— you ſhall ſtand for the lady, you for her *dog*, and " I the page; you and the dog looking one upon " another: the page preſents himſelf." STEEVENS.

[2] — *I am the dog*, &c.] This paſſage is much confuſed, and of confuſion the preſent reading makes no end. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *I am the dog, no, the dog is himſelf and I am* me, *the dog is* the dog, *and I am myſelf.* This certainly is more reaſonable, but I know not how much reaſon the author intended to beſtow on Launce's ſoliloquy. JOHNSON.

and I am myſelf; ay, ſo, ſo. Now come I to my father; *Father, your bleſſing*; now ſhould not the ſhoe ſpeak a word for weeping; now ſhould I kiſs my father; well, he weeps on: now come I to my mother;—oh that ſhe could ſpeak now!—[3] like a wood woman! well, I kiſs her;—why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my ſiſter: mark the moan ſhe makes: now the dog all this while ſheds not a tear, nor ſpeaks a word; but ſee how I lay the duſt with my tears.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy maſter is ſhipp'd, and thou art to poſt after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'ſt thou, man? Away, aſs; you will loſe the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were loſt; for it is the unkindeſt ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindeſt tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt loſe the flood; and, in loſing the flood, loſe thy voyage; and, in loſing thy voyage, loſe thy maſter; and, in loſing thy maſter, loſe thy ſervice; and, in loſing thy ſervice,——why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou ſhould'ſt loſe thy tongue.

Pan. Where ſhould I loſe my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?——

Laun. [4] Loſe the tide, and the voyage, and the

[3] ——— *like a wood woman!*——] The firſt folios agree in *would-woman*; for which, becauſe it was a myſtery to Mr. Pope, he has unmeaningly ſubſtituted *ould woman*. But it muſt be writ, or at leaſt underſtood, *wood woman*, i. e. Crazy, frantic with grief; or diſtracted, from any other cauſe. The word is very frequently uſed in Chaucer; and ſometimes writ *wood*, ſometimes *wode*. THEOBALD.

[4] *Loſe the tide,*———] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read——the *flood*. STEEVENS.

maſter,

maſter, and the ſervice, and the tide? Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my ſighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was ſent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'ſt.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

MILAN.

An apartment in the duke's palace.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant——

Val. Miſtreſs?

Speed. Maſter, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my miſtreſs then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are ſad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I ſeem ſo.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What ſeem I, that I am not?

Val. Wiſe.

Thu. What inſtance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of Cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have ſaid, Sir.

Thu. Ay, Sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly ſhot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, ſervant?

Val. Yourſelf, ſweet lady; for you gave the fire: Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyſhip's looks, and ſpends, what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, Sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treaſure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: here comes my father.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia? you are hard beſet.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health;
What ſay you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy meſſenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Anthonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman

To

To be of worth and worthy eſtimation,
And, [1] not without deſert, ſo well reputed.
Duke. Hath he not a ſon?
Val. Ay, my good lord; a ſon that well deſerves
The honour and regard of ſuch a father.
Duke. You know him well?
Val. I knew him, as myſelf; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and ſpent our hours together:
And tho' myſelf have been an idle truant,
Omitting the ſweet benefit of time,
To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir Protheus, for that's his name,
Made uſe and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow)
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duke. Beſhrew me, Sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empreſs' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counſellor.
Well, Sir; this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to ſpend his time a-while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
Val. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I ſpeak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:——
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:
I'll ſend him hither to you preſently. [*Exit Duke.*
Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyſhip,
Had come along with me, but that his miſtreſs
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her cryſtal looks.

[1] —— *not without deſert,*—] And not dignified with ſo much reputation without proportionate merit. JOHNSON.

Sil. Belike, that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawn for fealty.
Val. Nay, ſure, I think, ſhe holds them priſoners ſtill.
Sil. Nay, then he ſhould be blind: and, being blind,
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?
Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thu. They ſay, that love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To ſee ſuch lovers, Thurio, as yourſelf:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.
Val. Welcome, dear Protheus! miſtreſs, I beſeech you,
Confirm his welcome with ſome ſpecial favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.
Val. Miſtreſs, it is: ſweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your ladyſhip.
Sil. Too low a miſtreſs for ſo high a ſervant.
Pro. Not ſo, ſweet lady; but too mean a ſervant
To have a look of ſuch a worthy miſtreſs.
Val. Leave off diſcourſe of diſability:——
Sweet lady, entertain him for your ſervant.
Pro. My duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthleſs miſtreſs.
Pro. I'll die on him that ſays ſo, but yourſelf.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. [a] No: that you are worthleſs.

[a] *No: that you are worthleſs.*] I have inſerted the particle *no* to fill up the meaſure. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Servant.

[3] *Ser.* Madam, my lord your father would ſpeak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleaſure. [*Exit. Serv.*] Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me.——Once more, new ſervant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyſhip.
[*Exit Silvia and Thurio.*

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-diſcourſe.

Val. Ay, Protheus, but that life is alter'd now;
I have done penance for contemning love;
[4] Whoſe high imperious thoughts have puniſh'd me
With bitter faſts, with penitential groans;
With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighs.
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

[3] Thur. *Madam, my lord your father*——] This ſpeech in all the editions is aſſigned improperly to Thurio; but he has been all along upon the ſtage, and could not know that the duke wanted his daughter. Beſides, the firſt line and half of Silvia's anſwer is evidently addreſſed to two perſons. A ſervant, therefore, muſt come in and deliver the meſſage; and then Silvia goes out with Thurio. THEOBALD.

[4] *Whoſe high imperious*——] For *whoſe* I read *thoſe*. I have contemned love and am puniſhed. *Thoſe* high thoughts by which I exalted myſelf above human paſſions or frailties have brought upon me faſts and groans. JOHNSON.

Love hath chac'd ſleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's ſorrow.
O, gentle Protheus, love's a mighty lord,
And hath ſo humbled me, as, I confeſs,
There is [5] no woe to his correction;
Nor to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth.
Now, no diſcourſe, except it be of love;
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worſhip ſo?

Val. Even ſhe: and is ſhe not a heavenly ſaint?

Pro. No; but ſhe is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praiſe.

Pro. When I was ſick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I muſt miniſter the like to you.

Val. Then ſpeak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be [6] a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my miſtreſs.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except againſt my love.

Pro. Have I not reaſon to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She ſhall be dignified with this high honour,
To bear my lady's train; leſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteal a kiſs;
And, of ſo great a favour growing proud,

[5] —— *no woe to his correction*;] No miſery that *can be compared to* the puniſhment inflicted by love. Herbert called for the prayers of the liturgy a little before his death, ſaying, *None* to *them*, *none* to *them*. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *a principality*,] The firſt or *principal* of women. So the old writers uſe *ſtate*. *She is a lady, a great* ſtate. Latymer. *This look is called in* ſtates *warlie, in others otherwiſe*. Sir T. More. JOHNSON.

Diſdain

Diſdain to root the [7] ſummer-ſwe!ling flower;
And make rough winter everlaſtingly.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardiſm is this?
Val. Pardon me, Protheus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing;
[8] She is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, ſhe is mine own;
And I as rich in having ſuch a jewel,
As twenty ſeas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſee'ſt me doat upon my love.
My fooliſh rival, that her father likes,
Only for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge,
Is gone with her along, and I muſt after;
For love, thou know'ſt, is full of jealouſy.
Pro. But ſhe loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I muſt climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happineſs.
Good Protheus, go with me to my chamber,
In theſe affairs to aid me with thy counſel.
Pro. Go on before; I ſhall enquire you forth.
I muſt unto the road, to diſembark
Some neceſſaries that I needs muſt uſe;
And then I'll preſently attend you.
Val. Will you make haſte?
Pro. I will. [*Exit Val.*
Even as one heat another heat expels,

[7] ——*ſummer-ſwelling flower*;] I cannot help ſuſpecting that the poet wrote *ſummer-ſmelling*. An *m* reverſed might occaſion the miſtake. STEEVENS.

[8] *She is alone.*] She ſtands by herſelf. There is none to be compared to her. JOHNSON.

Or as one nail by ſtrength drives out another;
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
[a] Is it mine eye, or Valentino's praiſe,
Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion,
That makes me, reaſonleſs, to reaſon thus?
She's fair; and ſo is Julia, that I love;——
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainſt a fire,
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont.
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reaſon I love him ſo little.
How ſhall I doat on her [1] with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
[2] 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reaſon's light:
But when I look on her perfections,

[a] *Is it mine* THEN, *or Valentino's praiſe,*] Here Protheus queſtions with himſelf, whether it is his own praiſe, or Valentine's, that makes him fall in love with Valentine's miſtreſs. But not to inſiſt on the abſurdity of falling in love through his own praiſes, he had not indeed praiſed her any farther than giving his opinion of her in three words, when his friend aſked it of him. In all the old editions we find the line printed thus:

Is it mine, or Valentine's praiſe?

A word is wanting. The line was originally thus:

Is it mine EYE, *or Valentine's praiſe?*

Protheus had juſt ſeen Valentine's miſtreſs, whom her lover had been laviſhly praiſing. His encomiums therefore heightening Protheus's idea of her at the interview, it was the leſs wonder he ſhould be uncertain which had made the ſtrongeſt impreſſion, Valentine's praiſes, or his own view of her. WARBURTON.

[1] ——*with more advice,*] With more prudence, with more diſcretion. JOHNSON.

[2] *'Tis but her picture*——] This is evidently a ſlip of attention, for he had ſeen her in the laſt ſcene, and in high terms offered her his ſervice. JOHNSON.

I believe Protheus means, that, as yet, he had ſeen only her outward form, without having known her long enough to have any acquaintance with her mind. STEEVENS.

There

There is no reaſon, but I ſhall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compaſs her I'll uſe my ſkill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A ſtreet.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce! by mine honeſty, welcome to [3] Milan.

Laun. Forſwear not thyſelf, ſweet youth; for I am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a man is never undone, 'till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, 'till ſome certain ſhot be paid, and the hoſteſs ſay, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-houſe with you preſently; where, for one ſhot of five-pence, thou ſhalt have five thouſand welcomes. But, ſirrah, how did thy maſter part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earneſt, they parted very fairly in jeſt.

Speed. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? ſhall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fiſh.

Speed. Why then how ſtands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus: when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

Speed. What an aſs art thou? I underſtand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canſt not? [4] My ſtaff underſtands me.

[3] It is *Padua* in the former editions. See the note on Act iii. POPE.

[4] *My ſtaff underſtands me.*] This equivocation, miſerable as it is, has been admitted by Milton in his great poem. B. VI.

" —The

Speed. What thou ſay'ſt?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my ſtaff underſtands me.

Speed. It ſtands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, ſtand-under, and under-ſtand, is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Aſk my dog: if he ſay, ay, it will; if he ſay, no, it will; if he ſhake his tail, and ſay nothing, it will.

Speed. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it ſo. But, Launce, how ſay'ſt thou that my maſter is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reporteſt him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whorſon aſs, thou miſtakeſt me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy maſter.

Speed. I tell thee, my maſter is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himſelf in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-houſe, ſo; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Chriſtian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee, as to go the ale-houſe with a Chriſtian: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

" ——The terms we ſent were terms of weight,
" Such as we may perceive, amaz'd them all,
" And ſtagger'd many; who receives them right,
" Had need from head to foot well *underſtand*,
" Not *underſtood*, this gift they have beſides,
" To ſhew us when our foes ſtand not upright." JOHNS.

* SCENE

[5] SCENE VI.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, ſhall I be forſworn;
To love fair Silvia, ſhall I be forſworn;
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn:
And even that power, which gave me firſt my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bad me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:
[6] O ſweet-ſuggeſting love, if thou haſt ſinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuſe it!
At firſt I did adore a twinkling ſtar,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial ſun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants reſolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whoſe ſovereignty ſo oft thou haſt preferr'd
With twenty thouſand ſoul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
But there I leave to love, where I ſhould love:
Julia I loſe, and Valentine I loſe:
If I keep them, I needs muſt loſe myſelf:
If I loſe them, this find I by their loſs,

[5] It is to be obſerved, that in the firſt folio edition, the only edition of authority, there are no directions concerning the ſcenes; they have been added by the later editors, and may therefore be changed by any reader that can give more conſiſtency or regularity to the drama by ſuch alterations. I make this remark in this place, becauſe I know not whether the following ſoliloquy of Protheus is ſo proper in the ſtreet.

JOHNSON.

[6] *O ſweet-ſuggeſting love,—*] To *ſuggeſt* is to *tempt* in our author's language. So again:

"Knowing that tender youth is ſoon *ſuggeſted*."

The ſenſe is. O tempting love, *if thou haſt* influenced me to ſin, *teach me to excuſe it*. Dr. Warburton reads, *if I have ſinn'd*; but, I think, not only without neceſſity, but with leſs elegance. JOHNSON.

For

For Valentine, myſelf; for Julia, Silvia.——
I to myſelf am dearer than a friend;
For love is ſtill moſt precious in itſelf:
And Silvia, witneſs heaven, that made her fair!
Shews Julia but a ſwarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now prove conſtant to myſelf
Without ſome treachery us'd to Valentine:
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celeſtial Silvia's chamber-window;
[7] Myſelf in counſel, his competitor.
Now preſently I'll give her father notice
Of their diſguiſing, and [8] pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will baniſh Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, ſhall wed his daughter.
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly croſs,
By ſome ſly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpoſe ſwift,
[9] As thou haſt lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Julia's houſe in Verona.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counſel, Lucetta;——gentle girl, aſſiſt me;
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly character'd and engrav'd,

[7] *Myſelf, who am his* competitor *or* rival, being admitted to his counſel. JOHNSON.

[8] —*pretended flight*;] We may read *intended flight*. JOHNS.

[9] I ſuſpect that the author concluded the act with this couplet, and that the next ſcene ſhould begin the third act; but the change, as it will add nothing to the probability of the action, is of no great importance. JOHNSON.

To

To leſſon me; and tell me ſome good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Protheus.
Luc. Alas! the way is wearifome and long.
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine perfection, as Sir Protheus.
Luc. Better forbear, till Protheus make return.
Jul. Oh, know'ſt thou not, his looks are my ſoul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon.
Jul. The more thou damm'ſt it up, the more it burns.
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſick with the enamel'd ſtones;
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my courſe:
I'll be as patient as a gentle ſtream,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my love;
And there I'll reſt, as, after much turmoil,
A bleſſed ſoul doth in Elyſium.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The looſe encounters of laſcivious men:

Gentle

Gentle Lucetta, fit me with ſuch weeds
As may beſeem ſome well-reputed page.
Luc. Why then your ladyſhip muſt cut your hair.
Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in ſilken ſtrings,
With twenty odd-conceited true love-knots:
To be fantaſtic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I ſhall ſhew to be.
Luc. What faſhion, madam, ſhall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well, as—" tell me, good my lord,
" What compaſs will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even what faſhion thou beſt lik'ſt, Lucetta.
Luc. You muſt needs have them [9] with a cod-piece, madam.
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hoſe, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unleſs you have a cod-piece to ſtick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'ſt me, let me have
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking ſo unſtaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me ſcandaliz'd.
Luc. If you think ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Protheus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will ſcarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the leaſt, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thouſand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And inſtances [1] as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Protheus.
Luc. All theſe are ſervants to deceitful men.

[9] —*with a cod-piece*, &c.] Whoever wiſhes to be acquainted with this particular, relative to dreſs, may conſult Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, in which ſuch matters are very amply diſcuſſed. STEEVENS.

[1] —of *infinite*—] Old edit. JOHNSON.

Jul.

Jul. Baſe men, that uſe them to ſo baſe effect!
But truer ſtars did govern Protheus' birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure meſſengers ſent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven he prove ſo when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lov'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deſerve my love, by loving him;
And preſently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence.
Come, anſwer not; but do it preſently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The duke's palace in Milan.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Protheus.

DUKE.

SIR Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have ſome ſecrets to confer about.—
[*Exit Thur.*
Now tell me, Protheus, what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would diſcover,
The law of friendſhip bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeſerving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which elſe, no worldly good ſhould draw from me.

Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to ſteal away your daughter:
Myſelf am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to beſtow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates:
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's ſake, I rather choſe
To croſs my friend in his intended drift;
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of ſorrows, which would preſs you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeleſs grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honeſt care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myſelf have often ſeen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me faſt aſleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing leſt my jealous aim might err,
And ſo unworthily diſgrace the man,
(A raſhneſs that I ever yet have ſhunn'd);
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyſelf haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'ſt perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myſelf have ever kept;
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently:
Where, if it pleaſe you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it ſo cunningly,
That my diſcovery [a] be not aimed at;

[a] —*be not aimed at*;] Be not *gueſſed*. JOHNSON.

For

For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher [2] of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he ſhall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord: Sir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit Pro.*

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away ſo faſt?

Val. Pleaſe it your grace, there is a meſſenger
That ſtays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but ſignify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then, no matter; ſtay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of ſome affairs,
That touch me near; wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have ſought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, ſure, the match
Were rich and honourable; beſides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, truſt me; ſhe is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that ſhe is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full reſolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in.

[2] —*of this pretence.*] Of this *claim* made to your daughter. JOHNSON.

Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower,
For me, and my poſſeſſions, ſhe eſteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, [3] Sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but ſhe is nice and coy,
And nought eſteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court:
Beſides, [4] the faſhion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way, I may beſtow myſelf,
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpects not words;
Dumb jewels often in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But ſhe did ſcorn a preſent that I ſent her.

Val. A woman ſcorns ſometimes what beſt contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For ſcorn at firſt makes after-love the more.
If ſhe do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If ſhe do chide, 'tis not to have you gone:
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulſe, whatever ſhe doth ſay;
For, *get you gone*, ſhe doth not mean, *away:*
Flatter and praiſe, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er ſo black, ſay, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

[3] ——*Sir, in Milan, here,*] It ought to be thus, inſtead of——*in Verona, here*——for the ſcene apparently is in Milan, as is clear from ſeveral paſſages in the firſt act, and in the beginning of the firſt ſcene of the fourth act. A like miſtake has crept into the eighth ſcene of act II. where Speed bids his fellow-ſervant Launce welcome to Padua. POPE.

[4] ——*the faſhion of the time*——] The modes of courtſhip, the acts by which men recommended themſelves to ladies. JOHNSON.

Duke.

Duke. But ſhe I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept ſeverely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſs by day to her.
Val. Why then I would reſort to her by night.
Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.
Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built ſo ſhelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To caſt up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would ſerve to ſcale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Adviſe me where I may have ſuch a ladder.
Val. When would you uſe it? pray, Sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By ſeven a clock I'll get you ſuch a ladder.
Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How ſhall I beſt convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will ſerve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. Then let me ſee thy cloak;
I'll get me one of ſuch another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will ſerve the turn, my lord.
Duke. How ſhall I faſhion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.——
What letter is this ſame? what's here?—To Silvia?
And here an engine fit for my proceeding?
I'll be ſo bold to break the ſeal for once. [*Duke reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Sylvia nightly,
And ſlaves they are to me, that ſend them flying;
Oh, could their maſter come and go as lightly,
Himſelf would lodge, where ſenſeleſs they are lying:
My herald thoughts in thy pure boſom reſt them,
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curſe the grace, that with ſuch grace hath bleſs'd them,
Becauſe myſelf do want my ſervant's fortune;
I curſe myſelf, [5] *for they are ſent by me,*
That they ſhould harbour where their lord would be.
What's here? *Sylvia, this night will I enfranchiſe thee:*
'Tis ſo, and here's the ladder for the purpoſe.—
Why, Phaëton (for thou art [6] Merops' ſon)
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?
Go, baſe intruder! over-weening ſlave!
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy deſert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have beſtow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than ſwifteſt expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath ſhall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyſelf:
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuſe,
But, as thou lov'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence.
[*Exit.*

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?

[5] ——*for they are ſent by me,*] *For* is the ſame as *for that, ſince.* JOHNSON.

[6] ——*Merops' ſon*)] Thou art Phaëton in thy raſhneſs, but without his pretenſions; thou art not the ſon of a divinity, but a *terræ filius*, a low born wretch; Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaëton was falſely reproached. JOHNSON.

To

To die, is to be baniſh'd from myſelf;
And Silvia is myſelf: baniſh'd from her,
Is ſelf from ſelf: a deadly baniſhment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not ſeen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unleſs it be, to think that ſhe is by,
And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no muſick in the nightingale;
Unleſs I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my eſſence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.
[7] I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and ſeek him out.
Laun. So-ho! ſo-ho!———
Pro. What ſeeſt thou?
Laun. Him we go to find:
There's not an hair on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.
Pro. Valentine?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his ſpirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Laun. Can nothing ſpeak? Maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?
Pro. Whom wouldſt thou ſtrike?
Launc. Nothing.

[7] *I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom*;] *To fly his doom*, uſed for *by flying*, or *in flying*, is a galliciſm. The ſenſe is, By avoiding the execution of his ſentence I ſhall not eſcape death. If I ſtay here, I ſuffer myſelf to be deſtroyed; if I go away, I deſtroy myſelf. JOHNSON.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launc. Why, Sir, I'll ſtrike nothing: I pray you—

Pro. Sirrah, I ſay, forbear: friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are ſtopp'd, and cannot hear good news;
So much of bad already hath poſſeſs'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb ſilence will I bury mine;
For they are harſh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for ſacred Silvia!
Hath ſhe forſworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forſworn me!
What is your news?

Launc. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vaniſh'd.

Pro. That thou art baniſh'd; oh, that is the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now exceſs of it will make me ſurfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am baniſhed?

Pro. Ay, ay; and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which unrevers'd ſtands in effectual force)
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears;
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate ſire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, muſt die.
Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy repeal was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe priſon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unleſs the next word, that thou ſpeak'ſt,

Have

Have ſome malignant power upon my life:
If ſo, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endleſs dolour.

Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy help for that which thou lament'ſt.
Time is the nurſe and breeder of all good.
Here if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy love;
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's ſtaff; walk hence with that,
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white boſom of thy love.
The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate,
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lov'ſt Silvia, though not for thyſelf,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an' if thou ſeeſt my boy,
Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, ſirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapleſs Valentine!

[*Exeunt Valentine and Protheus.*

[8] *Laun.* I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my maſter is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not

[8] Laun. *I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my maſter is a kind of knave: but that's all one, if he be but one* KNAVE.] Where is the ſenſe? or, if you won't allow the ſpeaker that, where is the humour of this ſpeech? Nothing had given the fool occaſion to ſuſpect that his maſter was become double, like Antipholis in *The Comedy of Errors*. The laſt word is corrupt. We ſhould read

——if he be but one KIND.

He thought his maſter was *a kind of knave*; however, he keeps himſelf in countenance with this reflection, that if he was a knave *but of one kind*, he might paſs well enough amongſt his neighbours. This is truly humourous. WARBURTON.

This

not now that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but [9] a team of horſe ſhall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman I will not tell myſelf, and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for ſhe hath had goſſips; yet 'tis a maid, for ſhe is her maſter's maid, and ſerves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-ſpaniel, which is much in a bare chriſtian. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. *Imprimis, ſhe can fetch and carry*; why, a horſe can do no more; nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore ſhe is better than a jade. *Item, ſhe can milk*, look you; a ſweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, ſignior Launce? what news with your maſterſhip?

Laun. [1] With my maſter's ſhip? why, it is at ſea.

Speed. Well, your old vice ſtill; miſtake the word: what news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackeſt news that ever thou heard'ſt.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

This alteration is acute and ſpecious, yet I know not whether, in Shakeſpeare's language, *one knave* may not ſignify a *knave on only one occaſion*, a *ſingle knave*. We ſtill uſe a *double* villain for a villain beyond the common rate of guilt.

JOHNSON.

[9] ——*a team of horſe ſhall not pluck*——] I ſee how Valentine ſuffers for telling his love-ſecrets, therefore I will keep mine cloſe. JOHNSON.

[1] In former editions it is,

With my maſterſhip? *why, it is at ſea.*] For how does Launce miſtake the word? Speed aſks him about his maſterſhip, and he replies to it *literatim*. But then how was his maſterſhip at ſea, and on ſhore too? The addition of a letter and a note of apoſtrophe make Launce both miſtake the word, and ſets the pun right: it reſtores, indeed, but a mean joke; but, without it, there is no ſenſe in the paſſage. Beſides, it is in character with the reſt of the ſcene; and, I dare be confident, the poet's own conceit. THEOBALD.

Laun.

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou can'ſt not read.

Speed. Thou lyeſt, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the ſon of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the ſon of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou can'ſt not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and [a] St. Nicholas be thy ſpeed!

Speed. Imprimis, ſhe can milk.

Laun. Ay, that ſhe can.

Speed. Item, ſhe brews good ale.

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb, *Bleſſing of your heart, you brew good ale.*

Speed. Item, ſhe can ſew.

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, *Can ſhe ſo?*

[a] ——*St. Nicholas be thy ſpeed!*] St. Nicholas preſided over ſcholars, who were therefore called *St. Nicholas's clerks.* Hence, by a quibble between Nicholas and Old Nick, highwaymen, in *The Firſt Part of Henry the Fourth*, are called *Nicholas's clerks.* WARBURTON.

That this ſaint preſided over young ſcholars, may be gathered from Knight's *Life of Dean Colet*, p. 362. For by the ſtatutes of Paul's ſchool there inſerted, the children are required to attend divine ſervice at the cathedral on his anniverſary. The reaſon I take to be, that the legend of this ſaint makes him to have been a biſhop, while he was a boy. At Saliſbury cathedral is a monument of a boy biſhop; and it is ſaid that a cuſtom formerly prevailed there, of chooſing, from among the choriſters, a biſhop, who actually performed the paſtoral functions, and diſpoſed of ſuch prebends as became vacant during his epiſcopacy, which laſted but a few days. It is thought that the monument above-mentioned was for ſome boy who died in office.——See *The Poſthumous Works of Mr. John Gregory*, 4to. Oxon. HAWKINS.

So Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589. "Methinks this "fellow ſpeaks like biſhop Nicholas; for on Saint Nicholas' "night commonly the ſcholars of the country make them a "biſhop, who, like a fooliſh boy, goeth about bleſſing and "preaching with ſuch childiſh terms, as maketh the people "laugh at his fooliſh counterfeit ſpeeches." STEEVENS.

Speed,

Speed. Item, ſhe can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a ſtock with a wench, when ſhe can knit him a ſtock.

Speed. Item, ſhe can waſh and ſcour.

Laun. A ſpecial virtue; for then ſhe need not to be waſh'd and ſcour'd.

Speed. Item, ſhe can ſpin.

Laun. Then may I ſet the world on wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath many nameleſs virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, *Baſtard virtues*; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Cloſe at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, [3] *ſhe is not to be kiſs'd faſting, in reſpect of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt: read on.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath a [4] *ſweet mouth.*

Laun. That makes amends for her ſour breath.

Speed. Item, ſhe doth talk in her ſleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, ſhe is ſlow in words.

Laun. O villain! that ſet down among her vices! To be ſlow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, ſhe is proud.

Laun. Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath no teeth.

[3] —*ſhe is not to be* kiſs'd *faſting,*—] The old copy reads, —*ſhe is not to be faſting,* &c. The neceſſary word *kiſs'd* was firſt added by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

[4] —*ſweet mouth.*] This I take to be the ſame with what is now vulgarly called a *ſweet tooth*, a luxurious deſire of dainties and ſweetmeats. JOHNSON.

Laun.

Laun. I care not for that neither, becauſe I love cruſts.

Speed. Item, ſhe is curſt.

Laun. Well; the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, ſhe will often [5] *praiſe her liquor.*

Laun. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall: if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Speed. Item, [6] *ſhe is too liberal*

Laun. Of her tongue ſhe cannot, for that's writ down, ſhe is ſlow of: of her purſe ſhe ſhall not, for that I'll keep ſhut: now of another thing ſhe may, and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Laun. Stop here; I'll have her: ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Rehearſe that once more.

Speed. Item, [7] *ſhe hath more hair than wit——*

Laun. More hair than wit—it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the ſalt hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more than the ſalt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the leſs. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs——

Laun. That's monſtrous: oh, that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible——

Speed. What then?

[5] *——praiſe her liquor.*] That is, ſhew how well ſhe likes it by drinking often. JOHNSON.

[6] *——ſhe is too liberal.*] *Liberal,* is licentious and groſs in language. So in *Othello,* "Is he not a profane and very *liberal* "counſellor." JOHNSON.

[7] *—ſhe hath more hair than wit—*] An old Engliſh proverb. See Ray's *Proverbs:*

"Buſh natural, more hair than wit." STEEVENS.

Laun.

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy maſter ſtays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And muſt I go to him?

Laun. Thou muſt run to him, for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

Speed. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my letter: an unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets!——I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that ſhe will love you,
Now Valentine is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Thu. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impreſs of love is as a figure
[a] Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſs Valentine ſhall be forgot.——

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir Protheus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

[a] *Trenched in ice,*——] Cut, carved in ice. *Trencher,* to cut, French. JOHNSON.

Pro.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not ſo.—
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou haſt ſhown ſome ſign of good deſert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.
Duke. Thou know'ſt, how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And alſo, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
Duke. Ay, and perverſely ſhe perſevers ſo.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?
Pro. The beſt way is to ſlander Valentine
With falſhood, cowardice, and poor deſcent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but ſhe'll think that it is ſpoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it muſt, [9] with circumſtance, be ſpoken
By one whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I ſhall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Eſpecially, againſt his very friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it,
By aught that I can ſpeak in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue love to him.

[9] —*with circumſtance,*—] With the addition of ſuch incidental particulars as may induce belief. JOHNSON.

But

But ſay, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that ſhe will love Sir Thurio.
Thu. Therefore [1] as you unwind her love from him,
Leſt it ſhould ravel, and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottom it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you in worth diſpraiſe Sir Valentine.
Duke. And, Protheus, we dare truſt you in this kind;
Becauſe we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant ſhall you have acceſs,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large:
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's ſake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perſuaſion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:
But you, Sir Thurio, are not ſharp enough;
You muſt lay [2] lime to tangle her deſires,
By wailful ſonnets, whoſe compoſed rhimes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable vows.
Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poeſy.
Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart:
Write, 'till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moiſt it again; and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcover ſuch integrity:——
[3] For Orpheus' lute was ſtrung with poets' ſinews;
Whoſe

[1] ——*as you unwind her love*——] As you wind off her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. The houſewife's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body, is a *bottom of thread.* JOHNSON.

[2] ——*lime,*——] That is, *birdlime.* JOHNSON.

[3] *For Orpheus' lute was ſtrung with poet's ſinews;*] This ſhews Shakeſpeare's knowledge of antiquity. He here aſſigns Orpheus his true character of legiſlator. For under that of a poet

Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteel and ſtones,
Make tygers tame, and huge Leviathans
Forſake unſounded deeps to dance on ſands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Viſit by night your lady's chamber-window
With ſome ſweet concert: to their inſtruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining grievance.
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This diſcipline ſhews thou haſt been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, ſweet Protheus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city preſently
To ſort ſome gentlemen well ſkill'd in muſick;
I have a ſonnet, that will ſerve the turn,
To give the onſet to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace, 'till after ſupper;
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it. [4] I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*

poet only, or lover, the quality given to his lute is unintelligible. But, conſidered as a lawgiver, the thought is noble, and the imagery exquiſitely beautiful. For by his *lute* is to be underſtood his *ſyſtem of laws*; and by the *poet's ſinews*, the power of numbers, which Orpheus actually employed in thoſe laws to make them received by a fierce and barbarous people.
WARBURTON.

[4] ——*I will pardon you.*] I will excuſe you from waiting.
JOHNSON.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A foreſt, leading towards Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 OUT-LAW.

FELLOWS, ſtand faſt: I ſee a paſſenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us what you have about you;
If not, we'll make you ſit and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! theſe are the villains that all the travellers do fear ſo much.

Val. My friends——

1 *Out.* That's not ſo, Sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to loſe:
A man I am, croſs'd with adverſity;
My riches are theſe poor habiliments,
Of which if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

[1] *If not, we'll make you* ſit *and rifle you.*] The old copy reads as I have printed it. Paltry as the oppoſition between *ſtand* and *ſit* may be thought, it is Shakeſpeare's own. The editors read, —— we'll make you, *Sir*, &c. STEEVENS.

3 *Out.*

3 *Out.* Have you long ſojourn'd there?
Val. Some ſixteen months; and longer might have ſtaid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1 *Out.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?
Val. I was.
2 *Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that, which now torments me to rehearſe:
I kill'd a man, whoſe death I much repent;
But yet I ſlew him manfully in fight,
Without falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.
1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done ſo.
But were you baniſh'd for ſo ſmall a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doom.
1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or elſe I often had been miſerable.
3 *Out.* By the bare ſcalp of [2] Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.
1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.
Speed. Maſter, be one of them: it is an honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain!
2 *Out.* Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing, but my fortune.
3 *Out.* Know then, that ſome of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of [3] awful men;
Myſelf was from Verona baniſhed,

[2] *Robin Hood* was captain of a band of robbers, and was much inclined to rob churchmen. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*awful men*;] Reverend, worſhipful, ſuch as magiſtrates, and other principal members of civil communities. JOHNSON.

I think we ſhould read *lawful* in oppoſition to *lawleſs* men. In judicial proceedings the word has this ſenſe. HAWKINS.

The author of *The Reviſal* has propoſed the ſame emendation. STEEVENS.

For practiſing to ſteal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.[4]
2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I ſtabb'd unto the heart.
1 *Out.* And I for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe.
But to the purpoſe;—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives;)
And, partly, ſeeing you are beautify'd
With goodly ſhape, and by your own report
A linguiſt; and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we do in our quality much want——
2 *Out.* Indeed, becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, above the reſt, we parley to you;
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of neceſſity,
And live, as we do, in the wilderneſs?
3 *Out.* What ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee;
Love thee as our commander and our king.
1 *Out.* But if thou ſcorn our courteſy, thou dy'ſt.
2 *Out.* Thou ſhalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided, that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poor paſſengers.
3 *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And ſhew thee all the treaſure we have got;
Which, with ourſelves, all reſt at thy diſpoſe. [*Exeunt.*

[4] All the impreſſions, from the firſt downwards, *An heir and niece allied unto the duke.* But our poet would never have expreſſed himſelf ſo ſtupidly, as to tell us, this lady was the duke's *niece*, and *allied* to him: for her alliance was certainly ſufficiently included in the firſt term. Our author meant to ſay, ſhe was an *heireſs*, and *near allied* to the duke; an expreſſion the moſt natural that can be for the purpoſe, and very frequently uſed by the ſtage-poets. THEOBALD.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Under Silvia's apartment in Milan.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Already have I been falſe to Valentine,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have acceſs my own love to prefer,
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy
To be corrupted with my worthleſs gifts.
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſhood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forſworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd.
And, notwithſtanding all her [1] ſudden quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, ſpaniel-like, the more ſhe ſpurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her ſtill.
But here comes Thurio: now muſt we to her window,
And give ſome evening muſic to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Muſicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Protheus? are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in ſervice where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or elſe I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia, for your ſake.

Thu. I thank you for your own: now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it luſtily a while.

[1] — *ſudden quips,*] That is, haſty paſſionate reproaches and ſcoffs. So Macbeth is in a kindred ſenſe ſaid to be *ſudden*; that is, iraſcible and impetuous. JOHNSON.

Enter behind, the Hoſt and Julia in boy's cloaths.

Hoſt. Now, my young gueſt, methinks you're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine Hoſt, becauſe I cannot be merry.

Hoſt. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you ſhall hear muſic, and ſee the gentleman that you aſk'd for.

Jul. But ſhall I hear him ſpeak?

Hoſt. Ay, that you ſhall.

Jul. That will be muſic.

Hoſt. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among theſe?

Hoſt. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is ſhe,
That all our ſwains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wiſe is ſhe;
The heavens ſuch grace did lend her,
That ſhe might admired be.

Is ſhe kind, as ſhe is fair?
For [a] *beauty lives with kindneſs:*
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindneſs;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us ſing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excells each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

[a] — *beauty lives with kindneſs:*] Beauty without kindneſs *dies* unenjoyed, and undelighting. JOHNSON.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. How now? are you ſadder than you were before? how do you, man? the muſic likes you not.

Jul. You miſtake; the muſician likes me not.

Hoſt. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays falſe, father.

Hoſt. How, out of tune on the ſtrings?

Jul. Not ſo; but yet ſo falſe, that he grieves my very heart-ſtrings.

Hoſt. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a ſlow heart.

Hoſt. I perceive you delight not in muſic.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars ſo.

Hoſt. Hark, what fine change is in the muſic!

Jul. Ay; that change is the ſpite.

Hoſt. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, Hoſt, doth this Sir Protheus, that we talk on, often reſort unto this gentlewoman?

Hoſt. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he lov'd her [3] out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Hoſt. Gone to ſeek his dog, which to-morrow, by his maſter's command, he muſt carry for a preſent to his lady.

Jul. Peace! ſtand aſide, the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will ſo plead,
That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt Thurio and muſic.*

[3] ——— *out of all nick.*] Beyond all reckoning or count. Reckonings are kept upon nicked or notched ſticks or tallies. WARBURTON.

Silvia appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyſhip.
Sil. I thank you for your muſic, gentlemen:
Who is that, that ſpake?
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir Protheus, as I take it.
Pro. Sir Protheus, gentle lady, and your ſervant.
Sil. What is your will?
Pro. That I may compaſs yours.
Sil. [4] You have your wiſh; my will is even this,—
That preſently you hie you home to bed.
Thou ſubtle, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man!
Think'ſt thou I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That haſt deceived ſo many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night, I ſwear,
I am ſo far from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee for thy wrongful ſuit;
And, by and by, intend to chide myſelf,
Even for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant, ſweet love, that I did love a lady;
But ſhe is dead.
Jul. [*Aſide.*] 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeak it;
For, I am ſure, ſhe is not buried.
Sil. Say, that ſhe be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyſelf art witneſs,
I am betroth'd; and art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?
Pro. I likewiſe hear, that Valentine is dead.
Sil. And ſo, ſuppoſe, am I; for in his grave,
Aſſure thyſelf, my love is buried.

[4] *You have your wiſh; my will is even this,*—] The word *will* is here ambiguous. He wiſhes to *gain* her *will*: ſhe tells him, if he wants her *will* he has it. JOHNSON.

Pro.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her thence,
Or, at the leaſt, in her's ſepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aſide.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be ſo obdurate,
Vouchſafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh and weep:
For ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf
Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aſide.*] If 'twere a ſubſtance, you would, ſure, deceive it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, Sir;
[5] But, ſince your falſhood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Protheus and Silvia.*

Jul. Hoſt, will you go?

Hoſt. By my hallidom, I was faſt aſleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Protheus?

Hoſt. Marry, at my houſe: truſt me, I think, 'tis almoſt day.

Jul. Not ſo; but it hath been the longeſt night
That e'er I watch'd, and the moſt heavieſt. [*Exeunt.*

[5] *But, ſince your falſhood ſhall become you well*] This is hardly ſenſe. We may read, with very little alteration,
But ſince *you're falſe*, it ſhall become you well. JOHNS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind:
There's ſome great matter ſhe'd employ me in.
Madam, madam!

Silvia, above at her window.

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your ſervant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyſhip's command.
Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thouſand times good morrow.
Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourſelf:
According to your ladyſhip's impoſe,
I am thus early come; to know what ſervice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.
Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for, I ſwear, I do not)
Valiant and wiſe, remorſeful, well accompliſh'd;
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the baniſh'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very ſoul abhor'd.
Thyſelf haſt lov'd; and I have heard thee ſay,
No grief did ever come ſo near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd;
[1] Upon whoſe grave thou vow'dſt pure chaſtity.

Sir

[1] *Upon whoſe grave thou vow'dſt pure chaſtity.*] It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chaſtity in honour of their deceaſed wives or huſbands. In Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickſhire*, page 1013, there is the form of a commiſſion by the biſhop of the dioceſe for taking a vow of chaſtity made by a widow. It ſeems that, beſides obſerving the vow, the widow was, for life, to wear a veil and a mourning habit. The ſame diſtinction we may ſuppoſe to have been made in reſpect of male votariſts; and therefore this circumſtance might inform the players how Sir Eglamour ſhould be

Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode:
And, for the ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company;
Upon whoſe faith and honour I repoſe.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the juſtice of my flying hence;
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune ſtill reward with plagues.
I do deſire thee, even from a heart
As full of ſorrows as the ſea of ſands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not; to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your [a] grievances;
Which, ſince, I know, they virtuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where ſhall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell;
Where I intend holy confeſſion.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyſhip:
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Launce with his dog.

When a man's ſervant ſhall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a

be dreſt; and will account for Silvia's having choſen him as a perſon in whom ſhe could confide without injury to her own character. STEEVENS.

[a] — *grievances*;] Sorrows, ſorrowful affections. JOHNSON.

puppy;

puppy; one that I ſav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it! I have taught him even as one would ſay preciſely, Thus I would teach a dog. I went to deliver him, as a preſent to miſtreſs Silvia, from my maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dining-chamber, but he ſteps me to her trencher, and ſteals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himſelf in all companies! I would have, as one ſhould ſay, one that takes upon him [1] to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; ſure as I live, he had ſuffer'd for't: you ſhall judge. He thruſts me himſelf into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bleſs the mark) a piſſing while, but all the chamber ſmelt him. *Out with the dog*, ſays one; *what cur is that?* ſays another; *whip him out*, ſays the third; *hang him up*, ſays the duke. I, having been acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many maſters would do this for [2] their ſervant? nay, I'll be ſworn I have ſat in the ſtocks for puddings he hath ſtolen, otherwiſe he had been executed: I have ſtood on the pillory for geeſe he hath kill'd, otherwiſe he had ſuffer'd for't. Thou think'ſt not of this now.—Nay, I remember the trick you ſerv'd me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I

[1] —— *to be a dog*——] I believe we ſhould read, *I would have*, &c. *one that takes upon him to be a dog*, to be a dog *indeed, to be*, &c. JOHNSON.

[2] ——— *their ſervant?*———] The old copy reads, ——— *his* ſervant?——— STEEVENS.

bid

bid thee ſtill mark me, and do as I do? when didſt thou ſee me heave up my leg, and make make water againſt a gentlewoman's farthingale? didſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a trick?

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Sebaſtian is thy name? I like thee well;
And will employ thee in ſome ſervice preſently.

Jul. In what you pleaſe:—I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whoreſon peaſant, [*To Launce.*
Where have been theſe two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, Sir, I carry'd miſtreſs Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what ſays ſhe to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, ſhe ſays, your dog was a cur; and tells you, curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

Pro. But ſhe receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, ſhe did not: here I have brought him back again.

Pro. What, didſt thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, Sir; the other ſquirrel was ſtol'n from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my ſight.
Away, I ſay: ſtay'ſt thou to vex me here?
A ſlave, that, ſtill an end, turns me to ſhame.
[*Exit Launce.*
Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion do my buſineſs,
(For 'tis no truſting to yon fooliſh lowt)
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)

Witneſs

Witneſs good bringing up, fortune, and truth;
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go preſently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. [3] It ſeems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not ſo: I think, ſhe lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why do'ſt thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot chuſe but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pity her?

Jul. Becauſe, methinks, that ſhe lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You doat on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love ſhould be ſo contrary;
And, thinking on it, makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;——that's her chamber.——Tell my lady,
I claim the promiſe for her heavenly picture.
Your meſſage done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt find me ſad and ſolitary.

[*Exit Protheus.*

Jul. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alas, poor Protheus! thou haſt entertain'd
A fox, to be the ſhepherd of thy lambs:
Alas?——poor fool! why do I pity him,
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he deſpiſeth me;
Becauſe I love him, I muſt pity him.

[3] *It ſeems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:*] Protheus does not properly leave his lady's token, he gives it away. The old edition has it,

It ſeems you lov'd her not, *not* leave her token.

I ſhould correct it thus,

It ſeems you lov'd her not, *nor leave* her token. Johns.

This

This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will.
And now I am (unhappy meſſenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
* To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praiſe his faith, which I would have diſprais'd.
I am my maſter's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true ſervant to my maſter
Unleſs I prove falſe traitor to myſelf.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet ſo coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him ſpeed.

Enter Silvia.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to ſpeak with madam Silvia.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?
Jul. If you be ſhe, I do intreat your patience
To hear me ſpeak the meſſage I am ſent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my maſter, Sir Protheus, madam.
Sil. Oh! he ſends you for a picture?
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Urſula, bring my picture there.
Go, give your maſter this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this ſhadow.
Jul. Madam, pleaſe you peruſe this letter.
——Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I ſhould not:
This is the letter to your ladyſhip.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your maſter's lines:

* *To carry that, which I would have refus'd;*] The ſenſe is, To go and preſent that which I wiſh to be not accepted, to praiſe him whom I wiſh to be diſpraiſed. JOHNSON.

I know

I know, they are ſtuff'd with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As eaſily as I do tear this paper.

Jul. Madam, he ſends your ladyſhip this ring.

Sil. The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me;
For, I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Tho' his falſe finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine ſhall not do his Julia ſo much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What ſay'ſt thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her;
Poor gentlewoman! my maſter wrongs her much.

Sil. Doſt thou know her?

Jul. Almoſt as well as I do know myſelf.
To think upon her woes, I do proteſt
That I have wept an hundred ſeveral times.

Sil. Belike, ſhe thinks, that Protheus hath forſook her.

Jul. I think ſhe doth; and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.

Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than ſhe is;
When ſhe did think my maſter lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you:
[5] But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,
And threw her ſun-expelling maſk away;
The air hath ſtarv'd the roſes in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face.
That now ſhe is become as black as I.

Sil.

[5] *But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,*
And threw her ſun-expelling maſk away;
The air hath ſtarv'd *the roſes in her cheeks,*
And PINCH'D *the lily tincture of her face,*
That now ſhe is become as black as I.] To *ſtarve* the roſes is certainly a very proper expreſſion: but what is *pinching a tincture?* However *ſtarved*, in the third line, made the blundering editors write *pinch'd* in the fourth: though they might have ſeen that it was a tanning ſcorching, not a freezing air

Sil. How tall was ſhe?

Jul. About my ſtature: for, at Pentecoſt,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which ſerved me as fit, by all mens' judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know, ſhe is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, [z] 'twas Ariadne, paſſioning
For Theſeus' perjury and unjuſt flight;

Which

air that was ſpoken of. For how could this latter quality in the air ſo affect the whiteneſs of the ſkin as to turn it black. We ſhould read,

And PITCH'D the lily-tincture of her face.

i. e. turned the white tincture *black*, as the following line has it:

That now ſhe is become as *black* as I:

and we ſay, in common ſpeech, *as black as pitch*.—By the roſes being *ſtarv'd*, is only meant their being withered, and loſing their colour. WARBURTON.

This is no emendation; none ever heard of a face being *pitched* by the weather. The colour of a part *pinched*, is livid, as it is commonly termed, *black and blue*. The weather may therefore be juſtly ſaid to *pinch* when it produces the ſame viſible effect. I believe this is the reaſon why the cold is ſaid to *pinch*. JOHNSON.

Cleopatra ſays of herſelf,

"I that am with Phœbus' *pinches* black." STEEV.

[z] ——— *'twas Ariadne, paſſioning*
For Theſeus' perjury and unjuſt flight;] The hiſtory of this twice-deſerted lady is too well known to need an introduction here; nor is the reader interrupted on the buſineſs of Shakeſpeare: but I find it difficult to refrain from making a note the vehicle for a conjecture like this, which I may have no better opportunity of communicating to the public.—The ſubject of a picture of Guido (commonly ſuppoſed to be Ariadne deſerted by Theſeus and courted by Bacchus) may poſſibly have been hitherto miſtaken. Whoever will examine the fabulous hiſtory critically, as well as the performance itſelf, will acquieſce in the truth of the remark. Ovid, in his *Faſti*, tells us, that Bacchus (who left

Which I ſo lively acted with my tears,
That my poor miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady! deſolate and left!——
I weep myſelf, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purſe; I give thee this
For thy ſweet miſtreſs' ſake, becauſe thou lov'ſt her.
Farewell. [*Exit Silvia.*

Jul. And ſhe ſhall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.——
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.

Ariadne to go on his Indian expedition) found too many charms in the daughter of one of the kings of that country.

" Interea Liber depexos crinibus Indos
" Vincit, et Eoo dives ab orbe redit.
" Inter captivas facie præſtante puellas
" Grata nimis Baccho filia regis erat.
" Flebat amans conjux, ſpatiataq; littore curvo
" Edidit incultis talia verba ſonis.
" Quid me deſertis perituram, Liber, arenis
" Servabas? potui dedoluiſſe ſemel.——
" Auſus es ante oculos, adducta pellice, noſtros
" Tam bene compoſitum ſollicitare torum, &c.

Ovid. Faſt. l. iii. lin. 465.

In this picture he appears as if juſt returned from India, bringing with him his new favourite, who hangs on his arm, and whoſe preſence only cauſes thoſe emotions ſo viſible in the countenance of Ariadne, who has been hitherto repreſented on this occaſion,

——————— as paſſioning
For Theſeus' perjury and unjuſt flight.

From this painting a plate was engraved by Giacomo Freij, which is generally a companion to the Aurora of the ſame maſter. The print is ſo common that the curious may eaſily ſatisfy themſelves concerning the propriety of a remark which has perhaps intruded itſelf among the notes on this author.

To paſſion is uſed as a verb by writers contemporary with Shakeſpeare. In *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, printed 1598, we meet with the ſame expreſſion:

" ——— what are thou *paſſioning* over the picture of
" Cleanthes. STEEVENS.

I hope,

I hope, my maſter's ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my miſtreſs' love ſo much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itſelf!
Here is her picture. Let me ſee; I think,
If I had ſuch a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with myſelf too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me ſuch a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glaſs, and ſo are mine;
Ay, but [2] her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What ſhould it be, that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpective in myſelf,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, ſhadow, come; and take this ſhadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou ſenſeleſs form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhipp'd, kiſs'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there ſenſe in his idolatry,
[3] My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.
I'll uſe thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake,
That us'd me ſo; or elſe, by Jove I vow,
I ſhould have ſcratch'd out your unſeeing eyes,
To make my maſter out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

[2] — *her forehead's low,*—] A high forehead was in our author's time accounted a feature eminently beautiful. So in *The Hiſtory of Guy of Warwick*, Felice his lady is ſaid to have *the ſame high forehead as Venus.* JOHNSON.

[3] *My ſubſtance ſhould be* STATUE *in thy ſtead.*] It is evident this noun ſhould be a participle *ſtatued*, i. e. placed on a pedeſtal, or fixed in a ſhrine to be adored. WARBURTON.

Statued is, I am afraid, a new word, and that it ſhould be received, is not quite evident. JOHNSON.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Near the Friar's cell, in Milan.

Enter Eglamour.

EGLAMOUR.

THE ſun begins to gild the weſtern ſky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, ſhould meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unleſs it be to come before their time:
So much they ſpur their expedition.
See, where ſhe comes. Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, Amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the poſtern by the abbey-wall;
I fear, I am attended by ſome ſpies.
Egl. Fear not; the foreſt is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are [4] ſure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, and Julia.

Thu. Sir Protheus, what ſays Silvia to my ſuit?
Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than ſhe was;
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No, that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it ſomewhat rounder.
Pro. But love will not be ſpurr'd to what it loaths.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my face?

[4] — *ſure enough.*] *Sure* is ſafe, out of danger. JOHNSON.

Pro.

Pro. She ſays, it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old ſaying is,
" Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes."
[1] *Jul.* 'Tis true, ſuch pearls as put out ladies' eyes:
For I had rather wink, than look on them. [*Aſide.*
Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I diſcourſe of love and peace?
Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
[*Aſide.*
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my valour?
Pro. Oh, Sir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when ſhe knows it cowardice.
[*Aſide.*
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aſide.*
Thu. Conſiders ſhe my poſſeſſions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. That ſuch an aſs ſhould own them. [*Aſide.*
Pro. That they are out by leaſe.
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Protheus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you ſaw Sir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why then
She's fled unto that peaſant Valentine;

[1] Jul. *'Tis true*, &c.] This ſpeech, which certainly belongs to Julia, is given, in the old copy, to Thurio. Mr. Rowe reſtored it to its proper owner. STEEVENS.

And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the foreſt;
Him he knew well, and gueſs'd that it was ſhe;
But, being maſk'd, he was not ſure of it:
Beſides, ſhe did intend confeſſion
At Patrick's cell this even, and there ſhe was not;
Theſe likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, ſtand not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently; and meet with me
Upon the riſing of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled.
Diſpatch, ſweet gentlemen, and follow me.
[*Exit Duke.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peeviſh girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be reveng'd of Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckleſs Silvia.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow, more to croſs that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The foreſt.

Enter Silvia and Out-laws.

Out. Come, come, be patient; we muſt bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thouſand more miſchances, than this one,
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
But Moyſes and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the weſt end of the wood,

There

There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled.
The thicket is beſet, he cannot 'ſcape.
1 *Out.* Come, I'll bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not uſe a woman lawleſsly.
Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Out-laws' cave in the foreſt.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſart, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled towns.
Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.
[9] O thou, that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy preſence, Sylvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cheriſh thy forlorn ſwain.
—What hallowing, and what ſtir, is this to-day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have ſome unhappy paſſenger in chace.
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?
[*Val. ſteps aſide.*

[9] *O thou, that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,*
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!] It is hardly poſſible to point out four lines in any of the plays of Shakeſpeare, more remarkable for eaſe and elegance, than theſe. STEEVENS.

Enter Protheus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this ſervice have I done for you.
(Though you reſpect not aught your ſervant doth)
To hazard life, and reſcue you from him,
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchſafe me for my meed but one fair look:
A ſmaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And leſs than this, I am ſure, you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this, I ſee, and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aſide.*
Sil. O miſerable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt unhappy.
Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your preſence.
[*Aſide.*
Sil. Had I been ſeized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfaſt to the beaſt,
Rather than have falſe Protheus reſcue me.
Oh, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do deteſt falſe perjur'd Protheus:
Therefore be gone, ſolicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, ſtood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
Oh, 'tis the curſe in love, and ſtill approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.
Sil. When Protheus cannot love, where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy firſt beſt love,
For whoſe dear ſake thou then didſt rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oaths; and all thoſe oaths
Deſcended into perjury, to love me.
Thou haſt no faith left now, unleſs thou had'ſt two,
And that's far worſe than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro.

Pro. In love,
Who reſpects friend?
Sil. All men but Protheus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form;
I'll woo you like a ſoldier, at arms end;
And love you 'gainſt the nature of love, force you.
Sil. Oh heaven!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my deſire.
Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill faſhion!
Pro. Valentine!——
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
(For ſuch is a friend now) treacherous man!
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perſuaded me. Now I dare not ſay,
I have one friend alive; thou would'ſt diſprove me.
Who ſhould be truſted, when one's own right hand
Is perjur'd to the boſom? Protheus,
I am ſorry, I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
[1] The private wound is deepeſt. Oh time, moſt curſt!
'Mong'ſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt!
Pro. My ſhame, and guilt, confounds me:
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient ranſom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly ſuffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honeſt.——
Who by repentance is not ſatisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for theſe are pleas'd;

[1] *The private wound*, &c.] I have a little mended the meaſure. The old edition, and all but Sir T. Hanmer, read,
The private wound is deepeſt, oh time moſt accurſt.
JOHNSON.

By

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
[2] All, that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. Oh me unhappy! [*Faints.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why wag! how now? what is the matter?
Look up; ſpeak.

Jul. O good Sir, my maſter charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

Pro. How! let me ſee:
This is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. Oh, cry your mercy, Sir, I have miſtook;
This is the ring you ſent to Silvia. [*Shews another ring.*

Pro. How cam'ſt thou by this ring? At my depart,
I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herſelf did give it me;
And Julia herſelf hath brought it hither.

Pro. How, Julia?

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
[3] How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root?
Oh Protheus, let this habit make thee bluſh!
Be thou aſham'd, that I have took upon me

[2] *All, that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.*] It is (I think) very odd to give up his miſtreſs thus at once, without any reaſon alledged. But our author probably followed the ſtories juſt as he found them in his novels as well as hiſtories. POPE.

This paſſage either hath been much ſophiſticated, or is one great proof that the main parts of this play did not proceed from Shakeſpeare; for it is impoſſible he could make Valentine act and ſpeak ſo much out of character, or give to Silvia ſo unnatural a behaviour, as to take no notice of this ſtrange conceſſion, if it had been made. HANMER.

[3] *How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root?*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *cleft the root on't.* JOHNSON.

Such

Such an immodeſt rayment; [4] if ſhame live
In a diſguiſe of love:
It is the leſſer blot, modeſty finds,
Women to change their ſhapes, than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true; oh heaven! were man
But conſtant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all ſins:
Inconſtancy falls off, ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may ſpy
More freſh in Julia's with a conſtant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe;
'Twere pity two ſuch friends ſhould long be foes.
Pro. Bear witneſs, heaven,
I have my wiſh for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, forbear, it is my lord the duke.
—Your grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
Baniſhed Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or elſe embrace thy death:
Come not within [5] the meaſure of my wrath.
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again——
[6] Milan ſhall not behold thee. Here ſhe ſtands,
Take

[4] ——*if ſhame live*] That is, *if it be any ſhame to wear a diſguiſe for the purpoſes of love.* JOHNSON.

[5] ——*the meaſure*——] The length of my ſword, the reach of my anger. JOHNSON.

[6] *Milan ſhall not behold thee.*——] All the editions, *Verona ſhall not hold thee.* But, whether through the miſtake of the firſt editors, or the poet's own careleſſneſs, this reading is abſurdly faulty. For the threat here is to Thurio, who is a Milaneſe; and has no concern, as it appears, with Verona. Beſides,

Take but poſſeſſion of her with a touch;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.——
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I——
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not; and therefore ſhe is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou,
To make ſuch means for her as thou haſt done,
And leave her on ſuch ſlight conditions.——
Now, by the honour of my anceſtry,
I do applaud thy ſpirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empreſs' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs;
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new ſtate in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe.——Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.
Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beſeech you, for your daughter's ſake,
To grant one boon that I ſhall aſk of you.
Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. Theſe baniſh'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
Duke. Thou haſt prevail'd. I pardon them, and thee;
Diſpoſe of them as thou know'ſt their deſerts.

ſides, the ſcene is betwixt the confines of Milan and Mantua, to which Silvia follows Valentine, having heard that he had retreated thither. And, upon theſe circumſtances, I ventured to adjuſt the text, as I imagine the poet muſt have intended; i. e. Milan, *thy country ſhall never ſee thee again: thou ſhalt never live to go back thither.* THEOBALD.

Come,

Come, let us go; we will [7] include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare ſolemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe to make your grace to ſmile.
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he bluſhes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that ſaying?

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.
Come, Protheus, 'tis your penance but to hear
The ſtory of your loves diſcovered:
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours,
One feaſt, one houſe, one mutual happineſs.

[8] *Exeunt omnes.*

[7] ——*include all jars*] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads *conclude*. JOHNSON.

[8] In this play there is a ſtrange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The verſification is often excellent, the alluſions are learned and juſt; but the author conveys his heroes by ſea from one inland town to another in the ſame country; he places the emperor at Milan, and ſends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes Protheus, after an interview with Silvia, ſay he has only ſeen her picture; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by miſtaking places, left his ſcenery inextricable. The reaſon of all this confuſion ſeems to be, that he took his ſtory from a novel, which he ſometimes followed, and ſometimes forſook, ſometimes remembered, and ſometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakeſpeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom ſhall it be given? This queſtion may be aſked of all the diſputed plays, except *Titus Andronicus*; and it will be found more credible, that Shakeſpeare might ſometimes ſink below his higheſt flights, than that any other ſhould riſe up to his loweſt. JOHNSON.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Perſons Repreſented.

SIR John Falſtaff.
Fenton.
Shallow, *a country juſtice.*
Slender, *couſin to Shallow.*
Mr. Page, } *two gentlemen dwelling at Windſor.*
Mr. Ford, }
Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch parſon.*
Dr. Caius, *a French doctor.*
Hoſt of the Garter.
Bardolph.
Piſtol.
Nym.
Robin, *page to Falſtaff.*
William Page, *a boy, ſon to Mr. Page.*
Simple, *ſervant to Slender.*
Rugby, *ſervant to Dr. Caius.*

Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Ann Page, *daughter to Mr. Page, in love with Fenton.*
Mrs. Quickly, *ſervant to Dr. Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windſor; and the parts adjacent.

THE [1] MERRY WIVES OF [2] WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before Page's houſe in Windſor.

Enter Juſtice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

SHALLOW.

SIR Hugh, perſuade me not; I will make [3] a Star-chamber matter of it. If he were twenty Sir John Falſtaffs, he ſhall not abuſe Robert Shallow, Eſquire.

Slen.

[1] A few of the incidents in this comedy might have been taken from ſome old tranſlation of the *Il Pecorone* of Giovanni Fiorentino. I have lately met with the ſame ſtory in a very contemptible performance, intitled, *The fortunate, the deceived, and the unfortunate Lovers.* Of this book, as I am told, there are ſeveral impreſſions; but that in which I read it, was publiſhed in 1632, quarto. A ſomething ſimilar ſtory occurs in *The Piacevoli Notti di Straparola.* Nott. 4ª. Fav. 4ª. STEEV.

[2] *The Merry Wives of Windſor.*] Queen Elizabeth was ſo well pleaſed with the admirable character of Falſtaff in *The Two Parts of Henry IV.* that, as Mr. Rowe informs us, ſhe commanded Shakeſpeare to continue it for one play more, and to ſhew him in love. To this command we owe *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* which, Mr. Gildon ſays, he was very well aſſured,

Slen. In the county of Glouceſter, juſtice of peace, and *Coram.*

Shal. Ay, couſin Slender, and [4] *Cuſtalorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *Ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, maſter parſon; who writes himſelf *Armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *Armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time theſe three hundred years.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors, gone before him, have don't; and all his anceſtors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louſes do become an old coat well; it agrees well, paſſant: it is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies——love.

Shal. [5] The luce is the freſh fiſh; the ſalt fiſh is an old coat.

Slen.

our author finiſhed in a fortnight. But this muſt be meant only of the firſt imperfect ſketch of this comedy; an old quarto edition which I have ſeen, printed in 1602; which ſays in the title-page——*As it hath been divers times acted both before her majeſty, and elſewhere.* Pope. THEOBALD.

[3] ——*a Star-chamber matter of it.*] Ben Jonſon intimates, that the *Star-chamber* had a right to take cognizance of ſuch matters. See *The Magnetick Lady*, Act 3. Sc. 4.

" There is a court above, of the *Star-chamber*,
" To puniſh *routs* and *riots.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *Cuſtalorum.*] This is, I ſuppoſe, intended for a corruption of *Cuſtos Rotulorum.* The miſtake was hardly deſigned by the author, who, though he gives Shallow folly enough, makes him rather pedantic than illiterate. If we read:

Shal. *Ay, couſin Slender, and* Cuſtos Rotulorum.

It follows naturally:

Slen. *Ay, and* Ratalorum *too.* JOHNSON.

[5] *The luce*, &c.] I ſee no conſequence in this anſwer. Perhaps we may read, *the ſalt fiſh is* not *an old coat.* That is, the *freſh fiſh* is the coat of an ancient family, and the *ſalt fiſh* is the coat of a merchant grown rich by trading over the ſea. JOHNSON.

Shakeſpeare, by hinting that the arms of the Shallows and the Lucys were the ſame, ſhews he could not forget his old friend Sir Tho. Lucy, pointing at him under the character of Juſtice

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three ſkirts for yourſelf, in my ſimple conjectures. But that is all one: if Sir John Falſtaff have committed diſparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromiſes between you.

Shal. [6] The council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva.

Juſtice Shallow. But to put the matter out of all doubt, Shakeſpeare has here given us a diſtinguiſhing mark, whereby it appears that Sir Thomas was the very perſon repreſented by Shallow. To ſet blundering parſon Evans right, Shallow tells him, the *luce* is not the *louſe*, but the *freſh fiſh*, or pike, the ſalt fiſh (indeed) is *an old coat*. The plain Engliſh of which is (if I am not greatly miſtaken) the family of the Charlcotts had for their arms a *ſalt fiſh* originally; but when William, ſon of Walter de Charlcott, aſſumed the name of Lucy, in the the time of Henry III. he took the arms of the Lucys. This is not at all improbable; for we find, when Maud Lucy bequeathed her eſtates to the Percys, it was upon condition they joined her arms with their own. "Says Dugdale, it is likely "William de Charlcott took the name of Lucy to oblige his "mother." And I ſay further, it is likely he took the arms of the Lucys at the ſame time. SMITH.

The *luce* is a *pike* or jack.

"Many a fair partriche had he in mewe,
"And many a *breme*, and many a *luce* in ſtewe."

Chaucer's *Prol. of the Cant. Tales*, 351, 352.

In Ferne's *Blazon of Gentry*, 1586, quarto, the arms of the Lucy family are repreſented as an inſtance, that "ſigns of the "coat ſhould ſomething agree with the name. It is the coat "of Geffray Lord Lucy. He did bear gules, three lucies "hariant, argent." STEEVENS.

[6] *The council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.*] He alludes to a ſtatute made in the reign of K. Henry IV. (13 chap. 7.) by which it is enacted, "That the juſtices, three, or two of them, and "the ſheriff, ſhall certify before the king, and his counſelle, "all the deeds and circumſtances thereof (namely the *riot*) "which certification ſhould be of the like force as the pre-

Eva. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the ſword ſhould end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot diſcretions with it: there is Ann Page, [7] which is daughter to maſter George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mrs. Ann Page? ſhe has brown hair, and [8] ſpeaks ſmall like a woman.

Eva. It is that very perſon for all the 'orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and ſilver, is her grandſire, upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful reſurrections!) give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage between maſter Abraham and miſtreſs Ann Page.

Slen. Did her grandſire leave her ſeven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

" ſentment of twelve: upon which certificate the treſpaſſers " and offenders ſhall be put to anſwer, and they which be " found guilty ſhall be puniſhed, according the diſcretion of " the kinge and counſelle." Dr. GRAY.

[7] ——*which is daughter to maſter Thomas Page,*] The whole ſet of editions have negligently blundered one after another in Page's Chriſtian name in this place; though Mrs. Page calls him George afterwards in at leaſt ſix ſeveral paſſages. THEOB.

[8] *ſpeaks* SMALL *like a woman.*] This is from the folio of 1623, and is the true reading. He admires her for the ſweetneſs of her voice. But the expreſſion is highly humourous, as making her *ſpeaking* ſmall *like a woman* one of her marks of diſtinction; and the ambiguity of *ſmall*, which ſignifies *little* as well as *low*, makes the expreſſion ſtill more pleaſant. WARBURTON.

Shal.

Shal. Seven hundred pounds, and poſſibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us ſee honeſt Mr. Page: is Falſtaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do deſpiſe a liar, as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe; or, as I deſpiſe one that is not true. The knight, Sir John is there; and, I beſeech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*Knocks*] for maſter Page. What, hoa? Got plèſs your houſe here!

Enter Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's pleſſing, and your friend, and Juſtice Shallow: and here is young maſter Slender; that, peradventures, ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to ſee your worſhips well. I thank you for my veniſon, maſter Shallow.

Shal. Maſter Page, I am glad to ſee you; much good do it your good heart! I wiſh'd your veniſon better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good miſtreſs Page? and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to ſee you, good maſter Slender.

Slen. [9] How does your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on Cotſale.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

[9] *How does your fallow greyhound?* &c.] Cotſwold, a village in Worceſterſhire, or Warwickſhire, was famous for rural exerciſes, and ſports of all ſorts. Shallow, in another place, talks of a ſtout fellow, a Cotſwold man, i. e. "one who was "a native of this very place, ſo famous for trials of ſtrength, "activity, &c. and conſequently a robuſt athletic perſon." I have ſeen a poem, or rather a collection of poems, which I think is called *The Cotſwold Muſe*, containing a deſcription of theſe games. WARTON.

Slen. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more ſaid? he is good and fair.—Is Sir John Falſtaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is ſpoke as a chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, maſter Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſs it.

Shal. If it be confeſs'd, it is not redreſs'd; is not that ſo, maſter Page? He hath wrong'd me;—indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me:—Robert Shallow, Eſquire, ſaith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Piſtol.

Fal. Now, maſter Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, [1] and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtrait: I have done all this:—that is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The council ſhall know this.

Fal. [2] 'Twere better for you, if 'twere not known in council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. Pauca verba, Sir John; good worts.

[1] ——*and broke open my lodge.*] This probably alludes to ſome real incident, at that time well known. JOHNSON.

[2] The old copies read, *'Twere better for you, if 'twere known in council.* Perhaps it is an abrupt ſpeech, and muſt be read thus: *'Twere better for you——if 'twere known in council, you'll be laugh'd at. 'Twere better for you,* is, I believe, a menace. JOHNSON.

Fal.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you againſt me?

Slen. Marry, Sir, I have matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your [3] coney-catching raſcals, Bardolph, Nym, and Piſtol.

Bar. [4] You Banbury cheeſe!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Piſt. [5] How now, Mephoſtophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay! *pauca, pauca:* ſlice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? can you tell, couſin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us underſtand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I underſtand; that is, maſter Page, *fidelicet*, maſter Page; and there is myſelf, *fidelicet*, myſelf; and the three party is, laſtly and finally, mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cauſe with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtol———

Piſt. He hears with ears.

[3] ——*coney-catching raſcals,*——] A *coney-catcher* was, in the time of Elizabeth, a common name for a cheat or ſharper. Green, one of the firſt among us who made a trade of writing pamphlets, publiſhed *A Detection of the Frauds and Tricks of Coney-catchers and Couzeners.* JOHNSON.

[4] *You Banbury cheeſe!*] This is ſaid in alluſion to the thin carcaſe of Slender. The ſame thought occurs in *Jack Drums Entertainment*, 1601.——"You are like a Banbury cheeſe——"nothing but paring." So Heywood, in his collection of epigrams:

"I never ſaw *Banbury cheeſe thick enough*,
"But I have oft ſeen Eſſex cheeſe quick enough."

STEEVENS.

[5] *How now, Mephoſtophilus?*] This is the name of a ſpirit or familiar in the old ſtory book of Sir John Fauſtus, or John Fauſt. WARTON.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phraſe is this, *He hears with ear?* Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtol, did you pick maſter Slender's purſe?

Slen. Ay, by theſe gloves, did he (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again elſe) of ſeven groats in mill-ſixpences, and two [6] Edward ſhovel-boards, that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by theſe gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Piſtol?

Eva. No; it is falſe, if it is a pick-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!——Sir John, and maſter mine,

[7] I combat challenge of this latten bilboe:

Word

[6] ——*Edward ſhovel-boards,*——] By this term, I believe, are meant braſs caſtors, ſuch as are ſhoveled on a board, with king Edward's face ſtamped upon them. JOHNSON.

One of theſe pieces of metal is mentioned in Middleton's comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611.——" away ſlid I my man, " like a *ſhovel-board ſhilling*," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] *I combat challenge of this* Latin *bilboe:*] Our modern editors have diſtinguiſhed this word *Latin* in Italic characters, as if it was addreſſed to Sir Hugh, and meant to call him *pedantic blade*, on account of his being a ſchoolmaſter, and teaching Latin. But I'll be bold to ſay, in this they do not take the poet's conceit. Piſtol barely calls Sir Hugh mountain-foreigner, becauſe he had interpoſed in the diſpute; but then immediately demands the combat of Slender, for having charged him with picking his pocket. The old quartos write it *latten*, as it ſhould be, in the common characters: and as a proof that the author deſigned this ſhould be addreſſed to Slender, Sir Hugh does not there interpoſe one word in the quarrel. But what then ſignifies——*latten bilboe?* Why, Piſtol ſeeing Slender ſuch a ſlim, puny wight, would intimate, that he is as thin as a plate of that compound metal, which is called *latten:* and which was, as we are told, the old *orichalc*. Monſieur Dacier, upon this verſe in Horace's epiſtle *de Arte Poetica*,

" Tibia non ut nunc *orichalco* vincta," &c.

ſays, *C'eſt une eſpece de cuivre de montagne, comme ſon nom meſme le temoigne; c'eſt ce que nous appellons aujourd'huy du* leton. " It " is a ſort of mountain-copper, as its very name imports, and " which we at this time of day call *latten*." THEOBALD.

After all this diſplay of learning in Mr. Theobald's note, I believe our poet had a much more obvious meaning. *Latten* may

[8] Word of denial in thy Labra's here;
Word of denial. Froth and ſcum, thou ly'ſt.

Slen. By theſe gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and paſs good humours: I will ſay, [9] *marry trap*, with you, if you run the [1] nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an aſs.

Fal. What ſay you, [2] Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I ſay, the gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five ſentences.

may ſignify no more than *as thin as a lath*. The word in ſome counties is ſtill pronounced as if there was no *h* in it; and Ray, in his Dict. of North Country Words, affirms it to be ſpelt *lat* in the north of England.

Falſtaff threatens, in another play, to drive prince Henry out of his kingdom, with *a dagger of lath*. A *latten bilbo* means therefore, I believe, no more than *a blade as thin as a lath—a vice's dagger*. STEEVENS.

[8] *Word of denial in thy Labra's here*;] I ſuppoſe it ſhould rather be read,

Word of denial in my *Labra's* hear;

that is, *hear* the word of denial in my *lips*. *Thou ly'ſt*.

JOHNSON.

We often talk of giving the lie in a man's *teeth*, or in his *throat*. Piſtol chooſes to throw the word of denial in the *lips* of his adverſary. STEEVENS.

[9] —*marry trap*,—] When a man was caught in his own ſtratagem, I ſuppoſe the exclamation of inſult was *marry, trap!* JOHNSON.

[1] —*nuthook's humour*—]Read, *paſs the nuthook's humour*. *Nuthook* was a term of reproach in the vulgar way, and in cant ſtrain. In *The Second Part of Hen. IV.* Dol Tearſheet ſays to the beadle, *Nuthook, Nuthook, you lie*. Probably it was a name given to a bailiff or catchpole, very odious to the common people. HANMER.

Nuthook is the reading of the folio, and the third quarto. The ſecond quarto reads, *baſe* humour. STEEVENS.

[2] —*Scarlet and John?*] The names of two of Robin Hood's companions; but the humour conſiſts in the alluſion to Bardolph's *red face*; concerning which ſee *The Second Part of Hen. IV.* WARBURTON.

Eva,

Eva. It is his five ſenſes: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, Sir, was, as they ſay, caſhier'd; and ſo concluſions paſs'd the [3] careires.

Slen. Ay, you ſpake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll never be drunk whilſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with thoſe that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all theſe matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter miſtreſs Ann Page with wine.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit Ann Page.*

Slen. O heaven! this is miſtreſs Ann Page.

Enter miſtreſs Ford and miſtreſs Page.

Page. How now, miſtreſs Ford?

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good miſtreſs. [*Kiſſing her.*

Page. Wife, bid theſe gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot veniſon paſty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs.

[*Exe. all but Shal. Slend. and Evans.*

Slen. I had rather than forty ſhillings I had my book of ſongs and ſonnets here.——

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple, where have you been? I muſt

[3] ——*careires*——] I believe this ſtrange word is nothing but the French *carriere*; and the expreſſion means, that *the common bounds of good behaviour were overpaſſed.* JOHNSON.

——*To paſs the carriere* was a military phraſe. I find it in one of Sir John Smythe's Diſcourſes, 1589. where, ſpeaking of horſes wounded, he ſays—— "they after the firſt ſhrink at the "entering of the bullet doo *paſs their carriere*, as though they "had verie little hurt." STEEVENS.

wait

wait on myſelf, muſt I? You have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake [4] upon Allhallowmas laſt, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we ſtay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here;——do you underſtand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you ſhall find me reaſonable: if it be ſo, I ſhall do that that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but underſtand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, maſter Slender: I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my couſin Shallow ſays: I pray you, pardon me; he's a juſtice of peace in his country, ſimple though I ſtand here.

Eva. But that is not the queſtion; the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to miſtreſs Ann Page.

Slen. Why, if it be ſo, I will marry her upon any reaſonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us com-

[4] ——*upon Allhallowmas laſt, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?*] Sure, Simple's a little out in his reckoning. Allhallowmas is almoſt five weeks after Michaelmas. But may it not be urged, it is deſigned Simple ſhould appear thus ignorant, to keep up the character? I think not. The ſimpleſt creatures (nay, even naturals) generally are very preciſe in the knowledge of feſtivals, and marking how the ſeaſons run: and therefore I have ventured to ſuſpect our poet wrote Martlemas, as the vulgar call it: which is near a fortnight after All-Saints day, i. e. eleven days, both incluſive. THEOBALD.

This correction, thus ſeriouſly and wiſely enforced, is received by Sir Tho. Hanmer; but probably Shakeſpeare intended a blunder. JOHNSON.

mand

mand to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philoſophers hold, that [5] the lips is parcel of the mouth; therefore, preciſely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Couſin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir——I will do, as it ſhall become one that would do reaſon.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you muſt ſpeak poſſitable, if you can carry her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt: will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your requeſt, couſin, in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, ſweet coz; what I do, is to pleaſure you, coz: can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your requeſt; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decreaſe it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occaſion to know one another: [6] I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you ſay, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely diſſolved, and diſſolutely.

Eva. It is a fery diſcretion anſwer; ſave, the faul is in the 'ort *diſſolutely*: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, *reſolutely*; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think, my couſin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or elſe I would I might be hang'd, la.

[5] ——*the lips is parcel of the mouth*;——] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read—" parcel of the *mind*." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*I hope, upon familiarity will grow more* content:——] Certainly, the editors in their ſagacity have murdered a jeſt here. It is deſigned, no doubt, that Slender ſhould ſay *decreaſe*, inſtead of *increaſe*; and *diſſolved*, *diſſolutely*, inſtead of *reſolved* and *reſolutely*: but to make him ſay, on the preſent occaſion, that upon familiarity will grow more *content*, inſtead of *contempt*, is diſarming the ſentiment of all its *ſalt* and *humour*, and diſappointing the audience of a reaſonable cauſe for laughter. THEOBALD.

Re-enter

Re-enter Ann Page.

Shal. Here comes fair miſtreſs Ann: 'would I were young for your ſake, miſtreſs Ann!

Ann. The dinner is on the table; my father deſires your worſhip's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair miſtreſs Ann.

Eva. Od's pleſſed will! I will not be abſence at the grace. [*Ex. Shal. and Evans.*

Ann. Will't pleaſe your worſhip to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forſooth, heartily; I am very well.

Ann. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forſooth. Go, ſirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my couſin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A juſtice of peace ſometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Ann. I may not go in without your worſhip: they will not ſit till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Ann. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my ſhin the other day with playing at ſword and dagger with a maſter of fence, [7] three veneys for a diſh

[7] ——*three veneys for a diſh*, &c.] i. e. three *venues*, French. Three different ſet-to's, attacks, a technical term. So in B. and Fletcher's *Philaſter*:——"thou wouldſt be loth to play half "a dozen *venies* at Waſters with a good fellow for a broken "head." So in Chapman's comedy, *The Widow's Tears*, 1612. "So there's *venie* for *venie*, I have given it him." So in *The Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609. "This was a paſs, 'twas "fencer's play, and for the after *veny* let me uſe my ſkill." So in *The famous Hiſt. &c. of Capt. Tho. Stukely*, 1605.——"for "forfeits and *venneys* given upon a wager at the ninth button "of your doublet." So in our author's *Love's Labour Loſt*:

"——a quick *venew* of wit." STEEVENS.

of

of ſtew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why do your dogs bark ſo? be there bears i'the town?

Ann. I think there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the ſport well; but I ſhall as ſoon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you ſee the bear looſe, are you not?

Ann. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have ſeen [8] Sackerſon looſe twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have ſo cried and ſhriek'd at it, [9] that it paſs'd: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. Slender, come; we ſtay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. [1] By cock and pye, you ſhall not chooſe, Sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Miſtreſs Ann, yourſelf ſhall go firſt.

Ann. Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go firſt; truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Ann. I pray you, Sir.

[8] ——*Sackerſon*——] *Seckerſon* is likewiſe the name of a bear in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Gooſecap*. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*that it paſs'd:*——] *It paſs'd*, or *this paſſes*, was a way of ſpeaking cuſtomary heretofore, to ſignify the *exceſs*, or *extraordinary degree* of any thing. The ſentence completed would be, *This paſſes all expreſſion*, or perhaps, *This paſſes all things*. We ſtill uſe *paſſing well*, *paſſing ſtrange*. WARBURTON.

[1] *By cock and pye,*——] See a note on Act 5. Sc. 1. *Hen. IV. P. II.* STEEVENS.

Slen.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troubleſome: you do yourſelf wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and aſk of Doctor Caius' houſe, which is the way: and there dwells one miſtreſs Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurſe, or his dry nurſe, or his cook, or his laundry, his waſher, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet: give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogethers acquaintance with miſtreſs Ann Page; and the letter is to deſire and require her to ſolicit your maſter's deſires to miſtreſs Ann Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheeſe to come.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Garter inn.

Enter Falſtaff, Hoſt, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine hoſt of the garter,———

Hoſt. What ſays my bully Rock? ſpeak ſchollarly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truly, mine hoſt, I muſt turn away ſome of my followers.

Hoſt. Diſcard, bully Hercules; caſhier: let them wag: trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a week.

Hoſt. Thour't an emperor, Cæſar, Keiſar, and Pheazar. I will entertain Bardoph; he ſhall draw, he ſhall tap: ſaid I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do ſo, good mine hoſt.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. I have ſpoke; let him follow: [1] let me ſee thee froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Hoſt.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapſter is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd ſervingman, a freſh tapſter. Go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have deſir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit Bard.*

Piſt. [2] O baſe Hungarian wight! wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the [3] humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am ſo quit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unſkilful finger, he kept not time.

[1] ——*let me ſee thee froth, and live:*——] This paſſage has paſſed through all the editions without ſuſpicion of being corrupted; but the reading of the old quartos of 1602 and 1619, *Let me ſee froth and lime*, I take to be the true one. The Hoſt calls for an immediate ſpecimen of Bardolph's abilities as a tapſter; and *frothing* beer and *liming* ſack were tricks practiſed in the time of Shakeſpeare. The firſt was done by putting ſoap into the bottom of the tankard when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing *lime* with the ſack (i. e. ſherry) to make it ſparkle in the glaſs. *Froth* and *live* is ſenſe, but a little forced; and to make it ſo we muſt ſuppoſe the Hoſt could gueſs by his dexterity in frothing a pot to make it appear fuller than it was, how he would afterwards ſucceed in the world. Falſtaff himſelf complains of *limed* ſack. STEEVENS.

[2] *O baſe Hungarian wight*, &c.] This is a parody on a line taken from one of the old bombaſt plays, beginning,

"O baſe *Gongarian*, wilt thou the diſtaff wield?"

I had marked the paſſage down, but forgot to note the play. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*humour of it.*] This ſpeech is partly taken from the corrected copy, and partly from the ſlight ſketch in 1602. I mention it, that thoſe who do not find it in either of the common old editions may not ſuſpect it to be ſpurious. STEEVENS.

Nym.

Nym. The good humour is to ſteal [4] at a minute's reſt.

Piſt. Convey, the wiſe it call: ſteal! foh; a fico for the phraſe!

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almoſt out at heels.

Piſt. Why then, let kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I muſt cony-catch, I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. [5] Young ravens muſt have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Piſt. I ken the wight, he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, Piſtol: indeed, I am in the waiſt two yards about: but I am now [6] about no waſte; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes, ſhe carves, ſhe gives the leer of invitation: I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtile; and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour, to be Engliſh'd rightly, is, *I am Sir John Falſtaff's.*

[4] ——— *at a minute's reſt.*] Our author probably wrote,
——— at a *minim's reſt.* LANGTON.
This conjecture ſeems confirmed by a paſſage in *Romeo and Juliet,* ——*reſts his minim,* &c. It may however mean, that, like a ſkillful harquebuzier, he takes a good aim, though he has reſted his piece for a minute only. STEEVENS.

[5] *Young ravens muſt have food.*] An adage. See Ray's *Proverbs.* STEEVENS.

[6] —— *about no waſte;*——] I find the ſame play on words in Heywood's *Epigrams,* 1562:
"Where am I leaſt, huſband? quoth he, in the *waiſt;*
"Which cometh of this, thou art vengeance ſtrait lac'd.
"Where am I biggeſt, wife? in the waſte, quoth ſhe,
"For all is *waſte* in you, as far as I ſee."
And again in *The Wedding,* a comedy, by Shirley, 1626:
"He's a great man indeed;
"Something given to the *waſt,* for he lives within *no*
"*reaſonable compaſs.*" STEEVENS.

Piſt. He hath ſtudy'd her will, and tranſlated her will; out of honeſty into Engliſh.

Nym. [7] The anchor is deep: will that humour paſs?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her huſband's purſe: ſhe hath a legion of angels.

Piſt. [8] As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy,* ſay I.

Nym. The humour riſes; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with moſt judicious [9] eyliads: ſometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the ſun on dung-hill ſhine.

Nym. I thank thee for [1] that humour.

Fal. O, ſhe did ſo courſe-o'er my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did

[7] *The anchor is deep: will that humour paſs?*] I ſee not what relation *the anchor* has to *tranſlation.* Perhaps we may read, *the* author *is deep*; or perhaps the line is out of its place, and ſhould be inſerted lower after Falſtaff has ſaid,

Sail like my pinnace to thoſe golden ſhores.

It may be obſerved, that in the tracts of that time *anchor* and *author* could hardly be diſtinguiſhed. JOHNSON.

[8] *As many devils entertain,* &c.] The old quarto reads,

As many devils *attend her,* &c. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *eyliads:*——] This word is differently ſpelt in all the copies. I ſuppoſe we ſhould write *oëillades,* French. STEEV.

[1] ——— *that humour.*] What diſtinguiſhes the language of Nym from that of the other attendants on Falſtaff, is the conſtant repetition of this phraſe. In the time of Shakeſpeare ſuch an incident ſeems to have been ſufficient to mark a character. In *Sir Giles Gooſecap,* a play of which I have no earlier edition than that of 1606, the ſame peculiarity is mentioned in the hero of the piece.

" ——his only reaſon for every thing is, that *we are all* " *mortal*; then hath he another pretty phraſe too, and " that is, he will *tickle the vanity* of every thing."

STEEVENS.

ſeem

ſeem to ſcorch me up like a burning-glaſs! Here's another letter to her: ſhe bears the purſe too; [2] ſhe is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. [3] I will be 'Cheater to them both, and they ſhall be Exchequers to me; they ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to miſtreſs Page; and thou this to miſtreſs Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Piſt. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my ſide wear ſteel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no baſe humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, ſirrah, bear you theſe letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to theſe golden ſhores. [*To Robin.*
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vaniſh like hail-ſtones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; ſeek ſhelter, pack!
Falſtaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; myſelf, and ſkirted page.
[*Exit Falſtaff and Boy.*

[2] —— *ſhe is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty.*] If the tradition be true (as I doubt not but it is) of this play being wrote at queen Elizabeth's command, this paſſage, perhaps, may furniſh a probable conjecture that it could not appear till after the year 1598. The mention of Guiana, then ſo lately diſcovered to the Engliſh, was a very happy compliment to Sir Walter Raleigh, who did not begin his expedition for South America till 1595, and returned from it in 1596, with an advantageous account of the great wealth of Guiana. Such an addreſs of the poet was likely, I imagine, to have a proper impreſſion on the people, when the intelligence of ſuch a golden country was freſh in their minds, and gave them expectations of immenſe gain. THEOBALD.

[3] ——— *I will be* 'Cheater *to them both, and they ſhall be* Exchequers *to me;*——] The ſame joke is intended here, as in *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*, act ii.

—I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no Cheater.—

By which is meant *Eſcheatour*, an officer in the Exchequer, in no good repute with the common people. WARBURTON.

Piſt. [4] Let vultures gripe thy guts! [5] for gord, and fullam holds:
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:
Teſter I'll have in pouch, when thou ſhalt lack,
Baſe Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her ſtar!

Piſt. With wit, or ſteel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will diſcuſs the humour of this love to Ford.

Piſt. And I to Page ſhall eke unfold,
How Falſtaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Nym. My humour ſhall not cool: I will incenſe

[4] *Let vultures gripe thy guts!*——] This hemiſtich is a burleſque on a paſſage in *Tamburlaine*, or *The Scythian Shepherd*, of which a more particular account is given in one of the notes to *Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

[5] ——— *for* gourd, *and* fullam *holds:*
And high *and* low *beguiles the rich and poor.*] *Fullam* is a cant term for falſe dice, *high* and *low*. Torriano, in his Italian dictionary, interprets *Piſe* by *falſe dice, high and low men, high fullams and low fullams*. Johnſon, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, quibbles upon this cant term. *Who, he ſerve? He keeps* high men and low men, *he has a fair living at* fullam.——As for *gourd*, or rather *gord*, it was another inſtrument of gaming, as appears from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*.——*And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but* GORDS *or* nine-pins. WARBURTON.

In the *London Prodigal* I find the following enumeration of falſe dice.——"I bequeath two bale of falſe dice, videlicet, "high men and low men, *fullums*, ſtop cater-traies, and other "bones of function."

In *Monſieur D'Olive*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1606, the *gord*, the *fullam*, and the *ſtop-cater tre*, are mentioned.

Green, in his *Art of Juggling*, &c. 1612, ſays, "What "ſhould I ſay more of falſe dice, of *fullums*, high men, lowe "men, *gourds*, and brizled dice, graviers, demies, and con-"traries?" STEEVENS.

Ford

Ford to deal with poiſon; I will poſſeſs him with [6] yellowneſs; for [7] the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I ſecond thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Dr. Caius's houſe.

Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.

Quic. What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my maſter, maſter Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the houſe, here will be old abuſing of God's patience, and the king's Engliſh.

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quic. Go, and we'll have a poſſet for't ſoon at night, in faith, [8] at the latter end of a ſea-coal fire. [*Exit Rugby.*] An honeſt, willing, kind fellow, as ever ſervant ſhall come in houſe withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worſt fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is ſomething peeviſh that way: but no body but has his fault; but let that paſs. Peter Simple, you ſay your name is.

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And maſter Slender's your maſter?

[6] —*yellowneſs*;—] *Yellowneſs* is jealouſy. JOHNSON.

[7] —*the revolt of mien*—] I ſuppoſe we may read, *the revolt of* men. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *this* revolt of *mine*. Either may ſerve, for of the preſent text I can find no meaning. JOHNSON.

The revolt of mine is the old reading. Nym, who is about to quit his maſter, may be made to obſerve, with propriety, that the deſertion of ſervants is dangerous to the intereſt of their maſters. *Revolt of mien*, was there any authority for ſuch a reading, would ſignify *change of countenance*, one of the effects he has juſt been aſcribing to jealouſy. STEEVENS.

[8] —*at the latter end*, &c.] That is, when my maſter is in bed. JOHNSON.

Sim. Ay, forſooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forſooth; he hath but [9] a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; [1] a Cain-colour'd beard.

Quic. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forſooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How ſay you?——oh, I ſhould remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were? and ſtrut in his gait?

[9] ——*a little wee face,*] *Wee*, in the northern dialect, ſignifies very little.

" The quene, aſtonyſt ane little *wee*,
" At the firſt ſight beholding his bewte."
Gawin Douglas's *Virg.* p. 32. edit. 1710.
Dr. GRAY.

So in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Weſt*. Com. 1631. " He " was nothing ſo tall as I, but a little *wee* man, and ſomewhat " hutch-back'd."

Again, in *The Wiſdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600.

" Some two miles, and a *wee* bit, Sir."

Wee is derived from *wenig*. Dutch. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*a* Cane-*colour'd beard.*] Thus the latter editions. I have reſtored *Cain* from the old copies. Cain and Judas, in the tapeſtries and pictures of old, were repreſented with *yellow* beards. THEOBALD.

Theobald's conjecture may be ſupported by a parallel expreſſion in an old play called *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, or, *The Spaniard's Night-Walk*, 1602.

" ——over all
" A goodly, long, thick, *Abraham-colour'd* beard."

Again, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599, Baſiliſco ſays,

" ——where is the eldeſt ſon of Priam,
" That *Abraham-colour'd* Trojan?——

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605.

" And let their beards be of *Judas* his own *colour*."

Again, in *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612.

" That's he in the *Judas* beard."——

In an age, when but a ſmall part of the nation could read, ideas were frequently borrowed from repreſentations in painting or tapeſtry. STEEVENS.

Sim.

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well heaven ſend Ann Page no worſe fortune! Tell maſter parſon Evans, I will do what I can for your maſter: Ann is a good girl, and I wiſh——

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my maſter.

Quic. We ſhall all be ſhent: run in here, good young man; go into this cloſet. [*Shuts Simple in the cloſet.*] He will not ſtay long. What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I ſay! Go, John, go enquire for my maſter; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home: *and down, down, a-down-a*, &c. [*Sings.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you ſing? I do not like deſe toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my cloſet [2] *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I ſpeak? a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forſooth, I'll fetch it you.
I am glad he went not in himſelf: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aſide.*

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud; je m'en vai à la Cour——la grande affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, Sir.

Caius. *Ouy, mettez le au mon* pocket; *Depêchez*, quickly: vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quic. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: od's me!

[2] ——*un boitier verd*;——] *Boitier* in French ſignifies a caſe of ſurgeon's inſtruments. Dr. GRAY.

Qu' ay j' oublié? dere is ſome ſimples in my cloſet, dat I will not for the varld I ſhall leave behind.

Quic. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my cloſet? villaine, *Larron!* Rugby, my rapier.

[*Pulls Simple out of the cloſet.*

Quic. Good maſter, be content.

Caius. Verefore ſhall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honeſt man.

Caius. Vat ſhall de honeſt man do in my cloſet? dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my cloſet.

Quic. I beſeech you, be not ſo flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parſon Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forſooth, to deſire her to——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:——ſpeak-a your tale.

Sim. To deſire this honeſt gentlewoman, your maid, to ſpeak a good word to miſtreſs Ann Page for my maſter in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh ſend-a you? Rugby, *baillez* me ſome paper: tarry you a little while.

Quic. I am glad he is ſo quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholy:—but notwithſtanding, man, I'll do for your maſter what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor my maſter. I may call him my maſter, look you, for I keep his houſe; and I waſh, wring, brew, bake, ſcour, dreſs meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myſelf.

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you avis'd o' that? you ſhall find it a great charge: and to be up early, and down late:—

but

but notwithſtanding (to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it) my maſter himſelf is in love with miſtreſs Ann Page: but, notwithſtanding that, I know Ann's mind——that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a ſhallenge: I vill cut his throat in de park, and I vill teach a ſcurvy jack-a-nape prieſt to meddle or make:——you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here: by gar, I will cut all his two ſtones; by gar, he ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*

Quic. Alas, he ſpeaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a for dat: do you not tell-a me, dat I ſhall have Ann Page for myſelf? by gar, I vill kill de jack prieſt; and I have appointed mine hoſt of *de Jarterre* to meaſure our weapon: by gar, I vill myſelf have Ann Page.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: we muſt give folks leave to prate; what, the goujere!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me;——by gar, if I have not Ann Page, I ſhall turn your head out of my door:——follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Ex. Caius and Rugby.*

Quic. You ſhall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Ann's mind for that: never a woman in Windſor knows more of Ann's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the houſe, I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman; how doſt thou?

Quic. The better that it pleaſes your good worſhip to aſk.

Fent. What news? how does pretty miſtreſs Ann?

Quic. In truth, Sir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and

and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'ſt thou? ſhall I not loſe my ſuit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithſtanding, maſter Fenton, I'll be ſworn on a book, ſhe loves you:—have not your worſhip a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is ſuch another Nan; but, I deteſt, an honeſt maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart:—I ſhall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, ſhe is given too much to allicholly and muſing: but for you——Well——go to——

Fent. Well, I ſhall ſee her to-day: hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me——

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will tell your worſhip more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haſte now.

[*Exit.*

Quic. Farewell to your worſhip.—Truly, an honeſt gentleman; but Ann loves him not; I know Ann's mind as well as another does.—Out upon't! what have I forgot?

[*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Page's houſe.

Enter Miſtreſs Page with a letter.

Miſtreſs PAGE.

WHAT, have I 'ſcap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubject for them? Let me ſee:

Aſk me no reaſon why I love you; for [1] *though love uſe reaſon for his preciſian, he admits him not for his counſellor: you are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's ſympathy: you are merry, ſo am I; ha! ha! then there's more ſympathy: you love ſack, and ſo do I; would you deſire better ſympathy? let it ſuffice thee, miſtreſs Page (at the leaſt if the love of a ſoldier can ſuffice) that I love thee. I will not ſay, pity me, 'tis not a ſoldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, love me: By me*

[1] *——though love uſe reaſon for his* preciſian, *he admits him not for his counſellor:*——] This is obſcure; but the meaning is, *though love permit reaſon to tell what is fit to be done, he ſeldom follows its advice.*—By *preciſian*, is meant one who pretends to a more than ordinary degree of virtue and ſanctity. On which account they gave this name to the puritans of that time. So Oſborne——*Conform their mode, words, and looks to theſe* PRECISIANS. And Maine, in his *City Match*,

" ————I did commend
" A great PRECISIAN to her for her woman."

WARBURTON.

——preciſian,——] Of this word I do not ſee any meaning that is very appoſite to the preſent intention. Perhaps Falſtaff ſaid, *Though love uſe reaſon as his* phyſician, *he admits him not for his counſellor.* This will be plain ſenſe. Aſk not the *reaſon* of my love; the buſineſs of *reaſon* is not to aſſiſt love, but to *cure* it. There may however be this meaning in the preſent reading. *Though love*, when he would ſubmit to regulation, may *uſe reaſon as his preciſian*, or director in nice caſes, yet when he is only eager to attain his end, he takes not reaſon for *his counſellor.* JOHNSON.

Thine

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight. John Falſtaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this? O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to ſhew himſelf a young gallant! What an unweigh'd behaviour has this Flemiſh drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What ſhould I ſay to him?——[2] I was then frugal of my mirth——heaven forgive me!——Why, I'll exhibit [3] a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How ſhall I be

[2] ——*I was then frugal of my mirth*, &c.] By breaking this ſpeech into exclamations, the text may ſtand; but I once thought it muſt be read, If *I was* not *then frugal of my mirth.* JOHNSON.

[3] ——*a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men.*——] What, Mrs. Page put down the whole ſpecies, *Unius ob noxam*, for a ſingle offender's treſpaſs? Don't be ſo unreaſonable in your anger. But 'tis a falſe charge againſt you. I am perſuaded, a ſhort monoſyllable is dropped out, which, once reſtored, would qualify the matter. We muſt neceſſarily read—*for the putting down of* fat *men.* Mrs. Ford ſays in the very enſuing ſcene, *I ſhall think the worſe of* fat *men, as long as I have an eye*, &c. And in the old quartos, Mrs. Page, ſo ſoon as ſhe has read the letter, ſays, *Well, I ſhall truſt* fat *men the worſe, while I live, for his ſake:* and he is called the *fat*, knight, the *greaſy* knight, by the women, throughout the play. THEOB.

——*I'll exhibit a bill in parliament for putting down of* MEN.] Mr. Theobald ſays, we muſt neceſſarily read——*for putting down of* fat men. But how is the matter mended? or the thought made leſs ridiculous? Shakeſpeare wrote——*for the putting down of* MUM, i. e. the fattening liquor ſo called. So Fletcher in his *Wild Gooſe Chace:* "What a cold I have over my ſtomach, "would I had ſome MUM." This is truly humorous, and agrees with the character ſhe had juſt before given him of *Flemiſh drunkard.* But the greateſt confirmation of this conjecture is the alluſion the words, in queſtion, bear to a matter then publicly

I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Miſtreſs Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Miſtreſs Page! truſt me, I was going your houſe.

Mrs. Page. And truſt me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to ſhew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O miſtreſs Page, give me ſome counſel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle woman; take the honour: what is it? diſpenſe with trifles; what is it?

licly tranſacting. *The Merry Wives of Windſor* appears to have been wrote in 1601, or very ſhortly after. And we are informed by Sir Simon D'Ewes' *Journal*, that no home affair made more noiſe in and out of parliament at that time, than the ſuppreſſion and regulation of taverns, inns, ale-houſes, ſtrong liquors, and the drinkers of them. In the parliament held 1597, a bill was brought into both houſes, "For ſuppreſſing the multitude of malſters," &c. Another, "To reſtrain the exceſſive making of malt, and diſorderly brewing of ſtrong beer." Another, "For regulating of inns, taverns," &c. In the next parliament, held 1601, was a bill, "For the ſuppreſſing of the multitude of ale-houſes and tipling-houſes." Another, "Againſt exceſſive and common drunkenneſs;" and ſeveral others of the ſame nature. Some of which, after much canvaſſing, were thrown out, and others paſſed into acts. WARBURTON.

I do not ſee that any alteration is neceſſary; if it were, either of the foregoing conjectures might ſerve the turn. But ſurely Mrs. Ford may naturally enough, in the firſt heat of her anger, rail at the ſex for the fault of one.

JOHNSON.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or ſo, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. [4] What?—thou lieſt!—Sir Alice Ford!—Theſe knights will hack, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:—here, read—read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I ſhall think the worſe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of mens' liking: and yet he would not ſwear; prais'd womens' modeſty; and gave ſuch orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomelineſs,

[4] *What?—thou lieſt!—Sir Alice Ford!—Theſe knights will* HACK, *and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.*] The unintelligible nonſenſe of this ſpeech is hardly to be matched. The change of a ſingle letter has occaſioned it, which is thus eaſily removed. Read and point—*Theſe knights will* LACK, *and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.* The other had ſaid, *I could be knighted*, meaning, *I could have a knight for my lover*; her companion took it in the other ſenſe, of conferring the title, and ſays, *What?—thou lieſt!—Sir Alice Ford!—Theſe knights will* lack *a title* [i. e. riſk the puniſhment of degradation] *rather than not make a whore of thee.* For we are to obſerve that—*and ſo thou ſhouldſt not*, is a mode of ſpeech, amongſt the writers of that time, equivalent to—*rather than thou ſhouldſt not.* WARBURTON.

Upon this paſſage the learned editor has tried his ſtrength, in my opinion, with more ſpirit than ſucceſs.

I read thus—*Theſe knights* we'll *hack, and ſo thou ſhouldeſt not alter the article of thy gentry.* The puniſhment of a recreant or undeſerving knight, was to *hack* off his ſpurs: the meaning therefore is; it is not worth the while of a gentlewoman to be made a knight, for we'll degrade all theſe knights in a little time, by the uſual form of *hacking* off their ſpurs, and thou, if thou art knighted, ſhalt be hacked with the reſt. JOHNSON.

Hanmer ſays, to *hack*, means to turn hackney, or proſtitute. I ſuppoſe he means—*Theſe knights will degrade themſelves, ſo that ſhe will* acquire no honour by being connected with them. Perhaps the paſſage has been hitherto entirely miſunderſtood. To *hack*, is an expreſſion already uſed in the ridiculous ſcene between Quickly, Evans, and the Boy, and ſignifies, *to do miſchief.* The ſenſe of this paſſage may therefore be, theſe knights are a riotous, diſſolute ſort of people, and on that account thou ſhould'ſt not wiſh to be of the number.

STEEVENS.

that

that I would have ſworn his diſpoſition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth pſalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempeſt, I trow, threw this whale, with ſo many tuns of oil in his belly, aſhore at Windſor? How ſhall I be reveng'd on him? I think, the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of luſt have melted him in his own greaſe. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit firſt; for, I proteſt, mine never ſhall. I warrant, he hath a thouſand of theſe letters, writ with blank ſpace for different names (ſure more); and theſe are of the ſecond edition: he will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the [5] preſs, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantеſs, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious turtles, 'ere one chaſte man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very ſame, the very hand, the very words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty. I'll entertain myſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, ſure, unleſs he knew [6] ſome ſtrain in me, that I know not myſelf, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

[5] ——*preſs*,—] *Preſs* is uſed ambiguouſly, for a *preſs* to print, and a *preſs* to ſqueeze. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*ſome ſtrain in me*,——] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read, "ſome *ſtain* in me," but I think unneceſſarily. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *The Winter's Tale*:

"With what encounter ſo uncurrent, have I
"*Strain'd* to appear thus?"

And again in *Timon*:

"——a noble nature
"May catch a *wrench*." STEEVENS.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be ſure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to ſea again. Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a ſhow of comfort in his ſuit; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will conſent to act any villainy againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſs of our honeſty. Oh, that my huſband ſaw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealouſy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealouſy, as I am from giving him cauſe; and that, I hope, is an unmeaſurable diſtance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's conſult together againſt this greaſy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter Ford with Piſtol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a [7] curtail-dog in ſome affairs.
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Piſt. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Piſt. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Acteon, he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, Sir?

[7] —*curtail-dog*—] That is, a dog that miſſes his game. The tail is counted neceſſary to the agility of a greyhound; and one method of diſqualifying a dog, according to the foreſt laws, is to cut his tail, or make him a *curtail.* JOHNSON.

Piſt.

Piſt. The horn, I ſay: farewel.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night.
Take heed, ere ſummer comes, or [8] cuckoo-birds do ſing.
[9] Away, Sir corporal Nym.——
Believe it, Page, he ſpeaks ſenſe. [*Exit Piſtol.*

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying. He hath wrong'd me in ſome humours: I ſhould have borne the humour'd letter to her; but [1] I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity. —He loves your wife; there's the ſhort and the long. —My name is corporal Nym; I ſpeak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falſtaff loves your wife.—Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheeſe; and there's the humour of it. Adieu.

[*Exit Nym.*

[8] ——*cuckoo-birds do ſing.*] Such is the reading of the folio, and the quarto 1630. The quarto 1619 reads——*when cuckoo-birds* appear. The modern editors——*when cuckoo-birds* affright. For this laſt reading I find no authority. STEEVENS.

[9] *Away, Sir corporal Nym.——*
Believe it, Page, he ſpeaks ſenſe.] Nym, I believe, is out of place, and we ſhould read thus:
Away, Sir corporal.
Nym. *Believe it, Page, he ſpeaks ſenſe.* JOHNSON.

[1] *I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity.—He loves your wife,* &c.] This abſurd paſſage may be pointed into ſenſe. *I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite——upon my neceſſity, he loves your wife,* &c.——Having ſaid his *ſword ſhould bite,* he ſtops ſhort, as was fitting: for he meant that it ſhould *bite upon the highway.* And then turns to the ſubject of his conference, and ſwears, *by his neceſſity,* that Falſtaff loved his wife. WARBURTON.

I do not ſee the difficulty of this paſſage: no phraſe is more common than——*you may,* upon a need, *thus.* Nym, to gain credit, ſays, that he is above the mean office of carrying love-letters; he has nobler means of living; *he has a ſword, and upon his neceſſity,* that is, *when his need drives him to unlawful expedients,* his ſword *ſhall bite.* JOHNSON.

Page. [2] *The humour of it*, quoth a'! here's a fellow, frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will ſeek out Falſtaff.

Page. I never heard ſuch a drawling, affecting rogue,

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. [3] I will not believe ſuch a Cataian, though the prieſt o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow:—well.

Enter

[2] *The humour of it,*——] The following epigram, taken from an old collection without date, but apparently printed before the year 1600, will beſt account for Nym's frequent repetition of the word *humour*.

Epig. 27.

Aſke Humors what a feather he doth weare,
It is his *humour* (by the Lord) he'll ſweare.
Or what he doth with ſuch a horſe-taile locke;
Or why upon a whore he ſpends his ſtocke?
He hath a *humour* doth determine ſo.
Why in the ſtop-throte faſhion he doth goe,
With ſcarfe about his necke, hat without band?
It is his *humour*. Sweet Sir, underſtand
What cauſe his purſe is ſo extreame diſtreſt
That oftentimes is ſcarcely penny-bleſt?
Only a *humour*. If you queſtion why
His tongue is ne'er unfurniſh'd with a lye?
It is his *humour* too he doth proteſt.
Or why with ſerjeants he is ſo oppreſt,
That like to ghoſts they haunt him ev'rie day?
A raſcal *humour* doth not love to pay.
Obje&t why bootes and ſpurres are ſtill in ſeaſon?
His *humour* anſwers: *humour* is his reaſon.
If you perceive his wits in wetting ſhrunke,
It commeth of a *humour* to be drunke.
When you behold his lookes pale, thin, and poore,
Th' occaſion is, his *humour* and a whoore.
And every thing that he doth undertake,
It is a veine, for ſenceleſs *humour*'s ſake. Steevens.

[3] *I will not believe ſuch a Cataian,*——] Mr. Theobald has here a pleaſant note, as uſual. "This is a piece of ſatire "that did not want its force at the time of this play's appear-"ing; though the hiſtory on which it is grounded is become "obſolete." And then tells a long ſtory of Martin Frobiſher

attempt-

Enter Miſtreſs Page and Miſtreſs Ford.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, ſweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford.

attempting the north-weſt paſſage, and bringing home a black ſtone, as he thought, full of gold ore: that it proved not ſo, and that therefore Cataians and Frobiſhers became by-words for vain boaſters.——The whole is an idle dream. All the myſtery of the term *Cataian*, for a liar, is only this. China was anciently called *Cataia* or *Cathay*, by the firſt adventurers that travelled thither; ſuch as M. Paulo, and our Mandeville, who told ſuch incredible wonders of this new diſcovered empire (in which they have not been outdone even by the Jeſuits themſelves, who followed them) that a notorious liar was uſually called a *Cataian*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton have both told their ſtories with confidence, I am afraid, very diſproportionate to any evidence that can be produced. That *Cataian* was a word of hatred or contempt is plain, but that it ſignified a *boaſter* or a *liar* has not been proved. Sir Toby, in *Twelfth Night*, ſays of the Lady Olivia to her maid, "thy Lady's a *Cataian*;" but there is no reaſon to think he means to call her *liar*. Beſides, Page intends to give Ford a reaſon why Piſtol ſhould not be credited. He therefore does not ſay, *I would not believe ſuch a* liar: for that he is a liar is yet to be made probable: but he ſays, *I would not believe ſuch a Cataian on any teſtimony of his veracity*. That is, "This fellow has ſuch an odd appearance; "is ſo unlike a man civilized, and taught the duties of life, "that I cannot credit him." To be a foreigner was always in England, and I ſuppoſe every where elſe, a reaſon of diſlike. So Piſtol calls Slender in the firſt act, a *mountain foreigner*; that is, a fellow uneducated, and of groſs behaviour; and again in his anger calls Bardolph, *Hungarian wight*. JOHNSON.

I believe that neither of the commentators are in the right, but am far from profeſſing, with any great degree of confidence, that I am happier in my own explanation. It is remarkable, that in Shakeſpeare, this expreſſion——*a true man* is always put in oppoſition (as it is in this inſtance) to—*a thief*. So in *Hen. IV. Part I.*

"——now the *thieves* have bound the *true men*."

The Chineſe (anciently called *Cataians*) are ſaid to be the moſt dextrous of all the nimble-fingered tribe. Piſtol was known

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou haſt ſome crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, miſtreſs Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: ſhe ſhall be our meſſenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aſide to Mrs. Ford.*

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Truſt me, I thought on her: ſhe'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to ſee my daughter Anne?

Quic. Ay, forſooth; and, I pray, how does good miſtreſs Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and ſee; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*

Page. How now, maſter Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, ſlaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but theſe that accuſe him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his diſcarded men; [4] very rogues, now they be out of ſervice.

at Windſor to have had a hand in picking Slender's pocket, and therefore might be called a *Cataian* with propriety, if my explanation be admitted. From the uſe Sir Toby Belch makes of the word, little can be inferred with any certainty. Sir Toby is drunk, calls Malvolio by the name of an old ſong, and talks, in ſhort, nonſenſe. *Cathaia* is mentioned in *The Tamer Tamed*, of B. and Fletcher.

"I'll wiſh you in the Indies, or *Cathaia*."

The tricks of the *Cataians* are hinted at in one of the old bl. letter hiſtories of that country. STEEVENS.

[4] *Very rogues, now they be out of ſervice.*] A *rogue* is a wanderer or *vagabond*, and, in its conſequential ſignification, *a cheat*. JOHNSON.

Ford.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he ſhould intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her looſe to him; and what he gets more of her than ſharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not miſdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: a man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus ſatisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting Hoſt of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purſe, when he looks ſo merrily. How, now, mine Hoſt?

Enter Hoſt and Shallow.

Hoſt. How, now, bully Rock? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-juſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, mine Hoſt, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good maſter Page! Maſter Page, will you go with us? we have ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him, cavalero-juſtice; tell him, bully Rock?

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welch prieſt, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine Hoſt o' the Garter, a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſay'ſt thou, bully Rock?

[*They go a little aſide.*

Shal. [*To Page.*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the parſon is no jeſter. Hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my knight, my gueſt-cavalier?

Ford. None, I proteſt: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt ſack to give me recourſe to him, [5] and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jeſt.

Hoſt. My hand, bully. Thou ſhalt have egreſs and regreſs; ſaid I well? and thy name ſhall be Brook. It is a merry knight.—[6] Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine hoſt.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good ſkill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more. In theſe times you ſtand on diſtance, your paſſes, ſtoccado's, and I know not what. 'Tis the heart, maſter Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have ſeen the time with my [7] long ſword, I would have made you four tall fellows ſkip like rats.

[5] —*and tell him, my name is Brook*;—] Thus both the old quartos; and thus moſt certainly the poet wrote. We need no better evidence than the pun that Falſtaff anon makes on the name, when Brook ſends him ſome burnt ſack.

Such Brooks *are welcome to me, that overflow with ſuch liquor.*

The players, in their editions, altered the name to *Broom.*

THEOBALD.

[6] —*Will you go* AN HEIRS?] This nonſenſe is ſpoken to Shallow. We ſhould read, *Will you go* ON, HERIS? i. e. Will you go on, maſter. *Heris*, an old Scotch word for maſter.

WARBURTON.

The merry Hoſt has already ſaluted them ſeparately by titles of diſtinction; he therefore probably now addreſſes them collectively by a general one—*Will you go on*, heroes? or, as probably—*Will you go on*, hearts? He calls Dr. Caius *Heart of Elder*; and adds, in a ſubſequent ſcene of this play, *Farewell, my hearts.* Hanmer reads—*Mynheers. My brave hearts*, or *my bold hearts*, is a common word of encouragement. A *heart of gold* expreſſes the more ſoft and amiable qualities, the *Mores aurei* of Horace; and a *heart of oak* is a frequent encomium of rugged honeſty. STEEVENS.

[7] —*my long ſword*,—] Not long before the introduction of rapiers, the ſwords in uſe were of an enormous length, and ſometimes raiſed with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, cenſures the innovation by which lighter weapons were introduced, tells what he could once have done with his *long ſword*, and ridicules the terms and rules of the rapier. JOHNSON.

See a note to the *Firſt Part of K. Hen. IV.* p. 280. STEEV.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Here, boys, here, here! ſhall we wag?

Page. Have with you: I had rather hear them ſcold than fight. [*Exeunt Hoſt, Shallow, and Page.*

Ford. Though Page be a ſecure fool, [8] and ſtand ſo firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion ſo eaſily. She was in his company at Page's houſe; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a diſguiſe to ſound Falſtaff: if I find her honeſt, I loſe not my labour; if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtow'd. [*Exit.*

[8] ——*and ſtand ſo firmly on his wife's frailty,*——] No, ſurely; Page ſtood tightly to the opinion of her honeſty, and would not entertain a thought of her being *frail.* I have therefore ventured to ſubſtitute a word correſpondent to the ſenſe required; and one, which our poet frequently uſes to ſignify *conjugal faith.* THEOBALD.

——*ſtand ſo firmly on his wife's frailty,*——] Thus all the copies. But Mr. Theobald had *no conception* how any man could ſtand firmly on his wife's frailty. And why? Becauſe he had *no conception* how he could ſtand upon it, without knowing what it was. But if I tell a ſtranger, that the bridge he is about to croſs is rotten, and he believes it not, but will go on, may I not ſay, when I ſee him upon it, that he ſtands firmly on a rotten plank? Yet he has changed *frailty* for *fealty*, and the Oxford editor has followed him. But they took the phraſe, *to ſtand firmly on*, to ſignify *to inſiſt upon*; whereas it ſignifies *to reſt upon*, which the character of a *ſecure fool*, given to him, ſhews. So that the common reading has an elegance that would be loſt in the alteration. WARBURTON.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Garter inn.

Enter Falſtaff and Piſtol,

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why then the world's mine oyſter, which I with ſword will open.—[9] I will retort the ſum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you ſhould lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and [1] your coach-fellow, Nym; or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell, for ſwearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good ſoldiers, [2] and tall fellows: and when miſtreſs Bridget [3] loſt the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadſt it not.

[9] ——*I will retort the ſum in equipage.*] This is added from the old quarto of 1619, and means, I will pay you again in ſtolen goods. WARBURTON.

I rather believe he means, that he will pay him by waiting on him for nothing. That *equipage* ever meant ſtolen goods, I am yet to learn. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*your coach-fellow, Nym;*——] Thus the old copies. *Coach-fellow* has an obvious meaning, but the modern editors read, *couch-fellow*. The following paſſage from B. Jonſon's *Cynthia's Revels*, may juſtify the reading I have choſen. "—'Tis "the ſwaggering *coach-horſe* Anaides, that draws with him "there." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*and tall fellows:*——] A *tall fellow*, in the time of our author, meant *a ſtout, bold, or courageous perſon*. In *A Diſcourſe on Uſury*, by Dr. Wilſon, 1584, he ſays, "Here in England, "he that can rob a man by the high-way, is called a *tall fel-*"*low*." Lord Bacon ſays, "that biſhop Fox cauſed his caſtle "of Norham to be fortified, and manned it likewiſe with a "very great number of *tall ſoldiers*." In *The Love of David and Bethſabe*, 1599, Joab enters in triumph, and ſays—"Well "done *tall* ſoldiers," &c. So B. Jonſon, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"Is he ſo *tall a man?*" STEEVENS.

[3] ——*loſt the handle of her fan,*——] It ſhould be remembered, that *fans*, in our author's time, were more coſtly than they are

at

Piſt. Didſt thou not ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you rogue, reaſon: think'ſt thou, I'll endanger my ſoul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—[4] A ſhort knife and a thong—to your manor of [5] Pickt-hatch, go—you'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you ſtand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baſeneſs, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour preciſe. I, I, I myſelf ſometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will enſconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your

at preſent, as well as of a different conſtruction. They conſiſted of oſtrich feathers, or others of equal length and flexibility, which were ſtuck into handles, the richer ſort of which were compoſed of gold, ſilver, or ivory of curious workmanſhip. One of theſe is mentioned in *The Fleire*, Com. 1610. "——ſhe hath a fan with a *ſhort ſilver handle*, about the length "of a barber's ſyringe." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*A ſhort knife and a* throng—] So Lear, "When cut-"purſes come not to *throngs*." WARBURTON.

Part of the employment given by Drayton, in *The Mooncalf*, to the *Baboon*, ſeems the ſame with this recommended by Falſtaff:

He like a gypſy oftentimes would go,
All kinds of gibberiſh he had learn'd to know;
And with a ſtick, a ſhort ſtring, and a nooſe,
Would ſhew the people tricks at faſt and looſe.

Theobald has *throng* inſtead of *thong*. The latter ſeems right. LANGTON.

Greene, in his *Life of Ned Browne*, 1592, ſays, "I had no "other fence but my *ſhort knife*, and a paire of *purſe-ſtrings*." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*Pickt-hatch*,—] A noted place for thieves and pick-pockets. THEOBALD.

Pick-hatch is frequently mentioned by contemporary writers. So in B. Jonſon's *Every Man in his Humour*:

"From the Bordello it might come as well,
"The Spital, or *Pick-hatch*." STEEVENS.

red

[6] red lattice phraſes, and [7] your bold-beating oaths, under the ſhelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

Piſt. I do relent; what wouldſt thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quic. Give your worſhip good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not ſo, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be ſworn; as my mother was, the firſt hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the ſwearer: what with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchſafe your worſhip a word or two?

Fal. Two thouſand, fair woman; and I'll vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one miſtreſs Ford, Sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myſelf dwell with maſter Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well on: miſtreſs Ford, you ſay——

Quic. Your worſhip ſays very true: I pray your worſhip, come a little nearer this ways.

[6] ——*red lattice phraſes,*——] Your ale-houſe converſation. JOHNSON.

Red lattice at the doors and windows, were formerly the external denotements of an ale-houſe. Hence the preſent *chequers*. So in *A Fine Companion*, one of Shackerley Marmion's plays, ——— "A waterman's widow at the ſign of the *red lattice* in "Southwark." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*your bold*-BEATING *oaths,*——] We ſhould read *bold*-BEARING *oaths*, i. e. out-facing. WARBURTON.

A *beating oath*, is, I think, right; ſo we now ſay, in low language, a *thwacking* or *ſwinging* thing. JOHNSON.

Fal.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they ſo? heaven bleſs them, and make them his ſervants!

Fal. Well: miſtreſs Ford;——what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, ſhe's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worſhip's a wanton: well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!——

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford;——come, miſtreſs Ford——

Quic. Marry, this is the ſhort and the long of it; you have brought into ſuch a [8] canaries, as 'tis wonderful. The beſt courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windſor, could never have brought her to ſuch a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; ſmelling ſo ſweetly (all muſk) and ſo ruſling, I warrant you, in ſilk and gold; and in ſuch alligant terms, and in ſuch wine and ſugar of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myſelf twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels (in any ſuch ſort as they ſay) but in the way of honeſty:—and I warrant you, they could never get her ſo much as ſip on a cup with the proudeſt of them all: and yet there has been [9] earls, nay, which is more, penſioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal.

[8] ——*canaries*,——] This is the name of a briſk light dance, and is therefore properly enough uſed in low language for any hurry or perturbation. JOHNSON.

So Naſh, in *Piece Pennyleſs his Supplication*, 1595, ſays—"A merchant's wife jets it as gingerly, as if ſhe were dancing "the *canaries*:" and our author, in *All's well*, &c. "Make "you dance *canary*." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*earls, nay, which is more, penſioners*;—] This may be illuſtrated by a paſſage in Gervaſe Holles's *Life of the Firſt Earl of Clare. Biog. Brit.* Art. HOLLES. "I have heard the "earl of Clare ſay, that when he was *penſioner* to the queen, "he

Fal. But what ſays ſhe to me? be brief, my good ſhe Mercury.

Quic. Marry, ſhe hath receiv'd your letter; for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times: and ſhe gives you to notify, that her huſband will be abſence from his houſe between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the picture, ſhe ſays, that you wot of:—maſter Ford, her huſband, will be from home. Alas! the ſweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealouſy man; ſhe leads a very [1] frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you ſay well. But I have another meſſenger to your worſhip: miſtreſs Page has her hearty

" he did not know a worſe man of the whole band than him-
" ſelf; and that all the world knew he had then an inheritance
" of 4000l. a year." T. T.

[1] —*frampold*—] This word I have never ſeen elſewhere, except in Dr. Hacket's *Life of Arthbiſhop Williams*, where a *frampul* man ſignifies a peeviſh troubleſome fellow. JOHNSON.

In *The Roaring Girl*, a comedy, 1611, I meet with a word, which, though differently ſpelt, appears to be the ſame.

Lax. " Coachman.

Coach. " Anon, Sir!

Lax. " Are we fitted with good *phrampell* jades?"

Ray, among his *South* and *Eaſt* country words, ſays, that *frampald* or *frampard* ſignifies *fretful, peeviſh, croſs, froward.* As *froward* (he adds) comes from *from*, ſo may *frampard.*

Naſh, in his *Praiſe of the Red Herring*, 1599, ſpeaking of Leander, ſays—" the churliſh *frampold* waves gave him his " belly full of fiſh-broth."

So in *The Inner Temple Maſque*, by Middleton, 1619—" 'tis " ſo *frampole*, the puritans will never yield to it." So in *The Blind Beggar of Bethnall-Green*, by John Day. " I think the " fellow's *frampell*," &c. So in B. and Fletcher's *Wit at ſeveral Weapons:*

" Is Pompey grown ſo malapert, ſo *frampel?*"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub:*

" —I pray thee grow not *frampul* now." STEEVENS.

com-

commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, ſhe's as fartuous a civil modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſs you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windſor, whoe'er be the other: and ſhe bad me tell your worſhip, that her huſband is ſeldom from home; but, ſhe hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman ſo doat upon a man; ſurely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I have no other charms.

Quic. Bleſſing on your heart for't!

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this; has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jeſt, indeed! they have not ſo little grace, I hope: that were a trick, indeed! but miſtreſs Page would deſire you [2] to ſend her your little page, of all loves: her huſband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, maſter Page is an honeſt man. Never a wife in Windſor leads a better life than ſhe does; do what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will; and, truly, ſhe deſerves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windſor, ſhe is one. You muſt ſend her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do ſo then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any caſe have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to underſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know

[2] ——*to ſend her your little page, of all loves:*——] *Of all loves*, is an adjuration only, and ſignifies no more, than if he had ſaid deſires you to ſend him *by all means*.

It is uſed in Decker's *Honeſt Whore, Part I.* 1635——"conjuring his wife, *of all loves*, to prepare cheer fitting," &c.

STEEVENS.

any

any wickedneſs: old folks, you know, have diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purſe; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news diſtracts me!

[*Exeunt Quickly and Robin.*

Piſt. [3] This pink is one of Cupid's carriers:
Clap on more ſails; purſue; up with your fights;
Give fire; ſhe is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit Piſtol.*

Fal.

[3] In former editions.

This PUNK *is one of Cupid's carriers:*
Clap on more ſails; purſue; up with your fights;
Give fire; ſhe is my prize,———] *This* punk *is one of Cupid's carriers,* is a plauſible reading, yet abſurd on examination. For are not all *punks Cupid's carriers?* Shakeſpeare certainly wrote,

This PINK *is one of Cupid's carriers:*

And then the ſenſe is proper, and the metaphor, which is all the way taken from the marine, entire. A *pink* is a veſſel of the ſmall craft, employed as a *cartier* (and ſo called) for merchants. Fletcher uſes the word in his *Tamer Tamed:*

" This PINK, this painted foiſt, this cockle-boat,
" To hang her *fights* out, and defy me, friends!
" A well known man of war"———

As to the word *fights,* both in the text and in the quotation, it was then, and, for aught I know, may be now, a common ſea-term. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his voyages, p. 66, ſays—" For once we cleared her deck, and had we been able to have " ſpared but a dozen men, doubtleſs we had done with her " what we would;" for ſhe had no cloſe FIGHTS, i. e. if I underſtand it right, *no ſmall arms.* So that by *fights* is meant any manner of defence, either ſmall arms or cannon. So Dryden, in his tragedy of *Amboyna,*

" Up with your FIGHTS,
" And your *nettings* prepare," &c.

But, not conſidering this, I led the Oxford editor into a ſilly conjecture, which he has done me the honour of putting into *his* text, which is indeed a proper place for it,

" Up with YOND' FRIGAT." WARBURTON.

The quotation from Dryden might at leaſt have raiſed a ſuſpicion that *fights* were neither *ſmall arms,* nor *cannon. Fights* and *nettings* are properly joined. *Fights,* I find, are *cloaths* hung round the ſhip to conceal the men from the enemy, and *cloſe-*

Fal. Say'ſt thou ſo, old Jack? go thy ways;—I'll make more of thy old body than I have done.—Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of ſo much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them ſay, 'tis groſsly done, ſo it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one maſter Brook below would fain ſpeak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a morning's draught of ſack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow ſuch liquor. Ah! ha! miſtreſs Ford and miſtreſs Page, have I encompaſs'd you? [4] go to, *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford diſguis'd.

Ford. Bleſs you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir: would you ſpeak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to preſs with ſo little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have ſpent much; my name is Brook.

cloſe-fights are *bulkheads*, or any other ſhelter that the fabrick of a ſhip affords. JOHNSON.

So in Heywood and Rowley's comedy, called *Fortune by Land and Sea*—"diſplay'd their enſigns, *up with all their feights*, "their matches in their cocks," &c.

So in *The Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612—"lace the netting, "and let down the *fights*, make ready the ſhot," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] —*go to*, via!] This cant phraſe of exultation is common in the old plays. So in *Blurt Maſter Conſtable:*

"*Via* for fate! Fortune, lo! this is all." STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. Good maſter Brook, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I ſue for yours: [5] not to charge you; for I muſt let you underſtand, I think myſelf in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath ſomething embolden'd me to this unſeaſon'd intruſion; for they ſay, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good ſoldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money, here, troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deſerve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good maſter Brook; I ſhall be glad to be your ſervant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a ſcholar (I will be brief with you); and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never ſo good means, as deſire, to make myſelf acquainted with you. I ſhall diſcover a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the regiſter of your own; that I may paſs with a reproof the eaſier, ſith you yourſelf know, how eaſy it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fal. Very well, Sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her huſband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I proteſt to you, beſtow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doating obſervance; engroſs'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd

[5] ——*not to charge you*;——] That is, not with a purpoſe of putting you to expence, or *being burthenſome*. JOHNSON.

every

every ſlight occaſion, that could but niggardly give me ſight of her; not only bought many preſents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what ſhe would have given: briefly, I have purſued her, as love hath purſu'd me; which hath been on the wing of all occaſions. But whatſoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am ſure, I have received none; unleſs experience be a jewel; that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to ſay this:

" *Love like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance love purſues;*
" *Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.*"

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe, built upon another man's ground; ſo that I have loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpoſe have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some ſay, that though ſhe appear honeſt to me, yet in other places ſhe enlargeth her mirth ſo far, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpoſe: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authentick in your place and perſon, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it: there is money; ſpend it, ſpend it; ſpend more; ſpend all I have; only give me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this Ford's

wife: uſe your art of wooing, win her to conſent to you; if any man may, you may as ſoon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I ſhould win what you would enjoy? methinks, you preſcribe to yourſelf very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, underſtand my drift! ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my ſoul dares not preſent itſelf; ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my deſires had [6] inſtance and argument to commend themſelves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too too ſtrongly embattel'd againſt me. What ſay you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will firſt make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and laſt, as I am a gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. Maſter Brook, I ſay you ſhall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John, you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no miſtreſs Ford, maſter Brook, you ſhall want none. I ſhall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or go-between, parted from me: I ſay, I ſhall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous raſcally knave, her huſband, will be forth. Come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poor; they ſay, the jealous wittolly knave hath maſſes of money; for

[6] —*inſtance and argument*—] *Inſtance* is *example*. JOHNSON.

the

the which his wife ſeems to me well-favour'd. I will uſe her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harveſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, Sir; that you might avoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical ſalt-butter rogue! I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it ſhall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Maſter Brook, thou ſhall know, I will predominate over the peaſant, and thou ſhalt lye with his wife.—Come to me ſoon at night. Ford's a knave, [7] and I will aggravate his ſtile; thou, maſter Brook, ſhalt know him for knave and cuckold.—Come to me ſoon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean raſcal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who ſays, this is improvident jealouſy? My wife hath ſent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made: would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a falſe woman! my bed ſhall be abus'd, my coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I ſhall not only receive this villainous wrong, but ſtand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms! names! Amaimon ſounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbaſon, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol! cuckold! the devil himſelf hath not ſuch a name. Page is an aſs, a ſecure aſs; he will truſt his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather truſt a Fleming with my butter, parſon Hugh the Welchman with my cheeſe, an Iriſhman with my Aqua vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herſelf: then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes; and what they think in their hearts they may

[7] —*and I will aggravate his ſtile*;—] *Stile* is a phraſe from the herald's office. Falſtaff means, that *he will add more titles to thoſe he already enjoys.* STEEVENS.

effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealouſy!—[2] Eleven o'clock the hour;—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falſtaff, and laugh at Page: I will about it;—better three hours too ſoon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Windſor park.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis paſt the hour, Sir, that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has ſave his ſoul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Bible well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wiſe, Sir: he knew, your worſhip would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead ſo as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villan-a, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Hoſt, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Hoſt. 'Bleſs thee, bully Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, maſter Doctor Caius.

[2] —*Eleven o'clock*—] Ford ſhould rather have ſaid *ten o' clock*: the time was between ten and eleven; and his impatient ſuſpicion was not likely to ſtay beyond the time. JOHNSON.

Page.

Page. Now, good maſter Doctor!

Slen. Give you good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, four, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foin, to ſee thee traverſe, to ſee thee here, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſs thy punto, thy ſtock, thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Franciſco? ha, bully? What ſays my Æſculapius? my Galen? [9] my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully ſtale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack Prieſt of the vorld; he is not ſhew his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a [1] Caſtilian king Urinal: Hector of Greece, my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear vitneſs, that me have ſtay ſix or ſeven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man, maſter Doctor: he is a curer of ſouls, and you a curer of bodies: if you ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair of your profeſſions: is it not true, maſter Page?

Page. Maſter Shallow, you have yourſelf been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, maſter Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are juſtices, and doctors, and churchmen, maſter Page, we have ſome ſalt

[9] ——*my heart of elder?*——] It ſhould be remember'd, to make this joke reliſh, that the *elder* tree has *no heart*. I ſuppoſe this expreſſion was made uſe of in oppoſition to the common one, *heart of oak*. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*Caſtilian*——] Sir T. Hanmer reads *Cardalian*, as uſed corruptedly for *Cœur de lion*.' JOHNSON.

Caſtilian and *Æthiopian*, like *Cataian*, appear in our author's time to have been cant terms. I have met with them in more than one of the old comedies. STEEVENS.

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I ſhall procure 'a you de good gueſt, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Hoſt. For the which I will be thy adverſary toward Ann Page: ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Frogmore.

Enter Evans and Simple.

EVANS.

I Pray you now, good maſter Slender's ſerving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you look'd for maſter Caius, that calls himſelf *Doctor of Phyſick?*

Simp. Marry, Sir, [4] the Pitty-wary, the Park-ward, every way; old Windſor way, and every way but the town way.

modern elegancies of ſpeech, ſuch *as nynheers, bull-baitings*, &c. WARBURTON.

We yet ſay, in colloquial language, that ſuch a one is—*game*—or *game to the back*. There is ſurely no need of blaming Theobald's emendation with ſuch ſeverity. *Cry'd game* might mean, in thoſe days—a *profeſs'd buck*, one who was as well known by the report of his galantry, as he could have been by proclamation. STEEVENS.

[4] —*the Pitty-wary*,—] The old editions read, the *Pittie-ward*, the modern editors the *Pitty-wary*. There is now no place that anſwers to either name at Windſor. The author might poſſibly have written the *City-ward*, i. e. towards London. STEEVENS.

Eva.

Eva. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Pleſs my ſoul! how full of cholars I am, and trempling of mind! I ſhall be glad, if he have deceiv'd me: how melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's coſtard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork: 'pleſs my ſoul!

[*Sings.*

[5] *By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls*
Melodious birds ſing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roſes;
And a thouſand vragrant poſies.

By

[5] *By ſhallow rivers,* &c.] This is part of a beautiful little poem of the author's; which poem, and the anſwer to it, the reader will not be diſpleaſed to find here.

The Paſſionate Shepherd to his Love.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſure prove,
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we ſit upon the rocks,
And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
By ſhallow rivers, by whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigalls:
There will I make thee beds of roſes,
And then a thouſand fragrant poſies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the fineſt wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined ſlippers for the cold,
With buckles of the pureſt gold;
A belt of ſtraw, and ivy buds,
With coral claſps, and amber ſtuds.
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.
Thy ſilver diſhes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The

By ſhallow——'Mercy on me! I have a great diſpoſitions to cry. *Melodious birds ſing madrigals*——*When as I ſat in Pabilon*;——*and a thouſand vragrant poſies.*——*By ſhallow*, &c.

Simp.

The ſhepherds ſwains ſhall dance and ſing,
For thy delight each May morning.
If theſe delights thy mind may move *,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every ſhepherd's tongue;
Theſe pretty pleaſures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.
But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come:
The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's ſpring, but ſorrow's fall.
Thy gowns, thy ſhoes, thy bed of roſes,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poſies:
Soon break, ſoon wither, ſoon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reaſon rotten.
Thy belt of ſtraw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral claſps, and amber ſtuds,
All theſe in me no means can move,
To come to thee, and be thy love.
What ſhould we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
Theſe are but vain: that's only good
Which God hath bleſs'd, and ſent for food.
But could youth laſt, and love ſtill breed,
Had joys no date, and age no need;
Then theſe delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Theſe two poems, which Dr. Warburton gives to Shakeſpeare, are, by writers nearer that time, diſpoſed of, one to Marlow, the

* The concluſion of this and the following poem have furniſhed Milton with the hint for the laſt lines both of his *Allegro* and *Penſeroſo*.
STEEVENS.

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome.——*By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls*——

Heaven proſper the right! What weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, Sir: there comes my maſter, maſter Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the ſtile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or elſe keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, maſter Parſon! Good-morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gameſter from the dice, and a good ſtudent from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah ſweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pleſs you from his mercy ſake, all of you!

Shal. What! the ſword and the word! do you ſtudy them both, maſter Parſon?

Page. And youthful ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reaſons and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, maſter Parſon.

Eva. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reverend gentleman, who belike, having receiv'd wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you ſaw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourſcore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning ſo wide of his own reſpect.

Eva. What is he?

the other to Raleigh. Theſe poems are read in different copies with great variations. JOHNSON.

In *England's Helicon*, a collection of love-verſes printed in Shakeſpeare's life-time, viz. in 1600, the firſt of them is given to Marlow, the ſecond to a perſon unknown. STEEVENS.

Page.

Page. I think you know him; maſter Doctor Caius, the renowned French phyſician.

Eva. Got's will, and his paſſion o' my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a meſs of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen——and he is a knave beſides; a cowardly knave, as you would deſires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O, ſweet Ann Page!

Enter Hoſt, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal. It appears ſo, by his weapons.——Keep them aſunder;—here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay, good maſter Parſon, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good maſter Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarm them, and let them queſtion; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our Engliſh.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me ſpeak a word with your ear: verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, uſe your patience. In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-ſtogs to other mens humours. I deſire you in friendſhip, and will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogs-combs, for miſſing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby, mine *Hoſt de Jarterre*, have I not ſtay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a chriſtian's ſoul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welch, ſoul-curer and body-curer.

Caius.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay; hear mine Hoſt of the Garter. Am I politick? am I ſubtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I loſe my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I loſe my parſon? my prieſt? my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terreſtial; ſo.—Give me thy hand, celeſtial; ſo. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your ſkins are whole, and let burnt ſack be the iſſue. Come, lay their ſwords to pawn. Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad Hoſt.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, ſweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shal. Slen. Page, and Hoſt.*

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a de-ſot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-ſtog. I deſire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this ſame [6] ſcald, ſcurvy, cogging companion, the Hoſt of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promiſe to bring me vere is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will ſmite his noddles.—Pray you follow.

[6] ——ſcall, *ſcurvy*,——] *Scall* was an old word of reproach, as *ſcab* was afterwards.

Chaucer imprecates on his *ſcrivener*:

"Under thy longe lockes mayeſt thou have the *ſcalle*."

JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The ſtreet in Windſor.

Enter Miſtreſs Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your maſter's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forſooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I ſee, you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, miſtreſs Page: whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, Sir, to ſee your wife; is ſhe at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as ſhe may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your huſbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be ſure of that——two other huſbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my huſband had him of: what do you call your knight's name, ſirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falſtaff.

Ford. Sir John Falſtaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is ſuch a league between my good man and he! ——Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, ſhe is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, Sir.—I am ſick, 'till I ſee her. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? ſure, they ſleep; he hath no uſe of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles,

miles, as eaſy as a cannon will ſhoot point-blank twelve ſcore. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now ſhe's going to my wife, and Falſtaff's boy with her. A man may hear this ſhower ſing in the wind;—and Falſtaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives ſhare damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borrow'd veil of modeſty from the ſo ſeeming miſtreſs Page, divulge Page himſelf for a ſecure and wilful Acteon; and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch; there I ſhall find Falſtaff. I ſhall be rather prais'd for this, than mock'd; for it is as poſitive as the earth is firm, that Falſtaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Evans, and Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, maſter Ford.

Ford. Truſt me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe myſelf, maſter Ford.

Slen. And ſo muſt I, Sir; we have appointed to dine with miſtreſs Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll ſpeak of.

Shal. [7] We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my couſin Slender, and this day we ſhall have our anſwer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Mr. Slender; I ſtand wholly for you: but my wife, maſter Doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nurſh-a Quickly tell me ſo muſh.

[7] *We have linger'd*——] They have not linger'd very long. The match was propoſed by Sir Hugh but the day before. JOHNSON.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. What ſay you to young Mr. Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, [8] he writes verſes, he ſpeaks holy-day, he ſmells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; [9] 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent, I promiſe you. The gentleman is [1] of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poins. He is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my ſubſtance.

[8] ——*he writes verſes, he ſpeaks holy-day,*——] i. e. in a high-flown, fuſtian ſtile. It was called *a holy-day ſtile*, from the old cuſtom of acting their farces of the *myſteries* and *moralities*, which were turgid and bombaſt, on holy-days. So in *Much Ado about Nothing*—— "I cannot woo in *feſtival terms.*" And again, in *The Merchant of Venice*—— "thou ſpend'ſt ſuch *high-day wit* in "praiſing him." WARBURTON.

[9] ——*'tis in his buttons;*——] Alluding to an ancient cuſtom among the country fellows, of trying whether they ſhall ſucceed with their miſtreſſes, by carrying the *batchelor's buttons* (a plant of the *Lychnis* kind, whoſe flowers reſemble a coat button in form) in their pockets. And they judged of their good or bad ſucceſs, by their growing, or their not growing there. SMITH.

Greene mentions theſe *batchelor's buttons*, in his *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*—— "I ſaw the *batchelor's buttons*, whoſe virtue "is, to make wanton maidens weep, when they have worne "them forty weeks under their aprons," &c.

The ſame expreſſion occurs in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1631.

"He wears batchelor's *buttons*, does he not?"

Again, in *The Conſtant Maid*, by Shirley, 1640.

"I am a *batchelor*,
"I pray let me be one of your *buttons* ſtill then."

Again, in *A Fair Quarrel*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1617.

"I'll wear my *batchelor's buttons* ſtill."

So in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607.

——"he's my huſband, he has no *batchelor's buttons* at "his doublet."

Again, in *A Woman never Vex'd*, com. by Rowley, 1632.

"Go, go and reſt on Venus' violets; ſhew her
"A dozen of *batchelor's buttons*, boy." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*of no having:*——] *Having* is the ſame as *eſtate* or *fortune*. JOHNSON.

If

If he take her, let him take her ſimply; the wealth I have, waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you, heartily, ſome of you go home with me to dinner: beſides your cheer you ſhall have ſport; I will ſhew you a monſter. Maſter Doctor, you ſhall go; ſo ſhall you, maſter Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well: we ſhall have the freer wooing at Mr. Page's.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

Hoſt. [2] Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honeſt knight Falſtaff, and drink canary with him.

Ford. [*Aſide.*] I think, I ſhall drink in pipe-wine firſt with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to ſee this monſter. [*Exeunt.*

Hoſt. [2] *Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honeſt knight Falſtaff, and drink canary with him.*

Ford. [Aſide.] *I think, I ſhall drink* IN PIPE-*wine firſt with him: I'll make him dance.*—] To *drink in pipe-wine*, is a phraſe which I cannot underſtand. May we not ſuppoſe that Shakeſpeare rather wrote? *I think I ſhall drink* HORN-PIPE *wine firſt with him: I'll make him* dance.

Canary is the name of a *dance*, as well as of a *wine*. Ford lays hold of both ſenſes; but, for an obvious reaſon, makes the dance a *horn-pipe*. It has been already remarked, that Shakeſpeare has frequent alluſions to a *cuckold's horns*. *Obſervations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford* 1766.

Pipe is known to be a veſſel of wine, now containing two hogſheads. *Pipe* wine is therefore wine, not from the *bottle*, but the *pipe*; and the text conſiſts in the ambiguity of the word, which ſignifies both a caſk of wine, and a muſical inſtrument. *Horn-pipe wine* has no meaning. JOHNSON.

SCENE III.

Ford's houſe.

Enter Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and ſervants with a baſket.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: is the buck-baſket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant.—What, Robin, I ſay.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, ſet it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we muſt be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-houſe; and when I ſuddenly call on you, come forth, and (without any pauſe or ſtaggering) take this baſket on your ſhoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haſte, and carry it among the whitſters in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch cloſe by the Thames ſide.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. [3] How now, my eyas-muſket, what news with you?

Rob.

[3] *How now, my eyas-muſket,*—] *Eyas* is a young unfledg'd hawk. I ſuppoſe from the Italian *Niaſo*, which originally ſignified any young bird taken from the neſt unfledg'd, afterwards a young hawk. The French, from hence, took their *niais*, and uſed it in both thoſe ſignifications; to which they added a third, metaphorically *a ſilly fellow*; *un garçon fort niais, un niais. Muſket* ſignifies a *ſparrow hawk*, or the ſmalleſt ſpecies of

Rob. My maſter Sir John is come in at your back-door, miſtreſs Ford; and requeſts your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be ſworn: my maſter knows not of your being here: and hath threaten'd to put me into everlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he ſwears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do ſo: go tell thy maſter, I am alone. Miſtreſs Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit Robin.*

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiſs me. [*Exit Mrs. Page.*

Mrs. Ford. Go to then;——we'll uſe this unwholſome humidity, this groſs watry pumpion;——we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let die; for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O ſweet Sir John!

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, I cannot cog; I cannot prate, miſtreſs Ford. Now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh: I would thy huſband were dead; I'll ſpeak it before the beſt lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I ſhould be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France ſhew me ſuch another; I ſee how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou

of hawks. This too is from the Italian *Muſchetto*, a ſmall hawk, as appears from the original ſignification of the word, namely, *a troubleſome ſtinging fly*. So that the humour of calling the little page an *eyas-muſket* is very intelligible.

WARBURTON.

haſt the right arched bent of the brow, [4] that becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs.

[4] ——— *that becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire-*VALIANT, *or any* Venetian attire.] The old quarto reads, *tire-vellet*, and the old folio reads, *or any tire of Venetian admittance.* So that the true reading of the whole is this, *that becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire-*VAILANT, *or any tire of Venetian admittance.* The ſpeaker tells his miſtreſs, ſhe had a face that would become all the head-dreſſes in faſhion. The *ſhip-tire* was an open head-dreſs, with a kind of ſcarf depending from behind. Its name of *ſhip-tire* was, I preſume, from its giving the wearer ſome reſemblance of *a ſhip* (as Shakeſpeare ſays) *in all her trim:* with all her pennants out, and flags and ſtreamers flying. Thus Milton, in *Samſon Agoniſtes*, paints Dalila:

" But who is this, what thing of ſea or land?
" Female of ſex it ſeems,
" That ſo bedeck'd, ornate and gay,
" Comes this way ſailing
" Like a ſtately ſhip
" Of Tarſus, bound for the iſles
" Of Javan or Gadier,
" With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
" Sails fill'd, and ſtreamers waving,
" Courted by all the winds that hold them play."

This was an image familiar with the poets of that time. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in their play of *Wit without Money*—" She ſpreads ſattens as the king's ſhips do canvas every where, " ſhe may ſpace her miſen," &c. This will direct us to reform the following word of *tire-valiant*, which I ſuſpect to be corrupt, *valiant* being a very incongruous epithet for a woman's head-dreſs. I ſuppoſe Shakeſpeare wrote *tire-voilant*. As the *ſhip-tire* was an *open* head-dreſs, ſo the *tire-voilant* was a *cloſe* one; in which the head and breaſt were covered as with a *vail*. And theſe were, in fact, the two different head-dreſſes then in faſhion, as we may ſee by the pictures of that time. One of which was ſo open, that the whole neck, breaſts, and ſhoulders, were opened to view: the other, ſo ſecurely incloſed in kerchiefs, &c. that nothing could be ſeen above the eyes, or below the chin.

———*or any Venetian* attire.] This is a wrong reading, as appears from the impropriety of the word *attire* here uſed for a woman's *head-dreſs:* whereas it ſignifies the dreſs of any part. We ſhould read therefore, *or any* 'tire *of Venetian admittance.* For the word *attire*, reduced by the aphæreſis, to *'tire*, takes

a new

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing elſe; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to ſay ſo: thou would'ſt make an abſolute courtier; and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a ſemi-circled farthingale. I ſee what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: come, thou canſt not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that perſuade thee, there's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a-many of theſe liſping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and ſmell like Bucklers-bury in ſimpling time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deſerveſt it.

a new ſignification, and means only the head-dreſs. Hence *tire-woman*, for a dreſſer of the head. As to the meaning of the latter part of the ſentence, this may be ſeen by a paraphraſe of the whole ſpeech.——Your face is ſo good, ſays the ſpeaker, that it would become any head-dreſs worn at court, either the open or the cloſe, or indeed any rich and faſhionable one worth adorning with Venetian point, or *which will admit to be adorned.* [Of Venetian admittance.] The faſhionable lace, at that time, was *Venetian point.* WARBURTON.

This note is plauſible, except in the explanation of *Venetian admittance:* but I am afraid this whole ſyſtem of dreſs is unſupported by evidence. JOHNSON.

——— *of Venetian admittance.*] i. e. of a faſhion received from Venice. Dr. Warburton might have found the ſame reading in the quarto, 1630. Inſtead of *tire-valiant*, I would read *tire-volant.* Stubbs, who deſcribes moſt minutely every article of female dreſs, has mentioned none of theſe terms, but ſpeaks of vails depending from the top of the head, and flying behind in looſe folds. The word *volant* was in uſe before the age of Shakeſpeare. I find it in *Wilfride Holme's Fall and evil Succeſſe of Rebellion*, of which book the reader will find a ſufficient account in a note in the firſt ſcene of the fifth act of *Love's Lab. Loſt:*

" ——high *volant* in any thing divine." STEEVENS.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear, you love miſtreſs Page.

Fal. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you ſhall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deſerve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Miſtreſs Ford, miſtreſs Ford! here's miſtreſs Page at the door, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me; I will enſconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do ſo; ſhe's a very tattling woman. [*Falſtaff hides himſelf.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O miſtreſs Ford, what have you done? you're ſham'd, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good miſtreſs Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, miſtreſs Ford! having an honeſt man to your huſband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpicion?

Mrs. Page. What cauſe of ſuſpicion?—Out upon you!—how am I miſtook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your huſband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windſor, to ſearch for a gentleman, that, he ſays, is here now in the houſe, by your conſent, to take an ill advantage of his abſence. You are undone.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder—[*Aſide.*] 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not ſo, that you have ſuch a man here; but 'tis moſt certain, your huſband's coming with half Windſor at his heels, to ſearch for ſuch a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourſelf clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What ſhall I do? There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own ſhame, ſo much as his peril. I had rather than a thouſand pound, he were out of the houſe.

Mrs. Page. For ſhame, never ſtand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your huſband's here at hand; bethink you of ſome conveyance; in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me! Look, here is a baſket; if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, it is whiting-time, ſend him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what ſhall I do?

Re-enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't! O let me ſee't! I'll in, I'll in.—Follow your friend's counſel.—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falſtaff? Are theſe your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee—help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never——

[*He goes into the baſket, they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your maſter, boy:—call your men, miſtreſs Ford.—You diſſembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! go take up theſe clothes here, quickly. Where's the cowl-

ſtaff? Look, [5] how you drumble: carry them to the laundreſs in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I ſuſpect without cauſe, why then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt, I deſerve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundreſs, forſooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh myſelf of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? ay, buck: I warrant you, buck, and of the ſeaſon too, it ſhall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the baſket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night, I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: aſcend my chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find out; I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt. [6] So now uncape.

Page. Good maſter Ford, be contented: you wrong yourſelf too much.

Ford. True, maſter Page. Up, gentlemen; you ſhall ſee ſport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Eva. This is fery fantaſtical humours and jealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de faſhion of France: it is not jealous in France.——

[5] ——*how you drumble:*——] If I was certain that there was no ſuch word as *drumble*, I ſhould propoſe to read, *fumble*. T. T.

[6] ——*So now uncape.*] So the folio of 1623 reads, and rightly. It is a term in fox-hunting, which ſignifies to dig out the fox when earth'd. And here is as much as to ſay, take out the foul linen under which the adulterer lies hid. The Oxford editor reads *uncouple*, out of pure love to an emendation.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton ſeems to have forgot that the linen was already carried away. The alluſion in the foregoing line is to the ſtopping every hole at which a fox could eſcape, before they dig for him. STEEVENS.

Page.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; ſee the iſſue of his ſearch. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleaſes me better, that my huſband is deceiv'd, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your huſband aſk'd who was in the baſket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, diſhoneſt raſcal! I would, all of the ſame ſtrain were in the ſame diſtreſs.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my huſband hath ſome ſpecial ſuſpicion of Falſtaff's being here; for I never ſaw him ſo groſs in his jealouſy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falſtaff: his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we ſend that fooliſh carrion, miſtreſs Quickly, to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be ſent for to-morrow by eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, and the reſt at a diſtance.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave brag'd of that he could not compaſs.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. I, I; peace:——you uſe me well; maſter Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do ſo.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourſelf mighty wrong, maſter Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I muſt bear it.

Eva.

Eva. If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes, heaven forgive my ſins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Mr. Ford! are you not aſham'd? what ſpirit, what devil ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not have your diſtemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windſor Caſtle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. Page: I ſuffer for it.

Eva. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience: your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I ſee, 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well;—I promis'd you a dinner:—come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. Come, wife; come, miſtreſs Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but truſt me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the buſh. Shall it be ſo?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I ſhall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth:—for ſhame.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the louſy knave, mine Hoſt.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A louſy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Changes to Page's houſe.

Enter Fenton and Miſtreſs Anne Page.

Fent. I ſee I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, ſweet Nan.
Anne. Alas! how then?
Fent. Why, thou muſt be thyſelf.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me——
My riots paſt, my wild ſocieties:
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property.
Anne. May be, he tells you true.
Fent. No, heaven ſo ſpeed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confeſs, thy [7] father's wealth
Was the firſt motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in gold, or ſums in ſealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyſelf
That now I aim at.
Anne. Gentle Mr. Fenton,
Yet ſeek my father's love; ſtill ſeek it, Sir:

[7] ——*father's wealth*] Some light may be given to thoſe who ſhall endeavour to calculate the increaſe of Engliſh wealth, by obſerving, that Latymer, in the time of Edward VI. mentions it as a proof of his father's proſperity, *That though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for her portion.* At the latter end of Elizabeth, ſeven hundred pounds were ſuch a temptation to courtſhip, as made all other motives ſuſpected. Congreve makes twelve thouſand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affectation of Belinda. No poet would now fly his favourite character at leſs than fifty thouſand.
JOHNSON.

If

[8] If opportunity and humbleſt ſuit
Cannot attain it, why then——Hark you hither.
[*Fenton and Miſtreſs Anne go apart.*

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mrs. Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, miſtreſs Quickly; my kinſman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.

Slen. I'll make a ſhaft or a bolt on't: 'ſlid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmay'd.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me: I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye; maſter Slender would ſpeak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handſome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quic. And how does good maſter Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadſt a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mrs. Anne; my uncle can tell you good jeſts of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs. Anne the jeſt, how my father ſtole two geeſe out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Miſtreſs Anne, my couſin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glouceſterſhire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, [9] come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'ſquire.

[8] *If opportunity and humbleſt ſuit*] Dr. Thirlby imagines, that our author with more propriety wrote:

If importunity *and humbleſt ſuit.*

I have not ventur'd to diſturb the text, becauſe it may mean, "If the frequent opportunities you find of ſolliciting my father, and your obſequiouſneſs to him, cannot get him over "to your party," &c. THEOBALD.

[9] *——come cut and long-tail,*—] According to the foreſt laws, the dog of a man, who had no right to the privilege of chace, was

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good maſter Shallow, let him woo for himſelf.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that—good comfort. She calls you, coz. I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, maſter Slender.

Slen. Now, good miſtreſs Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heart-lings, that's a pretty jeſt, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not ſuch a ſickly creature, I give heaven praiſe.

Anne. I mean, maſter Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you: your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, ſo; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell how things go, better than I can: you may aſk your father; here he comes.

Enter Page, and Miſtreſs Page.

Page. Now, maſter Slender:—love him, daughter Anne.

—Why how now! what does maſter Fenton here?
You wrong me, Sir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe:
I told you, Sir, my daughter is diſpos'd of.

Fent. Nay, maſter Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good maſter Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good maſter Fenton.
Come, maſter Shallow; come, ſon Slender; in—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, maſter Fenton.
[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Quic. Speak to miſtreſs Page.

was obliged to cut, or *law* his dog, amongſt other modes of diſabling him, by depriving him of his tail. A dog ſo cut was called *a cut*, or *curt-tail*, and by contraction *cur*. *Cut and long-tail* therefore ſignify the dog of a clown, and the dog of a gentleman. STEEVENS.

Fent.

Fent. Good miſtreſs Page, for that I love your daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I muſt advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I ſeek you a better huſband.

Quic. That's my maſter, maſter Doctor.

[9] *Anne.* Alas, I had rather be ſet quick i'the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourſelf: good maſter Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loves you,
And as I find her, ſo am I affected.
'Till then, farewell, Sir:—ſhe muſt needs go in,
Her father will be angry. [*Exe. Mrs. Page and Anne.*

Fent. Farewell, gentle miſtreſs; farewell, Nan.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your child on a [1] fool and a phyſician? Look on, maſter Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night give my ſweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains. [*Exit.*

Quic. Now heaven ſend thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet, I would my maſter had miſtreſs Anne; or I would maſter Slender had her; or, in ſooth, I would maſter Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three; for ſo I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word;

[9] Anne. *Alas, I had rather be ſet quick i' the earth,*
And bowl'd to death with turnips.] Can we think the ſpeaker would thus ridicule her own imprecation? We may be ſure the laſt line ſhould be given to the procureſs, Quickly, who would mock the young woman's averſion for her maſter the Doctor. WARBURTON.

[1] ——*fool and a phyſician?*] I ſhould read *fool* or a *phyſician*, meaning Slender and Caius. JOHNSON.

but

but ſpeciouſly for maſter Fenton, Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir John Falſtaff from my two miſtreſſes; what a beaſt am I to ſlack it? [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Garter inn.

Enter Falſtaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I ſay.——

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of ſack; put a toaſt in't. [*Ex. Bard.*] Have I liv'd to be carried in a baſket, like a barrow of butchers' offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be ſerv'd ſuch another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the river with as little remorſe [a] as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know, by my ſize, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a death that I abhor; for the water ſwells a man: and what a thing ſhould I have been, when I had been ſwell'd! I ſhould have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph.

Now, is the ſack brew'd?

Bard. Ay, Sir: there's a woman below would ſpeak with you.

[a] In former copies,
——*as they would have drown'd a* blind bitch's *puppies*,—] I have ventured to tranſpoſe the adjective here, againſt the authority of the printed copies. I know, in horſes, a colt from a blind ſtallion loſes much of the value it might otherwiſe have; but are *puppies* ever drown'd the ſooner, for coming from a *blind bitch?* The author certainly wrote, *as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies.* THEOBALD.

Fal.

Fal. Come, let me pour in ſome ſack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had ſwallow'd ſnow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. By your leave;—I cry you mercy:—give your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe chalices: go brew me a pottle of ſack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of itſelf; I'll no pullet-ſperm in my brewage.—How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your worſhip from miſtreſs Ford.

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford! I have had Ford enough: I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: ſhe does ſo take on with her men; they miſtook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a fooliſh woman's promiſe.

Quic. Well, ſhe laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to ſee it. Her huſband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I muſt carry her word quickly: ſhe'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her: tell her ſo; and bid her think, what a man is: let her conſider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Between nine and ten, ſay'ſt thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miſs her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir! [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of maſter Brook; he ſent me

me word to ſtay within: I like his money well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bleſs you, Sir!

Fal. Now, maſter Brook? you come to know what hath paſs'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my buſineſs.

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And you ſped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, maſter Brook.

Ford. How, Sir? Did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No, maſter Brook: but the peaking cornuto her huſband, maſter Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealouſy, comes to me in the inſtant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiſs'd, proteſted, and, as it were, ſpoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and, forſooth, to ſearch his houſe for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you was there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one miſtreſs Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's diſtraction, they convey'd me into a buck-baſket.

Ford. A buck-baſket!

Fal. Yea, a buck-baſket: ramm'd me in with foul ſhirts and ſmocks, ſocks, foul ſtockings, and greaſy napkins; that, maſter Brook, there was the rankeſt compound of villainous ſmell, that ever offended noſtril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall hear, maſter Brook, what I have ſuffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good.

Being thus cramm'd in the baſket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their miſtreſs, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to Datchet-lane: they took me on their ſhoulders; met the jealous knave their maſter in the door, who aſk'd them once or twice what they had in their baſket: I quak'd for fear, leſt the lunatick knave would have ſearch'd it; but fate, ordaining he ſhould be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul cloaths. But mark the ſequel, maſter Brook: I ſuffer'd the pangs of three [3] ſeveral deaths: firſt, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather: next, to be compaſs'd like a good [4] bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be ſtopp'd in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking cloaths that fretted in their own greaſe: think of that, a man of my [5] kidney; think of that, that am as ſubject to heat as butter; a man of continual diſſolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half ſtew'd in greaſe, like a Dutch diſh, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that ſurge, like a horſe-ſhoe; think of that; hiſſing hot; think of that, maſter Brook.

Ford. In good ſadneſs, Sir, I am ſorry that for my ſake you have ſuffer'd all this. My ſuit is then deſperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her huſband is this morning gone a birding: I have

[3] ——*ſeveral deaths*:] Thus the folio and the moſt correct of the quartos. The firſt quarto reads—*egregious deaths*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*bilbo*,—] A *bilbo* is a Spaniſh blade, of which the excellence is flexibleneſs and elaſticity. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*kidney*;] *Kidney* in this phraſe now ſignifies *kind* or *qualities*, but Falſtaff means a man whoſe *kidneys* are as *fat* as mine. JOHNSON.

receiv'd

receiv'd from her another embaſſy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, maſter Brook.

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſs me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeed; and the concluſion ſhall be crown'd with your enjoying her: adieu, you ſhall have her, maſter Brook; maſter Brook, you ſhall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a viſion? is this a dream? do I ſleep? maſter Ford, awake; awake, maſter Ford; there's a hole made in your beſt coat, maſter Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baſkets!—Well, I will proclaim myſelf what I am: I will now take the letcher; he is at my houſe: he cannot 'ſcape me; 'tis impoſſible he ſhould: he cannot creep into a half-penny purſe, nor into a pepper-box: but, leſt the devil that guides him ſhould aid him, I will ſearch impoſſible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, ſhall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, [6] I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*

[6] ——*I'll be horn-mad.*] There is no image which our author appears ſo fond of, as that of cuckold's horns. Scarcely a light character is introduced that does not endeavour to produce merriment by ſome alluſion to horned huſbands. As he wrote his plays for the ſtage rather than the preſs, he perhaps reviewed them ſeldom, and did not obſerve this repetition, or finding the jeſt, however frequent, ſtill ſucceſsful, did not think correction neceſſary. JOHNSON.

[7] ACT IV. SCENE I.

Page's houſe.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. PAGE.

IS he at maſter Ford's already, think'ſt thou?

Quic. Sure, he is by this; or will be preſently: but truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Miſtreſs Ford deſires you to come ſuddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to ſchool. Look, where his maſter comes; 'tis a playing-day, I ſee.

Enter Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh? no ſchool to-day?

Eva. No; maſter Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Bleſſing on his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my huſband ſays, my ſon profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, aſk him ſome queſtions in his Accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William;—hold up your head;—come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, ſirrah; hold up your head. Anſwer your maſter, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, becauſe they ſay, od's nouns.

[7] This is a very trifling ſcene, of no uſe to the plot, and I ſhould think of no great delight to the audience; but Shakeſpeare beſt knew what would pleaſe. JOHNSON.

Eva.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quic. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, ſure.

Eva. You are a very ſimplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, William?

Will. A ſtone.

Eva. And what is a ſtone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*; I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is a good William: what is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun; and be thus declin'd, *ſingulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: well, what is your *accuſative caſe?*

Will. Accuſative, hinc.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accuſative, hung, hang, hog.*

Quic. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative caſe*, William?

Will. O, *vocativo*, O.

Eva. Remember, William; *focative* is, *caret.*

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive caſe plural*, William?

Will. Genitive caſe?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive, horum, harum, horum.

Quic. 'Vengeance of *Giney*'s caſe! fie on her! never name her, child, if ſhe be a whore.

Eva. For ſhame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child ſuch words: he eaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do faſt

enough of themſelves; and to call horum: fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman art thou lunacics? haſt thou no underſtanding for thy caſes, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as fooliſh chriſtian creatures, as I would deſires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, ſome declenſions of your pronouns.

Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is, *ki*, *kæ*, *cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you muſt be preeches. Go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better ſcholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good ſprag memory. Farewell, Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. Get you home, boy. Come, we ſtay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Ford's houſe.

Enter Falſtaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance: I ſee, you are obſequious in your love, and I profeſs requital to a hair's breadth; not only, miſtreſs Ford, in the ſimple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you ſure of your huſband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, ſweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What hoa, goſſip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [*Exit Falſtaff.*

Enter

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, ſweetheart, who's at home beſides yourſelf?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?.

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly——Speak louder. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am ſo glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your huſband is in his old lunes again: [8] he ſo takes on yonder with my huſband; ſo rails againſt all married mankind; ſo curſes all Eve's daughters, of what complexion ſoever; and ſo buffets himſelf on the forehead, crying, [9] *peer-out, peer-out!* that any madneſs I ever yet beheld, ſeem'd but tameneſs, civility, and patience, to this diſtemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and ſwears, he was carried out, the laſt time he ſearch'd for him, in a baſket: proteſts to my huſband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he ſhall ſee his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, miſtreſs Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at ſtreet end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then thou art utterly ſham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—

[8] *——he ſo takes on——*] *To take on*, which is now uſed for *to grieve*, ſeems to be uſed by our author for *to rage*. Perhaps it was applied to any paſſion. JOHNSON.

[9] *——peer-out,*] That is, *appear horns*. Shakeſpeare is at his old lunes. JOHNSON.

Away with him, away with him; better ſhame than murther.

Mrs. Ford. Which way ſhould he go? how ſhould I beſtow him? Shall I put him into the baſket again?

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the baſket: may I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas; three of maſter Ford's brothers watch the door with piſtols, that none ſhould iſſue out; otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere he came.—But what make you here?

Fal. What ſhall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always uſe to diſcharge their birding-pieces: creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will ſeek there on my word. Neither preſs, coffer, cheſt, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own ſemblance, you die, Sir John; unleſs you go out diſguis'd.—How might we diſguiſe him?

Mrs. Page. Alas-the-day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwiſe, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good hearts, deviſe ſomething: any extremity, rather than miſchief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will ſerve him; ſhe's as big as he is: and there's her thrum hat, and her muffler too: run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, ſweet Sir John: miſtreſs Page and I will look ſome linen for your head.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick, we'll come dreſs you ſtraight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falſtaff.*

Mrs. Ford. I would, my huſband would meet him in this ſhape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he ſwears, ſhe's a witch; forbade her my houſe, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy huſband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my huſband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good ſadneſs, is he; and talks of the baſket too, howſoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the baſket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did laſt time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here preſently: let's go dreſs him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll firſt direct my men what they ſhall do with the baſket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him ſtraight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, diſhoneſt varlet! we cannot miſuſe him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh;
'Tis old but true, *Still ſwine eat all the draugh.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, Sirs, take the baſket again on your ſhoulders; your maſter is hard at door; if he bid you ſet it down, obey him: quickly, diſpatch.

[*Exit Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford.*

Enter Servants with the baſket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear ſo much lead.

Enter

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, maſter Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the baſket, villain:—ſomebody call my wife:—youth in a baſket!—Oh, you panderly raſcals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conſpiracy, againſt me: now ſhall the devil be ſham'd. What! wife, I ſay! come, come forth; behold what honeſt cloaths you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes! Maſter Ford, you are not to go looſe any longer; you muſt be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunaticks: this is mad as a mad dog.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Shal. Indeed, maſter Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too, Sir.—Come hither, miſtreſs Ford;—miſtreſs Ford, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her huſband!—I ſuſpect without cauſe, miſtreſs, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witneſs, you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, ſirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the baſket.*

Page. This paſſes——

Mrs. Ford. Are you not aſham'd? let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I ſhall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreaſonable: will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the baſket, I ſay.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why——

Ford. Maſter Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this baſket; why may not he be there again? In my houſe I am ſure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealouſy is reaſonable; pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he ſhall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, maſter Ford; [1] this wrongs you.

Eva. Maſter Ford, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealouſies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I ſeek for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your brain.

Ford. Help to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeek, ſhew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-ſport; let them ſay of me, As jealous as Ford, that ſearch'd a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more, once more ſearch with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, miſtreſs Page! come you, and the old woman down; my huſband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my houſe? She comes of errands, does ſhe? We are ſimple men; we do not know what's brought to paſs under the profeſſion of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by ſpells, by the figure; and ſuch dawbery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I ſay.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good ſweet huſband; good gentleman, let him not ſtrike the old woman.

[1] ——*this wrongs you.*] This is below your character, unworthy of your underſtanding, injurious to your honour. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Bianca, being ill treated by her rugged ſiſter, ſays:

"You *wrong* me much, indeed you *wrong* yourſelf."

JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Falſtaff in womens' cloaths, led by Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll Prat her. Out of my door, you witch! [*Beats him.*] You hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you [2] ronyon! out! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Fal.*

Mrs. Page. Are you not aſham'd? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it.—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'omans has a great peard; [3] I ſpy a great peard under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beſeech you, follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſy: if I [4] cry out thus upon no trail, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. Page. Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the maſs, that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the

[2] ——*ronyon!*——] *Ronyon*, applied to a woman, means, as far as can be traced, much the ſame with *ſcall* or *ſcab* ſpoken of a man. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*I ſpy a great peard under his muffler.*] As the ſecond ſtratagem, by which Falſtaff eſcapes, is much the groſſer of the two, I wiſh it had been practiſed firſt. It is very unlikely that Ford, having been ſo deceived before, and knowing that he had been deceived, would ſuffer him to eſcape in ſo ſlight a diſguiſe. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*cry out upon no trail,*——] The expreſſion is taken from the hunters. *Trail* is the ſcent left by the paſſage of the game. *To cry out*, is to *open* or *bark*. JOHNSON.

warrant

warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſs is, ſure, ſcar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our huſbands how we have ſerved him?

Mrs. Page. Yea, by all means; if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your huſband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight ſhall be any further afflicted, we too will ſtill be the miniſters.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publickly ſham'd: and, methinks, there would be no period to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publickly ſham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come to the forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Garter inn.

Enter Hoſt and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans deſire to have three of your horſes: the duke himſelf will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What duke ſhould that be, comes ſo ſecretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me ſpeak with the gentlemen; they ſpeak Engliſh?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall have my horſes; but I'll make them pay, I'll ſawce them. They have had my houſe a week at command; I have turn'd away my other gueſts: [5] they muſt come off; I'll ſawce them, come. [*Exeunt.*

[5] ——*they muſt* COME *off*;——] This never can be our poet's or his hoſt's meaning. *To come off* being in other terms *to go ſcot-free*. We muſt read, COMPT *off*, i. e. clear their reckoning. WARBURTON.

To

SCENE IV.

Changes to Ford's houſe.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of a 'omans, as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe letters at an inſtant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

[6] I rather will ſuſpect the ſun with cold,
Than thee with wantonneſs: now doth thy honour ſtand,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

To come off, ſignifies in our author, ſometimes *to be uttered with ſpirit and volubility*. In this place it ſeems to mean what is in our time expreſſed by *to come down*, to pay liberally and readily. Theſe accidental and colloquial ſenſes are the diſgrace of language, and the plague of commentators. JOHNSON.

To come off, is *to pay*. In this ſenſe it is uſed by Maſſinger, in *The Unnatural Combat*, act 4. ſc. 2. where a wench, demanding money of the father to keep his baſtard, ſays—*Will you come off, Sir?* STEEVENS.

The phraſe is uſed by Chaucer, *Friar's Tale*, 338. edit. Urry.

" *Come off*, and let me riden haſtily,
" Give me twelve pence; I may no longer tarie." T.T.

[6] *I rather will ſuſpect the ſun with cold,*] Thus the modern editions.—The old ones read—with *gold*, which may mean, I rather will ſuſpect the ſun can be *corrupted by a bribe*, than thy honour be betrayed to wantonneſs. Mr. Rowe ſilently made the change, which ſucceeding editors have as ſilently adopted. Surely Shakeſpeare would rather have ſaid—*ſuſpect the ſun* of *cold*—if he had deſigned what is implied by the alteration. A thought of a ſimilar kind occurs in *Hen. IV. Part I.*

" Shall the bleſſed ſun of heaven
" Prove a micher?"

I have not, however, diſplaced Mr. Rowe's emendation, as a zeal to preſerve old readings without diſtinction may ſometimes prove as injurious to the author's reputation, as a deſire to introduce new ones, without attention to the quaintneſs of phraſeology then in uſe. STEEVENS.

Page.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in ſubmiſſion, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick ſport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they ſpoke of.

Page. How! to ſend him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You ſay, he hath been thrown into the rivers; and has been grievouſly peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come; methinks, his fleſh is puniſh'd, he ſhall have no deſires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Deviſe but how you'll uſe him, when he comes,
And let us two deviſe to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windſor foreſt,
Doth all the winter-time at ſtill of midnight
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blaſts the tree, [7] and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a chain
In a moſt hideous and dreadful manner:
You've heard of ſuch a ſpirit; and well you know,
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed Eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

[7] —*and takes the cattle*;] To *take*, in Shakeſpeare, ſignifies to ſeize or ſtrike with a diſeaſe, to blaſt. So in *Hamlet*:

"No planet *takes*."

So in *Lear*:

"——Strike her young bones,
"Ye *taking* airs, with lameneſs." JOHNSON.

Mrs.

[8] *Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our device;——
That Falſtaff at that oak ſhall meet with us.
We'll ſend him word to meet us in the field,
Diſguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.
Page. Well, let it not be doubted, but he'll come,
And in this ſhape; when you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? what is your plot?
Mrs. Page. That likewiſe we have thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little ſon,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dreſs
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a ſudden,
As Falſtaff, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once
[9] With ſome diffuſed ſong: upon their ſight,
We two, in great amazedneſs, will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
[1] And, fairy-like too, pinch the unclean knight;

[8] Mrs. Ford. *Marry, this is our device;——*
That Falſtaff at that oak ſhall meet with us.
Page. *Well, let it not be doubted, but he'll come,*
And in this ſhape; when you have brought him thither,] Thus this paſſage has been tranſmitted down to us, from the time of the firſt edition by the players: but what was this ſhape, in which Falſtaff was to be appointed to meet? For the women have not ſaid one word to aſcertain it. This makes it more than ſuſpicious, the defect in this point muſt be owing to ſome wiſe retrenchment. The two intermediate lines, which I have reſtored from the old quarto, are abſolutely neceſſary, and clear up the matter. THEOBALD.

[9] *With ſome diffuſed ſong:——*] A *diffuſed ſong* ſignifies a ſong that ſtrikes out into wild ſentiments beyond the bounds of nature, ſuch as thoſe whoſe ſubject is fairy land. WARB.

By *diffuſed ſong* Shakeſpeare may mean ſuch ſongs as mad people ſing. Edgar in *K. Lear*, when he has determined to aſſume the appearance of a travelling lunatic, declares his reſolution to *diffuſe his ſpeech*, i. e. to give it the turn peculiar to madneſs. STEEVENS.

[1] *And, fairy-like, TO pinch the unclean knight;*] The grammar requires us to read,
And, fairy-like TOO, *pinch the unclean knight.* WARB.

This

And aſk him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their ſo ſacred paths he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane?

Mrs. Ford. And, 'till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all preſent ourſelves; diſ-horn the ſpirit,
And mock him home to Windſor.

Ford. The children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes alſo, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan ſhall be the queen of all the fairies; finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. [1] That ſilk will I go buy;—and in that time
Shall maſter Slender ſteal my Nan away, [*Aſide.*
And marry her at Eaton.——Go, ſend to Falſtaff ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of Brook: he'll tell me all his purpoſe. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: go get us properties
And tricking for our fairies.

This ſhould perhaps be written *to-pinch*, as one word. This uſe of *to* in compoſition with verbs, is very common in Gower and Chaucer, but muſt have been rather antiquated in the time of Shakeſpeare. See Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, B. 4. fol. 7.

"All *to-tore* is myn araie."

And Chaucer, *Reeve's Tale*, 1169.

"——mouth and noſe *to-broke*."

The conſtruction will otherwiſe be very hard. T. T.

[1] *That ſilk will I go buy;—and in that* time] Mr. Theobald referring *that time* to the time of buying the ſilk, alters it to *tire*. But there is no need of any change: *that time* evidently relating to the time of the maſk with which Falſtaff was to be entertained, and which makes the whole ſubject of this dialogue. Therefore the common reading is right. WARB.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleaſures, and fery honeſt knaveries. [*Ex. Page, Ford, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Go, miſtreſs Ford,
Send Quickly to Sir John to know his mind.
[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*
I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page,
That Slender, though well landed, is an ideot;
And he my huſband beſt of all affects:
The doctor is well-mony'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he ſhall have her,
Though twenty thouſand worthier came to crave her.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Garter inn.

Enter Hoſt and Simple.

Hoſt. What would'ſt thou have, boor? what, thick-ſkin? ſpeak, breathe, diſcuſs; brief, ſhort, quick, ſnap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to ſpeak with Sir John Falſtaff, from maſter Slender.

Hoſt. There's his chamber, his houſe, his caſtle, his [3] ſtanding-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the prodigal, freſh and new: go, knock and call; he'll ſpeak like an *Anthropophaginian* unto thee: knock, I ſay.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber; I'll be ſo bold as ſtay, Sir, 'till ſhe come down: I come to ſpeak with her, indeed.

[3] —*ſtanding-bed, and truckle-bed*;—] The uſual furniture of chambers in that time was a ſtanding-bed, under which was a *trochle, truckle,* or *running* bed. In the ſtanding-bed lay the maſter, and in the truckle-bed the ſervant. So in Hall's *Account of a Servile Tutor:*

"He lieth in the *truckle-bed,*
"While his young maſter lieth o'er his head." JOHNS.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be robb'd: I'll call. Bully-knight! Bully-Sir John! ſpeak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine Hoſt, thine Epheſian, calls.

Falſtaff above.

Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a [4]Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: let her deſcend, bully, let her deſcend; my chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy? fie!

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. There was, mine Hoſt, an old fat woman even now with me; but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wiſe woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, [5]muſſel-ſhell; what would you with her?

Simp. My maſter, Sir, my maſter Slender ſent to her, ſeeing her go through the ſtreet, to know, Sir, whether one Nym, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what ſays ſhe, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, ſhe ſays, that the very ſame man, that beguil'd maſter Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have ſpoken with the woman herſelf; I had other things to have ſpoken with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

[4] —*Bohemian-Tartar*—] The French call a *Bohemian* what we call a *Gypſey*; but I believe the Hoſt means nothing more than, by a wild appellation, to inſinuate that Simple makes a ſtrange appearance. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *muſſel-ſhell*;——] He calls poor Simple muſſel-ſhell, becauſe he ſtands with his mouth open. JOHNSON.

Hoſt. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'ſt.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about miſtreſs Anne Page; to know, if it were my maſter's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir.

Fal. To have her, or no: go; ſay, the woman told me ſo.

Simp. May I be ſo bold to ſay ſo, Sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worſhip: I ſhall make my maſter glad with theſe tidings. [*Exit Simple.*

Hoſt. Thou art clerkly; thou art clerkly, Sir John: was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine Hoſt; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, Sir! cozenage! meer cozenage!

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for ſo ſoon as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off from behind one of them, in a ſlough of mire; and ſet ſpurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Fauſtus's.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain; do not ſay, they are fled; Germans are honeſt men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend o'mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-

cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the Hoſts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horſes and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wiſe, and full of gibes and vlouting-ſtocks; and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozen'd: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver' is mine *Hoſt de Jarterre?*

Hoſt. Here, maſter Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a duke *de Jamany:* by my trot, der is no duke, dat the court is know, to come. I tell you for good will; adieu. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Hue and cry, villain, go! aſſiſt me, knight; I am undone: fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [*Exit.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd, and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the ear of the court, how I have been tranſform'd, and how my transformation hath been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fiſhermens' boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as creſt-faln as a dry'd pear. I never proſper'd ſince I forſwore myſelf at [8] *Primero.* Well, if my wind were but long enough to ſay my prayers, I would repent.——

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forſooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtow'd! I have ſuf-

[8] ——*Primero.*——] A game at cards. JOHNSON.

fer'd more for their ſakes, more, than the villainous inconſtancy of man's diſpoſition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they ſuffer'd? yes, I warrant; ſpecioufly one of them; miſtreſs Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myſelf into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the [7] action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave conſtable had ſet me i'the ſtocks, i'the common ſtocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your chamber: you ſhall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will ſay ſomewhat. Good hearts, [8] what ado is here to bring you together! ſure, one of you does not ſerve heaven well, that you are ſo croſs'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

[7] ——*action of an old woman,*——] What! was it any dexterity of wit in Sir John Falſtaff to counterfeit the action of an *old* woman, in order to eſcape being apprehended for a *witch*? Surely, one would imagine, this was the readieſt means to bring him into ſuch a ſcrape: for none but *old* women have ever been ſuſpected of being *witches*. The text muſt certainly be reſtor'd, *a wood* woman, a crazy, frantick woman; one too wild, and ſilly, and unmeaning, to have either the malice, or miſchievous ſubtlety of a witch in her. THEOBALD.

This emendation is received by Sir Thomas Hanmer, but rejected by Dr. Warburton. To me it appears reaſonable enough. JOHNSON.

I am not certain that this change is neceſſary. Falſtaff, by counterfeiting ſuch weakneſs and infirmity, as would naturally be pitied in an old woman, averted the puniſhment to which he would otherwiſe have been ſubjected, on the ſuppoſition that he was a witch. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*what ado is here to bring you together!*——] The great fault of this play is the frequency of expreſſions ſo profane, that no neceſſity of preſerving character can juſtify them. There are laws of higher authority than thoſe of criticiſm. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Fenton and Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy,
I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me ſpeak; aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loſs.

Hoſt. I will hear you, maſter Fenton; and I will, at the leaſt, keep your counſel.

Fen. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection
(So far forth as herſelf might be her chuſer)
Even to my wiſh. I have a letter from her
Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's ſo larded with my matter,
That neither, ſingly, can be manifeſted,
Without the ſhew of both. Fat Sir John Falſtaff
Hath a great ſcene; the image of the jeſt
[*Shewing a letter.*
I'll ſhew you here at large. Hark, good mine Hoſt;
To-night at Herne's oak, juſt 'twixt twelve and one,
Muſt my ſweet Nan preſent the fairy queen;
The purpoſe why, is here; in which diſguiſe,
While other jeſts are ſomething rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eaton
Immediately to marry: ſhe hath conſented:——now, Sir,
Her mother, ever ſtrong againſt that match,
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are taſking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a prieſt attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot

She, ſeemingly obedient, likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the Doctor.——Now, thus it reſts;
Her father means ſhe ſhall be all in white;
And in that dreſs when Slender ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She ſhall go with him:—her mother hath intended,
The better to devote her to the Doctor
(For they muſt all be maſk'd and vizarded)
That, quaint in green, ſhe ſhall be looſe enrob'd,
With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which means ſhe to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good Hoſt, to go along with me:
And here it reſts, that you'll procure the vicar
To ſtay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, huſband your device; I'll to the vicar,
Bring you the maid, you ſhall not lack a prieſt.

Fent. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſides, I'll make a preſent recompence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Falſtaff and Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more pratling.—Go.—I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they ſay, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*

Fal. Away, I ſay; time wears: hold up your head, and mince.

Enter

Enter Ford.

How now, maſter Brook? Maſter Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, maſter Brook, as you ſee, like a poor old man; but I came from her, maſter Brook, like a poor old woman. That ſame knave, Ford her huſband, hath the fineſt mad devil of jealouſy in him, maſter Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you; he beat me grievouſly, in the ſhape of a woman; for in the ſhape of a man, maſter Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam; becauſe I know alſo, life is a ſhuttle. I am in haſte; go along with me, I'll tell you all, maſter Brook. Since I pluck'd geeſe, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you ſtrange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.——Follow: ſtrange things in hand, maſter Brook! follow.—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Windſor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

PAGE.

COME, come; we'll couch i' the caſtle-ditch, 'till we ſee the light of our fairies.—Remember, ſon Slender, my daughter.

Slen.

Slen. Ay, forſooth; I have ſpoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; ſhe cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget?* the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath ſtruck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and ſpirits will become it well. Heaven proſper our ſport! [9] No man means evil but the devil, and we ſhall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Miſtreſs Page, Miſtreſs Ford, and Caius.

Mrs. Page. Maſter Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and diſpatch it quickly: go before into the park: we two muſt go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, Sir. My huſband will not rejoice ſo much at the abuſe of Falſtaff, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? [1] and the Welch devil Evans?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obſcur'd lights; which, at the very

[9] ——*No* MAN *means evil but the devil,*——] This is a double blunder; for ſome, of whom this was ſpoke, were women. We ſhould read then, *No* ONE *means.* WARBURTON.

[1] ——*and the Welch devil Evans?*] The former impreſſion: *and the Welch devil Herne?* But Falſtaff was to repreſent Herne, and he was no Welchman. Where was the attention or ſagacity of our editors, not to obſerve that Mrs. Ford is enquiring for Evans by the name of the Welch devil? Dr. Thirlby likewiſe diſcover'd the blunder of this paſſage. THEOBALD.

inſtant

inſtant of Falſtaff's and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuſe but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Againſt ſuch lewdſters, and their lechery, Thoſe, that betray them, do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; to the oak, to the oak. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Evans, and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Falſtaff with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windſor bell hath ſtruck twelve; the minute draws on: now, the hot-blooded gods aſſiſt me! Remember, Jove, thou waſt a bull for thy Europa; love ſet on thy horns. Oh powerful love! that, in ſome reſpects, makes a beaſt a man; in ſome other, a man a beaſt.—You were alſo, Jupiter, a ſwan, for the love of Leda: oh, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a gooſe? A fault done firſt in the form of a beaſt;——O Jove, a beaſtly fault!——and then another fault in the ſemblance of a fowl;——think on't, Jove; a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windſor ſtag; and the fatteſt, I think, i' the foreſt. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piſs my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter

Enter Miſtreſs Ford and Miſtreſs Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black ſcut? Let the ſky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*; hail kiſſing-comfits, and ſnow eringoes; let there come a tempeſt of provocation, I will ſhelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Miſtreſs Page is come with me, ſweetheart.

Fal. [2] Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my ſides to myſelf, my ſhoulders for the [3] fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your huſbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conſcience; he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome! [*Noiſe within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noiſe?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our ſins!

Fal. What ſhould this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away,
Mrs. Page. }

[*The women run out.*

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, leſt the oil that is in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; he never would elſe croſs me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh like a ſatyr; Quickly, and others, dreſs'd like fairies, with tapers.

Quic. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-ſhine revellers, and ſhades of night,

[2] *Divide me like a* brib'd-buck,—] Thus all the old copies, miſtakingly: it muſt be *bribe-buck*; i. e. a buck ſent for a bribe. THEOBALD.

[3] ——*fellow of this walk*,—] Who the *fellow* is, or why he keeps his ſhoulders for him, I do not underſtand. JOHNSON.

To the keeper the *ſhoulders* and *humbles* belong as a perquiſite. GRAY.

You

* You orphan-heirs of fixed deſtiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.——
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.
Eva. Elves, liſt your names; ſilence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windſor chimneys ſhalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, and hearths unſwept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry.
Our radiant queen hates ſluts, and ſluttery.
Pal. They're fairies; he, that ſpeaks to them, ſhall die:
I'll wink and couch; no man their works muſt eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*
Eva. Where's Pede?—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere ſhe ſleep, hath thrice her prayers ſaid,

* *You* ORPHAN-*heirs of fixed deſtiny,*] But why *orphan-heirs?* Deſtiny, whom they ſucceeded, was yet in being. Doubtleſs the poet wrote,

You OUPHEN *heirs of fixed deſtiny,*

i. e. you *elves*, who miniſter, and ſucceed in ſome of the works of deſtiny. They are called, in this play, both before and afterwards, *ouphes*; here *ouphen*; *en* being the plural termination of Saxon nouns. For the word is from the Saxon Alfenne, *lamiæ, dæmones.* Or it may be underſtood to be an adjective, as *wooden, woollen, golden*, &c. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton corrects *orphan* to *ouphen*; and not without plauſibility, as the word *ouphes* occurs both before and afterward. But, I fancy, in acquieſcence to the vulgar doctrine, the addreſs in this line is to a part of the *troop*, as mortals by birth, but adopted by the fairies: *orphans* in reſpect of their real parents, and now only dependent on *deſtiny* herſelf. A few lines from Spenſer will ſufficiently illuſtrate this paſſage:

" The man whom *heavens* have *ordaynd* to bee
" The ſpouſe of *Britomart* is *Arthegall.*
" He wonneth in the land of *Fayeree,*
" Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne ſib at all,
" To elfes, but ſprong of ſeed terreſtriall,
" And whilome by falſe *Faries* ſtolen away,
" Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall, &c."

Edit. 1590. B. 3. St. 26.

FARMER.

Rein

[5] Rein up the organs of her fantaſy;
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy:
But thoſe, as ſleep, and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides, and ſhins.

Quic. About, about;
Search Windſor caſtle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every ſacred room;
That it may ſtand 'till the perpetual doom,
[6] In ſtate as wholſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit;

Worthy

[5] RAISE *up the organs of her fantaſy*;] The ſenſe of this ſpeech is—that ſhe, who had performed her religious duties, ſhould be ſecure againſt the illuſion of fancy; and have her ſleep, like that of infancy, undiſturbed by diſordered dreams. This was then the popular opinion, that evil ſpirits had a power over the fancy; and, by that means, could inſpire wicked dreams into thoſe who, on their going to ſleep, had not recommended themſelves to the protection of heaven. So Shakeſpeare makes one, on his lying down, ſay,

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Protect us heaven!

As this is the ſenſe, let us ſee how the common reading expreſſes it;

Raiſe *up the organs of her fantaſy*;

i. e. inflame her imagination with ſenſual ideas; which is juſt the contrary to what the poet would have the ſpeaker ſay. We cannot therefore but conclude he wrote,

REIN *up the organs of her fantaſy*;

i. e. *curb* them, that ſhe be no more diſturbed by irregular imaginations, than children in their ſleep. For, he adds immediately,

Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy.

So in *The Tempeſt*:

"Give not dalliance too much the REIN."

And in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"I give my ſenſual race the REIN."

To give the rein, being juſt the contrary *to rein up*. The ſame thought he has again in *Macbeth*:

"———Merciful powers!
"Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts that nature
"Gives way to in repoſe." WARBURTON.

[6] *In ſtate as wholſome,*—] The Oxford editor, not knowing the meaning of *wholſome*, has altered it to,

In ſite as wholſom,

and

[7] Worthy the owner, as the owner it.
The ſeveral chairs of order look you ſcour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair inſtalment coat, and ſeveral creſt,
With loyal blazon, evermore be bleſt!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you ſing,
Like to the garter-compaſs, in a ring:
The expreſſure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-freſh than all the field to ſee;
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal y Penſe*, write,
[8] In emerald-tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;

and ſo has made the wiſh a moſt abſurd one. For the ſite or ſituation muſt needs be what it is, till the general deſtruction. But *wholſom* here ſignifies *integer*. He wiſhes the caſtle may ſtand in its preſent ſtate of perfection, which the following words plainly ſhew,

——— *as in ſtate 'tis fit.* WARBURTON.

[7] *Worthy the owner*, AND *the owner it.*] *And* cannot be the true reading. The context will not allow it; and his court to queen Elizabeth directs us to another,

——— AS *the owner it.*

For, ſure he had more addreſs than to content himſelf with wiſhing a thing *to be*, which his complaiſance muſt ſuppoſe actually *was*, namely, the worth of the owner. WARB.

[8] *In emerald-tufts, flowers* PURPLE, *blue, and white*;
Like ſaphire, pearl, AND *rich embroidery,*] Theſe lines are moſt miſerably corrupted. In the words—*Flowers purple, blue, and white*—the *purple* is left uncompared. To remedy this, the editors, who ſeem to have been ſenſible of the imperfection of the compariſon, read, AND *rich embroidery*; that is, according to them, as the blue and white flowers are compared to ſaphire and pearl, the *purple* is compared to *rich embroidery*. Thus inſtead of mending one falſe ſtep they have made two, by bringing *ſaphire, pearl, and rich embroidery* under one predicament. The lines were wrote thus by the poet:

In emrald-tuffs, flowers PURPLED, *blue, and white*;
Like ſaphire, pearl, IN *rich embroidery,*

i. e. let there be blue and white flowers *worked* on the green-ſword, like ſaphire and pearl *in* rich embroidery. To *purfle*, is to over-lay with tinſel, gold thread, &c. ſo our anceſtors called a certain lace of this kind of work a *purfling-lace*. 'Tis from the French *pourfiler*. So Spenſer:

" ——— ſhe was yclad,
" All in a ſilken camus, lilly-white,
" PURPLED upon, with many a folded plight."

The

Like ſaphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knight-hood's bending knee;
Fairies uſe flowers for their [9] charactery.
Away; diſperſe: but, 'till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of cuſtom round about the oak
Of Herne, the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourſelves in order ſet:
And twenty glow-worms ſhall our lanthorns be,
To guide our meaſure round about the tree.
But, ſtay; I ſmell a man [1] of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy, leſt he transform me to a piece of cheeſe!

Eva. Vile worm, thou waſt o'er-look'd even in thy birth.

Quic. [2] With trial-fire touch me his finger-end;
If he be chaſte, the flame will back deſcend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A trial, come.——

[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*

Come, will this wood take fire.

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire!——

The change of *and* into *in*, in the ſecond verſe, is neceſſary. For flowers worked, or *purfled* in the graſs, were not like ſaphire and pearl ſimply, but ſaphire and pearl in embroidery. How the corrupt reading *and* was introduced into the text, we have ſhewn above. WARBURTON.

[9] ——— *charactery.*] For the matter with which they make letters. JOHNSON.

[1] ——— *of middle earth.*] Spirits are ſuppoſed to inhabit the ethereal regions, and fairies to dwell under ground, men therefore are in a middle ſtation. JOHNSON.

[2] *With trial-fire*, &c.] So Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Faithful Shepherdeſs*:

"In this flame his finger thruſt,
"Which will burn him if he luſt;
"But if not, away will turn,
"As loth unſpotted fleſh to burn." STEEVENS.

About

About him, fairies; ſing a ſcornful rhime:
And, as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

Eva. [3] It is right, indeed, he is full of leacheries and iniquity.

The SONG.

Fie on ſinful phantaſy!
Fie on luſt and luxury!
[4] *Luſt is but a bloody fire,*
Kindled with unchaſte deſire,
Fed in heart; whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy:
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and ſtar-light, and moon-ſhine be out.

[5] *During this ſong, they pinch him. Doctor Caius comes one way, and ſteals away a fairy in green; Slender another way, and he takes away a fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and ſteals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noiſe of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falſtaff pulls off his buck's head, and riſes.*

[3] Eva. *It is right, indeed,*——] This ſhort ſpeech, which is very much in character for Sir Hugh, I have inſerted from the old quartos. THEOBALD.

[4] *Luſt is but a* bloody *fire,*] So the old copies. I once thought it ſhould be read,

Luſt is but a cloudy *fire,*

but Sir T. Hanmer reads with leſs violence,

Luſt is but i' the blood a *fire.* JOHNSON.

Either emendation is unneceſſary. A *bloody fire,* means *a fire in the blood.* In *The Second Part of Hen. IV,* Act 4. the ſame expreſſion occurs:

"Led on by *bloody* youth," &c.

i. e. ſanguine youth. STEEVENS.

[5] *During this ſong,*——] This direction I thought proper to inſert from the old quartos. THEOBALD.

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think, we have watch'd you now;
Will none but Herne, the hunter, ſerve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jeſt no higher.
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windſor wives?
See you theſe, huſband? do not theſe fair yoaks
Become the foreſt better than the town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now?—Maſter Brook, Falſtaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, maſter Brook: and, maſter Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-baſket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which muſt be paid to maſter Brook; his horſes are arreſted for it, maſter Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an aſs.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltineſs of my mind, the ſudden ſurprize of my powers, drove the groſſneſs of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in deſpight of the teeth of all rhime and reaſon, that they were fairies. See now, how wit

[6] *See you theſe huſbands? do not theſe fair* oaks
Become the foreſt better than the town?] What *oaks*, in the name of nonſenſe, do our ſagacious editors make Mrs. Page talk of? The *oaks* in the *park?* But there was no intention of tranſplanting them into the *town.*—*Talis inſcitiæ me quidem pudet, pigetque.* The firſt folio reads, as the poet intended, *yoaks:* and Mrs. Page's meaning is this. She ſpeaks to her own, and Mrs. Ford's huſband, and aſks them, if they ſee the *horns* in Falſtaff's hand; and then, alluding to them as the types of *cuckoldom*, puts the queſtion, whether thoſe *yoaks* are not more proper in the *foreſt* than in the *town*, i. e. than in their families, as a reproach to them? THEOBALD.

may

may be made a Jack-a-lent [7], when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falſtaff, ſerve Got, and leave your deſires, and fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave your jealouſies alſo, I pray you.

Ford. I will never miſtruſt my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good Engliſh.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the ſun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent ſo groſs o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? ſhall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toaſted cheeſe.

Eva. Seeſe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seeſe and putter! have I liv'd to ſtand in the taunt of one that makes fritters of Engliſh? this is enough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thruſt virtue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and have given ourſelves without

[7] —*how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent,*—] A Jack o' Lent appears to have been ſome puppet which was thrown at in Lent, like Shrove-tide cocks.

So in the old comedy of *Lady Alimony*, 1659:

" ———throwing cudgels
" At *Jack-a-lents*, or Shrove-cocks."

Again, *The Wild Gooſe Chace* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" I would be married ſooner to a monkey;
" Or to a *Jack of Straw.*"

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Tamer Tam'd*:

" ———if I forfeit,
" Make a *Jack o' Lent*, and break my ſhins
" For untagg'd points, and counters."——

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*:

" ———on an Aſh-wedneſday,
" Where thou didſt ſtand ſix weeks the *Jack o' Lent*,
" For boys to hurl three-penny throws at thee."

STEEVENS.

ſcruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and ſacks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtarings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the ſtart of me; I am dejected; I am not able to anſwer the Welch flannel; [8] ignorance itſelf is a plummet o'er me: uſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to Windſor to one Mr. Brook, that you cozen'd of money, to whom you ſhould have been a pander: over and above that you have ſuffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

[9] *Mrs. Ford.* Nay, huſband, let that go to make amends:
Forgive that ſum, and ſo we'll all be friends.

[8] ——*ignorance itſelf is a plummet o'er me:*——] Though this be perhaps not unintelligible, yet it is an odd way of confeſſing his dejection. I ſhould wiſh to read:
——*ignorance itſelf* has a plume o'*me:*
That is, I am ſo depreſſed, that ignorance itſelf plucks me, and decks itſelf with the ſpoils of my weakneſs. Of the preſent reading, which is probably right, the meaning may be, I am ſo enfeebled, that *ignorance itſelf* weighs me down and oppreſſes me. JOHNSON.

[9] Mrs. Ford. *Nay, huſband,*—] This and the following little ſpeech I have inſerted from the old quartos. The retrenchment, I preſume, was by the players. Sir John Falſtaff is ſufficiently puniſhed, in being diſapointed and expoſed. The expectation of his being proſecuted for the twenty pounds, gives the concluſion too tragical a turn. Beſides, it is *poetical juſtice* that Ford ſhould ſuſtain this loſs, as a fine for his unreaſonable jealouſy. THEOBALD.

Ford.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at laſt.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to-night at my houſe; where I will deſire thee to [1] laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, maſter Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, ſhe is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

[*Aſide.*

Enter Slender.

Slen. What ho! ho! father Page.

Page. Son! how now? how now, ſon? have you diſpatch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd! I'll make the beſt in Glouceſterſhire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, elſe.

Page. Of what, ſon?

Slen. I came yonder at Eaton to marry miſtreſs Anne Page, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have ſwing'd him, or he ſhould have ſwing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never ſtir, and 'tis a poſt-maſter's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think ſo, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you ſhould know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd *mum*, and ſhe cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a poſt-maſter's boy.

Eva. Jeſhu! Maſter Slender, cannot you ſee but marry boys?

[1] ——*laugh at my wife,*——] The two plots are excellently connected, and the tranſition very artfully made in this ſpeech. JOHNSON.

Page.

Page. O, I am vex'd at heart. What ſhall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpoſe; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, ſhe is now with the Doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is miſtreſs Page? By gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paiſan*, by gar; a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raiſe all Windſor.

Ford. This is ſtrange! Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart miſgives me: here comes maſter Fenton.

Enter Fenton, and Anne Page.

How now, maſter Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, miſtreſs? how chance you went not with maſter Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with maſter Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, ſhe and I, long ſince contracted,
Are now ſo ſure, that nothing can diſſolve us.
The offence is holy that ſhe hath committed:
And this deceit loſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy.—
In love, the heavens themſelves do guide the ſtate;
Money buys lands, and wives are ſold by fate.

Fal.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

[a] *Page.* Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all ſorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muſe no further. Maſter Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!——
Good huſband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this ſport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo:——Sir John,
To maſter Brook you yet ſhall hold your word;
For he, to-night, ſhall lye with miſtreſs Ford.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[a] Page. *Well, what remedy?*——] In the firſt ſketch of this play, which, as Mr. Pope obſerves, is much inferior to the latter performance, the only ſentiment of which I regret the omiſſion, occurs at this critical time, when Fenton brings in his wife, there is this dialogue.

Mrs. Ford. *Come, miſtreſs Page, I muſt be bold with you,*
'Tis pity love that is ſo true.
Mrs. Page. [Aſide.] *Although that I have miſs'd in my intent,*
Yet I am glad my huſband's match is croſs'd.
——Here Fenton, take her.——
Eva. *Come, maſter Page, you muſt needs agree.*
Ford. *I' faith, Sir, come, you ſee your wife is pleas'd.*
Page. *I cannot tell, and yet my heart is eas'd;*
And yet it doth me good the Doctor miſs'd.
Come hither, Fenton, and come hither, daughter.

Of this play there is a tradition preſerved by Mr. Rowe, that it was written at the command of queen Elizabeth, who was ſo delighted with the character of Falſtaff, that ſhe wiſhed it to be diffuſed through more plays; but ſuſpecting that it might pall by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diverſify his manner, by ſhewing him in love. No taſk is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakeſpeare knew what the queen, if the ſtory be true, ſeems not to have known, that

by

by any real paſſion of tenderneſs, the ſelfiſh craft, the careleſs jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falſtaff muſt have ſuffered ſo much abatement, that little of his former caſt would have remained. Falſtaff could not love; but by ceaſing to be Falſtaff. He could only counterfeit love, and his profeſſions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleaſure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having perhaps in the former plays completed his own idea, ſeems not to have been able to give Falſtaff all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the perſonages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and diſcriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play.

Whether Shakeſpeare was the firſt that produced upon the Engliſh ſtage the effect of language diſtorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide. This mode of forming ridiculous characters can confer praiſe only on him, who originally diſcovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgment: its ſucceſs muſt be derived almoſt wholly from the player, but its power in a ſkilful mouth, even he that deſpiſes it, is unable to reſiſt.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often before the concluſion, and the different parts might change places without inconvenience; but its general power, that power by which all works of genius ſhall finally be tried, is ſuch, that perhaps it never yet had reader or ſpectator, who did not think it too ſoon at an end. JOHNSON.

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

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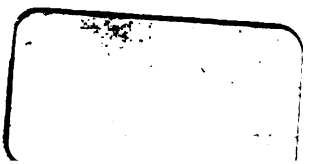
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